

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

FLORA IN A GARRET.



FOR Flora works in a garret ever so many stories above the level of the street—so far above the surface of cobble-stone or Belgian pavement that the rattle of

the vehicles below reaches her in a dreamy, contemplative hum. She knows nothing about Lempriere or his dictionary of mythology; her meagre education has not taught her that the Greeks wor-

shipped a namesake of hers centuries ago, whose temple was a rose, and whose sacrament was the dew. She is a plain, feeble, unclassical maker of artificial flowers, and her wages barely suffice to hold her body together. Perhaps she is not ill-looking; but, if her age is more than sixteen or seventeen, toil and want have probably drawn lines of care across her face, and pinched the fullness of her youth.

Most likely she resembles many other work-girls of the metropolis: dresses with a desire, pathetic on account of its unfulfillment, to imitate fine ladies, and is content with all sorts of tawdry shams, taking brass for gold, galvanized iron for oxidized silver, cotton for seal-skin, and wearing everything that is

showy and inappropriate; chatters in a frivolous, mincing, and unreal way, and half-starves herself for the sake of appearing to be what she is not. Her shoes are down at the heel and out at the toes; her stockings are unmentionable, and her poor little



COMBINING FLOWERS INTO SPRAYS.

body is all a-shiver, while her empty little head is crushed by an unnatural mass of fabricated hair.

Should any one ask about her occupation, she would briefly answer, "Flowers," and the ignorance or intelligence of the querist might determine what that meant. Her sister may be "in feathers," and her brother "in straw-goods;" she says as much, and it is almost invariably the case that such girls as Flora presuppose some amount of familiarity with the technicalities of their trades in all who have interest enough to inquire about them.

There is a most pathetic unreality about the poor thing and her occupation. She works in a garret, and she lodges in one. On all the snowy, foggy, rainy mornings of winter, when there is wet under foot and trouble overhead; on all the quickening mornings of autumn and spring; and on all the golden mornings of summer, when the sky and air breathe her an invitation to leave the city-streets—she trudges down from her boarding-house to the manufactory, with a little lunch-basket swinging in her hand—ah, so small a lunch!—her eyes red and sleepy—no doubt she has been reading the *Fireside Abomination* by candle-light, instead of sleeping—her heart heavy, and her dress insufficient and shabby. She has to climb flight after flight of stairs before she reaches that loft in which her daily lot is cast, and up there she finds—well, that depends on

the conscience and liberality of her employer, who, if he is avaricious, lets her do her ten hours' duty in an apartment calling for the interference of the Health Board—dingy, dark, and close—or, if he has something more than the regard of a convict-labor

contractor for her, provides a warm and comfortable place. There is one firm, at least, that we know of—and they are Jews—whose work-rooms have everything that could be desired in the way of light, warmth, and cleanliness, and whose overseers are just and intelligent; but, all the same, there is that sad unreality about Flora's condition, which, if her mind were not flimsy and her nature not shallow, might add to the blight of her existence. When the violets are blowing, and spring is awakening; when the summer is heavy with the maturity of blossom; and when the autumn leaves give up all the sunshine their sap has held—she is still pent in that garret with the suggestion of fresh air, fields, woods, perfumes, and gardens, around her, and the actual things very far away. The changes of season are transposed. Roses bloom in December, and the crocus in June; daisies and the juicy-looking grasses of spring rise out of the work-table by the magic of her occupation when the snow lying on the skylight bedims the room. A wonderful conservatory that work-place of hers seems to an outsider, but it is always unreal: the fragile stems that imitate Nature to perfection are made of wire and paper; the sheen of the leaf is wax, and the blush of the rose is water-color. That exquisite camellia, whose verisimilitude is such

that, crushing it, one would expect to see it shed dew, falls from the hand an odorless ball of dyed cotton, a fragmentary but palpable sham. The unreality is not always disagreeable, however—as, for instance, on the wet and gloomy mornings when the girl leaves behind her the poverty of her home and the cheerlessness of the street, and finds a fairly tropical variety of flowers spread out on her table, such an opulence of beauty that, while she keeps her eyes on them, her intuitive sense of what is lovely is fully satisfied. More than this, if she is imaginative, the purpose for which the flowers are made takes her into dazzling ballrooms, where there are fountains, music, and light; softly-pulsating seas of satins and silks, with archipelagoes of men in lithe-looking dress-suits of glossy black; and possibly, in this enchanting scene, she discovers Tox-teth Everleigh, the hero, and Adelia Montgolfier, the heroine, of the latest serial in the story-paper which she buys regularly, and reads eagerly, every Monday morning, while the moist scent of the printing-press is still clinging to it.

The language of mad Ophelia's flowers is not half so eloquent as these fabricated sprays of painted lawn and velvet. That wreath of orange-blossoms means the altar of Grace Church, long lines of carriages, a sonorous bishop, and the Episcopal marriage-service, for a sweet somebody; and Flora's

heart flutters at the thought. These bunches of roses and lilies, one of which is worth three times the amount of Flora's weekly wages, are destined for the bonnet of some fashionable lady with plenty of money, and Flora can see her, first at the milliner's, posing before the mirror, and listening to the adroitly-insinuated flattery of the proprietor; then in the boudoir at home, posing again, this time for the admiration of her daughters, her husband, or her maid; and, finally, *en promenade*, with a stately poise of the head. Here are simple wreaths of daisies and the most emerald of leaves, the texture of which is poor and the color cheap—these are to be worn by the humble maidens who will assemble in church next Sunday to renew the vows made for them by their godfathers and godmothers. On the table opposite there are lilacs, geraniums, pansies, apple-blossoms, sweet-peas, lilies-of-the-valley, peach-blossoms, carnations, forget-me-nots, damask-roses, tea-roses, moss-roses, jasmines, red berries, and golden-brown acorns.

Flora dreams—I suppose that even the ballet-girls who are suspended in agonizing positions during theatrical transformation scenes sometimes dream that they are really in paradise—and as dreaming is not allowed and is not consistent with the exact sys-

worked steadily at the business for many years, with the exception of a few months, during which she went away to be married; her marriage was unfortunate, and she returned to the factory with a bad opinion of men and a better opinion of her old occupation. But the most important person about the factory is not the forewoman, although she understands all about the manipulation of color, and, what is not so easy, the government of variously-disposed work-girls.

On one of the lower floors of the building there is a small apartment, neatly furnished, wherein sits a sedate, handsomely-dressed, handsome-looking woman, who speaks with a strong French accent, and wears a towering coiffure. She is combining separate flowers into sprays, wreaths, and bunches, blending colors and shapes with an artist's taste, and revising her work from time to time as the substitution of a rose for a geranium or a daisy for an apple-blossom strikes her as an improvement. Her little work-table is loaded with flowers; the room is carpeted with Brussels, and the rest of the furniture shows that it is intended for the occupation of a superior being. That being is Mademoiselle Aurelia, the designer from Paris, whose services are esteemed much more valuable than those of any other em-



COLORING AND STAMPING.

tem of a well-ordered factory, the forewoman taps her on the shoulder: "Polly, wake up!" Polly is the real name, and we have only used Flora in a generic sense.

The forewoman is "an old flower-hand," and has

ployé, not excepting the trained and experienced forewoman. France excels in the fabrication of flowers; the costliest and the loveliest of those worn in the United States are imported from that country, where the trade amounts to over twenty-four million

francs annually, one-half of this sum being paid for labor, and Mademoiselle Aurelia is what is called a *monieur*, or maker-up. No wonder that she wears rings on her fingers and sits at her work with an air of independence uncommon in the other employés. "However meritorious and commendable the truthful imitation of plants and flowers may be," a commissioner to one of the international exhibitions has written in his report, "this excellence is insufficient in itself to induce a large home consumption, or to create and maintain an extensive export trade. It is to the great talent of the Parisian *monieurs* in harmoniously grouping together a variety of stems, leaves, buds, and flowers, for head-wreaths, dress-trimmings, and bouquets, as much as to the makers of these several parts, that Paris owes its high reputation in this art. So much diversity as to skill exists among the various artists that it is known that the same flowers have a double value when arranged by one of them to what they would have if arranged by another."

Mademoiselle probably has a copy of these flattering words in her desk at home or treasured in her *porte-monnaie*. Hers is the land of artificial flowers, indeed, and not only of flowers, but also of artificial plants and fruits—though what use the fruits have, except to make the mouth water, we cannot understand, until, referring to a fashion-plate, we discover that the lady of society, not content with the gems yielded by the earth and the flowers of the field, actually levies on the orchard for novel additions to her extrinsic and overdone ornamentation. The party-colored foliage-plants are miraculously perfect imitations—every crease, vein, spot, tint, and filament, in the natural creation being reproduced with such minute fidelity that a magnifying-glass is needed to detect the artifice. Neither England nor America touches France in this beautiful branch of manufacture; but another laurel is added to our Centennial wreath in the fact that the Americans surpass the English, and in recent years have found few occasions to import any except the best Paris flowers. Nothing can equal the delicacy, the exquisite coloring, and the *vraisemblance* of the latter, as we have said.

Mademoiselle takes a rose from her table and hands it to us for examination before inserting it in the spray which she is putting together. All the silky softness, the dreamy color that melts through several different shades until it is warmest at the heart, the tender veins, and the slender, pale-green stem, are so faithful to Nature that we miss the perfume with surprise. We blow gently into the chalice; the leaves fall back with the tremulous resistance that a real flower would show, and recover themselves with a little shudder, as though there was life in them. Then the designer weaves it into the spray amid other flowers, and that spray becomes the pattern of dozens which are manufactured by Flora and the work-girls in the upper stories.

Let us make the round of the factory. In the topmost room the coloring and stamping are done, the artificers here being men. The floor and walls are

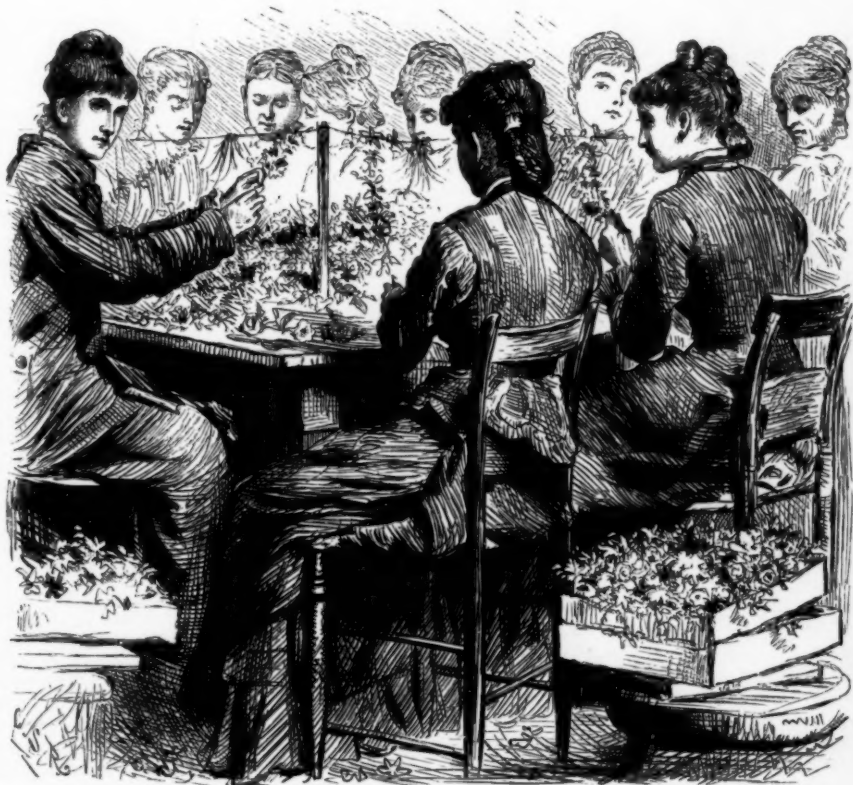
spattered with many pigments; there is a strong chemical odor, and sheets of lawn, variously colored, are stretched on wooden frames to dry. Bunches of natural grasses imported from France, the living tint of which has been renewed or altered by dyes, are strung along the ceiling, and large pots of liquid coloring may be seen in several places about the room. Reds and purples are obtained by solutions of Brazilian wood, carmine, madder-lake, and garancine, mixed with salt of tartar, potash, alum, and various alkalies or acids, each of which produces a different tinge. The source of the rose-color is carmine, modified in shade by salts of tartar, and blues are yielded from indigo dissolved with potash and alcohol, the use of the latter spirit suggesting the intoxicating beauty which some artificial flowers possess. Saffron, gamboge, and annatto, give yellow in various shades, tending toward orange on one hand and green on the other, being produced by the addition of salt of tartar and alcohol. Violet, the tenderest of colors, is made by combinations of blue and red, such as Prussian-blue and garancine or cobalt and crimson-lake; and lilac comes from a mixture of carmine or crimson-lake with cobalt or ultramarine. The chemist, with his brilliant minerals, is next in importance to Mademoiselle Aurelia, and upon his ability and success the vivid hues of the flowers depend.

It is sometimes said that the manufacture of flowers is extremely unhealthful. We believe it to be so in a few instances, but in most cases it involves no greater injury to the operatives than the average of occupations. The principal objection to it arises from the use of arsenic in the production of the particularly bright green imparted to some leaves and grasses—the poison being mixed with cold water and starch or gum-arabic. The workman takes a quantity of this liquid in his hand and spreads it over the fabric from which the leaves are to be cut. He cannot avoid besmearing himself with some of the color, and, in that part of the process called "fluffing," which means dipping the leaf into warm wax and dusting the dry color from it, floating particles of arsenic enter the air, and are inhaled by all in the work-room. Towels or masks are occasionally worn before the mouth and nostrils, but the moist skin attracts the dust and the clothes give it lodgment. This abominable but very necessary "fluffing" process is repeated with all colors, and Flora in the room below sometimes breathes particles of the blue of violets, the yellow core of daisies, the carmine of the damask-rose, the white of the lily, the lilac of the hyacinth, or the pink of the moss-rose, as though it was intended to transform her into a gorgeous flower; but, if the inhaled color has any perceptible effect upon her, it is to make her white cheeks whiter and to dim the sparkle of her eyes.

In the United States the two materials used in making flowers for dress and millinery uses, exclusive of the outer leaves and the stems, are lawn, which is imported from Manchester, England, and satin-cotton, which is imported from France. Other

materials are occasionally used here and frequently elsewhere, as in Brazil, whose dazzling exhibit of feather-flowers at the Philadelphia Exhibition cannot have been forgotten by our readers; and in the Bahamas shells are grouped into pleasing imitations of flowers. An ingenious Frenchman has actually utilized whalebone, cutting it into very thin strips and then bleaching, dyeing, and shaping it. Berlin wool, insect-wings, palm-leaves, straw, and *yucca*-fibres, are also fashioned into more or less exact copies of flowers in various parts of the world; but

ing on the frame—the kneading distributing the color fairly over the entire surface; and, when they are dry, several of them are folded together and cut by steel dies into the shape of the petal required. The dies are multifarious; here are tiers and tiers of little shelves filled with them, and the botanist who could bring a specimen whose leaf could not be reproduced with all the indentations of its edges by one of these unattractive metal implements would be the discoverer of something very uncommon. Twelve or more petals of one shape are cut at a time, the



THE FLOWER-MAKERS.

the softness and delicacy of the rose that we have been looking at can only be obtained by the lawns and satin-cotton. Velvet was much used formerly, and is still employed to some extent; crape is worked into those utterly unnatural productions known as mourning-flowers, which are the chimney-sweeps of the artificial floral world; but the best effects are obtained, as we have said, in fine, diaphanous fabrics.

The sheets that we see drying on wooden frames in the coloring-room are either lawn or satin-cotton. These have been dipped in the coloring-matter, and kneaded or beaten by hand previous to the stretch-

fabric, folded to that many thicknesses, being laid on a tablet of lead, and the die being forced through it by a mallet in the hands of a good workman. As soon as the lead is covered with the impressions of the die, it is hammered out into smoothness again and again, no second cut over the traces of one impression being made, as that would leave a crease in the cloth.

To-day they are making rose-leaves of a charming pink color, and the petals, which resemble the delectable musk-lozenges of our boyhood, are taken from the die to some men seated at a window, by



FLORA AT THE MILLINER'S.

whom a deeper pink is applied to their centres. Small camel's-hair brushes are used for this purpose, and we wonder that women are not employed in an occupation so well adapted to them. The retouched leaves are dried, and trays covered with them in rainbow variety lie about the room, the small, varicolored disks giving one the idea of a confectionery.

The leaf is now put between a die and counter-die, issuing therefrom with a fine tracery of veins depressed or raised along its surface, and thus it reaches Flora in the work-room on the next story below. It is hollowed or curved into shape by a "gauffering-iron," strung upon the stem, and secured to the stamen, boxed, and stored for the market.

About two thousand girls and children are employed by some fifty manufacturers of flowers in New York City, and are paid from one to ten dollars a week. In the factory that we have in mind about one hundred girls are steadily employed, and, as we descended from the coloring-room, we found them

seated at long tables, working silently and diligently with the masses of colored stuffs before them. Conversation is not forbidden, but it must be carried on in so low a voice to suit the forewoman, that Flora prefers to hold her tongue, although she is by nature an inveterate gossip. At one of the tables a lot of mere children are separating the compact leaves as they come from the coloring-room, and twisting green paper around the wire stems—or, as the stems are technically called, the "pips"—which are manufactured by people outside the factory, as are the outer leaves and the artificial grasses. Flora remembers the time when she worked at that table, and received a dollar a week for the simple things her childish hands could do; but that was long ago, and her wages are now seven or eight dollars. At another table some older girls are sitting and "gauffering" the leaves. A row of gas-jets are ranged along the centre of the table, by which the irons are heated; the irons themselves are smooth steel dies attached to short, wooden handles, and by them the flat disks of cloth brought

from the coloring-room are hollowed and curved so as to become the chalice of the flower. The counter-die is a small bag or pillow of bran or sawdust. The gauffered leaves are slipped over the wire stems, to which they are secured by the "pip," or stamen; and so, bit by bit, with more details than we can describe, the flower is built by the nimble and industrious fingers of Flora and her companions.

At a table near the front-window the oldest and best-paid "hands" are stringing the separate flowers into wreaths and sprays, taking Mademoiselle Aurelia's models, and the effects obtained are lovely, indeed. Here are garlands of velvet geraniums and autumn leaves; others of scarlet or crimson silk roses, fully blown, moss-rose buds and foliage, and others in which are asters, violets, fuschias, geraniums, pansies, and roses, together. Here, too, are acacias, ivies, hyacinths, dahlias, azalias, cowslips, clematis, heliotropes, camellias, crocuses, berries, and clover. The most fashionable evening bonnets of the season, Mademoiselle Aurelia tells us in her broken English,

are so covered with flowers that the material of the frame is completely concealed. A piece of net stiffened with delicate wire is fitted to the head of the wearer and covered with a garland, seemingly tied at the back with a bow of satin ribbon, and secured in front by long streamers. The flowers are blush-roses, buds, and foliage, and the ribbons are sky-blue satin. Another fashionable creation—*mademoiselle* thus speaks of her design—is of pansies and black-satin ribbons; another of velvet geraniums and autumn leaves, tied with golden-satin ribbon; another of a bunch of variegated rose-buds set in a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley; and another of blue forget-me-nots, red berries, golden-brown acorns, green plums, and scarlet carnations. Such extrinsic ornaments as birds are added to the wreaths afterward, and the votary of fashion may bedeck herself with all the fruits of a suitable size that grow, in addition to the delicate hawthorn-blossoms and pale camellias of *Flora's* handiwork.

Pray do not look behind these exquisite flowers, reader; for, should you do so, what bitterness of jealousy and heart-burnings of envy would not be discovered! That ravishing wreath with the blush-roses, buds, foliage, and sky-blue ribbons, will be monstrously ugly in the eyes of *Mrs. Conover* when she beholds it on the head of *Mrs. Spendthrift*, and *Mrs. Spendthrift* will be shocked by the atrociously bad taste of the tender little forget-me-nots when they appear in the toilet of *Mrs. Conover*. Those lilies-of-the-valley and rose-buds, which make such a pretty combination that *Mademoiselle Aurelia* is quite enamored of her own work, are going forth into the world to break friendships; for the prophecy of our mind's eye shows us the coolness with which *Miss Hackney* will treat *Miss Polly Crashaw* when that twinkling little blonde comes out with them on her head—the second spring bonnet in May, although she cannot afford even one, and it is a mystery how she lives at all. Even the cheap wreaths of daisies and very green leaves will evoke some ill-feeling among the children as they walk up to the altar for confirmation on account of fancied

differences in their quality or appearance; but *Flora* thinks nothing of these disagreeable things, and we are sorry for having mentioned them.

Those of our readers who are familiar with *Daudet's* powerful novel, "*Sidonie*," will remember the pathetic little decorator of birds, *Désirée*. There are many such characters in the artificial-flower trade of New York, who work at home with the material supplied to them by the manufacturers. They are to be found up in the garrets of tenement-houses, from the windows of which the great city spreads out, a wilderness of roofs; and in some cases an entire family—the boys, girls, mother, and baby—are employed. Again, there are women who, under contract with the manufacturing firms, hire children for a small pittance—even as little as fifty cents a week—the parents being glad to escape the care of them during the day. The productions of these little ones are not valuable, of course; they usually consist of the poorest kinds of leaves and the simplest kinds of flowers; but other outsiders are en-



FLORA ARRIVING HOME.

gaged, whose work, brought to the factory and paid for once a week, is of the best quality.

The foreman showed to us a box of water-lilies that were made by two sisters, who occupy themselves altogether with this sort of flowers. They live in Beach Street, and their industry affords them happiness. Their two apartments are prettily furnished; the tall masts of the shipping in the harbor can be seen from one of the windows, and the rattle of the heavily-laden vehicles going to and from the wharves is plainly audible. But they can only maintain themselves respectably by constant activity, and morning after morning their materials are brought out, not to be put away again until the gray approach of night.

Flora's hours in the factory are from eight o'clock A. M. to six o'clock P. M., with an intermission of thirty minutes for lunch at noon. The little wicker-baskets are then relieved of their contents, and we have an opportunity to see how unsubstantial the

food is that the girl supplies herself with. Bits of pie, cake, and confectionery, scarcely ever any meat, constitute her meal, and a large pot of tea is brewed for general use—all the work-people subscribing a portion of the expense.

The finished work of the day is boxed in pretty, lavender-colored, gilt-edged boxes, the manner in which it is packed being a very important consideration. The same flowers arranged in one way will often bring a much higher price if arranged in another, the principal salesman told us, and the aim of the packers is to produce the most telling effect on the buyers when a sample is uncovered for inspection. Boxed and sold, into what holiday scenes, *fêtes*, and displays, are these beautiful things not going? Flora's imagination, fed by the gorgeous descriptions of story-paper ballrooms, can scarcely carry her so far; but at six o'clock, when the evening is darkening, she goes home to her garret.

UP IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

I.

"INSTEAD of going through the whole book, you can read this abstract, Miss Honor."

The speaker drew forth five or six sheets of paper, closely covered with fine, small handwriting. The letters were not in the least beautiful, or even straight, if you examined them closely, for they carried themselves crookedly, and never twice alike; but, owing to their extreme smallness, and the careful way in which they stood on the line, rigidly particular as to their feet, although their spines were misshapen, they looked not unlike a regiment of little humpbacked men, marching with extreme precision, and daring you to say that they were crooked. Stephen Wainwright had partly taught himself this hand, and partly it was due to temperament. He despised a clerky script. Yet he could not wander down a page, or blur his words, any more than he could wander down a street, or blur his chance remarks; in spite of himself he always knew exactly where he was going, and what he intended to say. He was not a man who attracted attention in any way. He was small, yet not so small as to be noticed for smallness; he was what is called plain-looking, yet without that marked ugliness which, in a man, sometimes amounts to distinction. As to his dress, he was too exact for carelessness—you felt that the smallest spot on his loose flannel coat would trouble him; and yet he was entirely without that trim, fresh, spring-morning appearance which sometimes gives a small man an advantage over his larger brethren, as the great coach-dogs seem suddenly coarse and dirty when the shining little black-and-tan terrier bounds into the yard beside them. Stephen was a man born into the world with an overweight of caution and doubt. They made the top

of his head so broad and square that Reverence, who likes a rounded curve, found herself displaced; she clung on desperately through his schoolboy days, but was obliged at last to let go as the youth began to try his muscles, shake off extraneous substances, and find out what he really was himself, after the long succession of tutors and masters had done with him.

The conceit of small men is proverbial, and Stephen was considered a living etching of the proverb, without color, but sharply outlined. He had a large fortune; he had a good intellect; he had no vices—sufficient reasons, the world said, why he had become, at forty, unendurably conceited. His life, the world considered, was but a succession of conquests, and the quiet manner with which he entered a drawing-room crowded with people, or stood apart and looked on, was but another indication of that vanity of his which never faltered, even in the presence of the most beautiful women or the most brilliant men. The world had no patience with him. If he had not gone out in society at all, if he had belonged to that large class of men who persistently refuse to attire themselves in dress-coats and struggle through the dance, the world would have understood it; but, on the contrary, Stephen went everywhere, looking smaller and plainer than usual in his evening-dress, asked everybody to dance, and fulfilled every social obligation with painstaking exactitude. The world had no patience with him; he was like a golden apple hanging low; but nobody could pull him off the branch.

Stephen's conversation-friend (every unmarried man, though an octogenarian, has his conversation-friend) was Adelaide Kellinger, the widow of his cousin and favorite boyhood-companion, Ralph Kellinger. Adelaide was now thirty-five years of age,

an agreeable woman, tall, slender, and exquisitely dressed—a woman who made people forget that an arm should be round, or a cheek red, when her slim amber-colored gracefulness was present with them. Adelaide's house was Stephen's one lounging-place. Here he came to hear her talk over last evening's party, and here he delivered fewer of those concise *à propos* remarks for which he was celebrated, and which had been the despair of a long series of young ladies in turn; for, what can you do with a man who, on every occasion even the most unexpected, has calmly ready for you a neat sentence, politely delivered, like the charmingly folded small parcels which the suave dry-goods clerk hands to you across the counter? Stephen was never in a hurry to bring out these remarks of his; on the contrary, he always left every pause unbroken for a perceptible half-moment or two, as if waiting for some one else to speak. The unwary, therefore, were often entrapped into the idea that he was slow, or unprepared; and the unwary made a mistake, as the more observing among them soon discovered.

Adelaide Kellinger had studied her cousin for years. The result of her studies was as follows: She paid, outwardly, no especial attention to him, and she remained perfectly natural herself. This last was a difficult task. If he asked a question, she answered with the plainest truth she could imagine; if he asked an opinion, she gave the one she would have given to her most intimate woman-friend (if she had had one); if she was tired, she did not conceal it; if she was out of temper, she said disagreeable, sharp-edged things. She was, therefore, perfectly natural? On the contrary, she was extremely unnatural. A charming woman does not go around at the present day in a state of nature mentally any more than physically; politeness has become a necessary clothing to her. Adelaide Kellinger never spoke to her cousin without a little preceding pause, during which she thought over what she was going to say; and as Stephen was slow to speak also, their conversations were ineffective, judged from a dramatic point of view. But Adelaide judged by certain broad facts, and left drama to others. Stephen liked to be with her; and he was a creature of habit. She intended that he should continue to like to be with her; and she relied upon that habit.

Afar off, counting by civilization, not by parallels of latitude, there are mountains in this country of ours, east of the Mississippi, as purple-black, wild, and pathless, some of them, as the peaks of the Western sierras. These mountains are in the middle South. A few roads climb from the plain below into their presence, and cautiously follow the small rivers that act as guides—a few roads, no more. Here and there are villages, or rather farm-centres, for the soil is fertile wherever it is cleared; but the farms are old and stationary, they do not grow, stretch out a fence here, or a new field there: they remain as they were when the farmers' sons were armed and sent to swell George Washington's little army. To this day the farmers' wives spin and weave, and

dye and fashion, with their own hands, each in her own house, the garments worn by all the family; to this day they have seen nothing move by steam. The locomotive waits beyond the peaks; the water-mill is the highest idea of force. Half a mile from the village of Ellerby stands one of these water-mills; to it come farmers and farmers' boys on horseback, from miles around, with grist to be ground. And sometimes the women come, too, riding slowly on old, pacing cart-horses, their faces hidden in the tubes of deep, long sun-bonnets, their arms moving up and down, up and down, as the old horse stretches his head to his fore-feet and back with every step. When two farm-women meet at the mill-block there is much talking in the chipped-off mountain dialect; but they sit on their horses without dismounting, strong, erect, and not uncomely, with eyes like eagles', yet often toothless in their prime, in the strange rural-American way, which makes one wonder what it was in the life of the negro slaves which gives their grandchildren now such an advantage in this over the descendants alike of the whites of Massachusetts Bay and the plantations of the Carolinas. When the farmers meet at the mill-block, they dismount and sit down in a row, not exactly on their heels, but nearly so—in reality, they sit, or squat, on their feet, nothing of them touching the ground save the soles of their heavy shoes, the two tails of their blue homespun coats being brought round and held in front. In this position they whittle and play with their whips, or eat the giant apples of the mountains. Large, iron-framed men, they talk but slowly; they are content apparently to go without those finer comprehensions and appreciations which other men covet; they are content to be almost as inarticulate as their horses, honest beasts, with few differences save temper and color of hide. Across the road from the mill, but within sound and sight of its wheel, is Ellerby Library. It is a small wooden building, elevated about five feet above the ground, on four corner supports, like a table standing on four legs. Daylight shines underneath; and Northern boys, accustomed to close foundations, would be seized with temptations to run under and knock on the floor; the mountain boys who come to the mill, however, are too well acquainted with the peculiarities of the library to find amusement in them, and besides this barefooted cavalry cherishes an awkward respect for the librarian under its homespun jacket.

This librarian is Honor Dooris, and it is to her Stephen Wainwright now presents his sheets of manuscript.

"You think I have an odd handwriting?" he said.

"Yes," answered the librarian; "I should not think you would be proud of it."

"I am not."

"Then why not try to change it? I might lend you my old copies—those I used myself and still use. Here they are." And she took from her desk a number of small slips of paper, on which were written, in a round hand with many flourishes and deeply-shaded lines, moral sentences, such as "He that

would thrive must rise at five;" "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day;" and others of like hilarious nature.

"Thanks," said Stephen; "I will take the copies, and try—to improve."

The librarian then began to look through the abstract, and Stephen did not break the silence.

"Would it not be a good idea for me to read it aloud?" she said, after a while. "I can always remember what I have read aloud."

"As you please," replied Stephen.

So the librarian began, in a sweet voice, with a strong Southern accent, and read aloud, with frowning forehead and evidently but half-comprehension, the chemical abstract which Stephen had prepared.

"It is very hard," she said, looking up at him, with a deep furrow between her eyebrows.

"But not too hard for a person of determined mind."

The person of determined mind answered to the spur immediately, bent forward over the desk again, and went on reading. Stephen, motionless, sat with his eyes fixed on a spider's-web high up in the window. When, too deeply puzzled to go on, the girl stopped and asked a question, he answered it generally without removing his eyes from the web. When once or twice she pushed the manuscript away and leaned back in her chair, impatient and irritated, he took the sheets from her hand, explained the hard parts with clear precision, gave them back, and motioned to her to continue. She read on for half an hour. When she finished there was a flush on her cheeks, the flush of annoyance and fatigue.

"I must go now," she said, placing the manuscript in her desk, and taking down her broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, yellow as old corn, adorned with a plain band of white ribbon.

"You are not, of course, foiled by a little chemistry," said Wainwright, rising also, and looking at her without change of expression.

"Oh, no," she answered; but still she crossed the room and opened the door as if rather glad to escape, and, with a parting salutation, left him.

Wainwright sat down again. He did not watch her through the window; he took up a late volume of Herbert Spencer, opened it at the mark, and began reading with that careful dwelling upon each word which is, singularly enough, common alike to the scientific and the illiterate. The mass of middle-class readers do not notice words at all, but take only the general sense.

Honor went down the road toward Ellerby village, which was within sight around the corner, walking at first rapidly, but soon falling into the unhurrying gait of the Southern woman, so full of natural, swaying grace. At the edge of the village, she turned and took a path which led into a ravine. The path followed a brook, and began to go up-hill gradually; the ravine grew narrow and the sides high. Where the flanks met and formed the main hill-side, there was, down in the hollow, a house with a basement above-ground, with neither paint without nor within. No fences were required for Colonel Eliot's

domain—the three near hill-sides were his natural walls, a ditch and plank at the entrance of the ravine his moat and drawbridge. The hill-sides had been cleared, and the high corn waved steeply all around and above him as he stood in front of his house. It went up to meet the sky, and was very good corn, indeed—what he could save of it. A large portion, however, was regularly stolen by his own farm-hands—according to the pleasant methods of Southern agriculture after the war. The colonel was glad when he could safely house one-half of it. He was a cripple, having lost a leg at Antietam. He had married a second wife, and had a house overflowing with children. He was poor as a squirrel, having a nest in these woods and the corn for nuts, and little else besides. He was as brave as a lion, courteous as an old cavalier, hot-headed when aroused, but generally easy-tempered and cheery. He went to church every Sunday, got down on his one knee and confessed his sins honestly; then he came home in the old red wagon, sat on the piazza, and watched the corn grow. Honor was his niece; she shared in his love and his poverty like his own children. Mrs. Eliot, a dimpled, soft-cheeked, faded woman, did not quite like Honor's office of librarian even if it did add two hundred dollars to their slender income—none of Honor's family, none of her family, had ever been librarians.

"But we are so poor now," said Honor.

"None the less ladies, I hope, my dear," said the elder woman, tapping her niece's shoulder with her pink-tipped, taper fingers.

Honor's hands, however, showed traces of work. She had hated to see them grow coarse, and had cried over them; and then she had gone to church, flung herself down upon her knees, offered up her vanity and her roughened palms as a sacrifice, and, coming home, had insisted upon washing out all the iron pots and saucepans, although old Chloe stood ready to do that work with tears in her eyes over her young mistress's obstinacy. It was when this zeal of Honor's was burning brightest, and her self-mortifications were at their height—which means that she was eighteen, imaginative, and shut up in a box—that an outlet was suddenly presented to her. The old library at Ellerby Mill was resuscitated, reopened, endowed with new life, new books, and a new floor, and the position of librarian offered to her.

In former days the South had a literary taste of its own unlike anything at the North. It was a careful and correct taste, founded principally upon old English authors; and it would have delighted the soul of Charles Lamb, who, being constantly told that he should be more modern, should write for posterity, gathered his unappreciated manuscripts to his breast, and declared that henceforth he would write only for antiquity. Nothing more unmodern than the old-time literary culture of the South could well be imagined; it delighted in old editions of old authors; it fondly turned their pages, and quoted their choice passages; it built little libraries here and there, like the one at Ellerby Mill,

and loaded their shelves with fine old works. In the cities it expanded into associations, and large, lofty chambers were filled to the ceiling with costly tomes, which now look so dark, and rich, and ancient, to Northern visitors, accustomed to the lightly-bound, cheap new books constantly succeeding each other on the shelves of Northern libraries. These Southern collections were not for the multitude; there was no multitude. Where plantations met, where there was a neighborhood, there grew up the little country library. No one was in a hurry; the rules were lenient; the library was but a part of the easy, luxurious way of living which belonged to the planters. The books were generally imported, an English rather than a New York imprint being preferred; and, without doubt, they selected the classics of the world. But they stopped, generally, at the end of the last century, often at a date still earlier; they forgot that there may be new classics.

The library at Ellerby Mill was built by low-country planters who came up to the mountains during the warm months, having rambling old country-houses there. They had their little summer church, St. Mark's in the Wilderness, and they looked down upon the mountain-people, who, plain folk themselves, revered the old names borne by their summer visitors, names known in their State annals since the earliest times. The mountain-people had been so long accustomed to see their judges, governors, representatives, and senators, chosen from certain families, that these offices seemed to them to belong by inheritance to those families; certainly the farmers never disputed the right. For the mountain-people were farmers, not planters; their slaves were few. They were a class by themselves, a connecting link between the North and the South. The old names, then, placed Ellerby Library where it stood full thirty years before Honor was born. They did not care for the village, but erected the small building at a point about equidistant from their country-houses, and near the mill for safety, that boys or idle slaves, drawn by the charm which any building, even an empty shed, possesses in a thinly-settled country, might not congregate there on Sundays and holidays, or camp there at night. But the library had been closed now for thirteen years; the trustees were all dead, the books mouldy, the very door-key was lost. The low-country planters no longer came up to the mountains; there were new names in the State annals, and the mountain-farmers, poorer than before, and much bewildered as to the state of the world, but unchanged in their lack of the questioning capacity, rode by, to and from the mill, and gave no thought to the little building with its barred shutters standing in the grove. What was there inside? Nothing save books, things of no practical value, and worthless. So the library stood desolate, like an unused lighthouse on the shore; and the books turned blue-green and damp at their leisure.

II.

STEPHEN WAINWRIGHT traveled, on principle. He had been, on principle, through Europe more

than once, and through portions of Asia and Africa; in the intervals he made pilgrimages through his own country. He was not a languid traveler; he had no affectations; but his own marked impersonality traveled with him, and he was always the most indistinct, unremembered person on every railroad-car or steamboat. He was the man without a shadow. Of course, this was only when he chose to step out of the lime-light which his wealth threw around his every gesture. But he chose to step out of it very often, and always suffered when he did. He was forever adding up different opinions to find the same constantly-recurring sum total of "no consequence." After each experience of the kind he went back into lime-light, and played at kingship for a while. He had been doing this for twenty years.

One day he came to Ellerby on the top of the stage. Nine Methodist ministers in the inside, returning from a missionary meeting, had made the lonely road over the mountains echo with their hearty hymns; one small brother climbed out at the half-way station on the summit, and, after drinking copiously from the spring, clasped his hands behind him and admired the prospect. Wainwright looked at him, not cynically, but with his usual expressionless gaze. The little minister drank again, and walked up and down. After a few moments he drank a third time, and continued to admire the prospect. Wainwright recalled vaguely the Biblical injunction, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake," when behold! the small minister drank a fourth time hastily, and then, as the driver gathered up the reins, a last and hearty fifth time, before climbing up to the top, where Wainwright sat alone.

"I am somewhat subject to vertigo," he explained, as he took his seat; "I will ride the rest of the way in the open air with your permission, sir."

Wainwright looked at him. "Perhaps he was weighting himself down with water," he thought.

The brother had, indeed, very little else to make weight with; his small body was enveloped in a long linen duster, his head was crowned with a tall hat; he might have weighed one hundred pounds. He could not brace himself when they came to rough places, because his feet did not reach the floor; but he held on manfully with both hands, and begged his companion's pardon for sliding against him so often.

"I am not greatly accustomed to the stage," he said; "I generally travel on horseback."

"Is there much zeal in your district?" said Wainwright. It was the question he always asked when he was placed next to a clergyman, varying it only by "parish," "diocese," or "circuit," according to appearances.

"Zeal," said his companion—"zeal, sir? Why, there isn't anything else!"

"I am glad to hear it," replied Wainwright.

The little minister took the remark in good faith.

"A believer?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Stephen.

"Let me shake you by the hand, brother. This is a noble country in which to believe. Among

these great and solemn peaks, who can disbelieve or who go contrary to the will of the Lord?"

Stephen made no answer, and the brother, lifting up his voice after a silence, cried again, "Who?" And, after a moment's pause, and more fervently, a second "Who?" Then a third, in a high, chanting key. It seemed as if he would go on forever.

"Well," said Stephen, "if you will have answer, I suppose I might say the moonlight-whiskey makers."

The little brother came down from the heights immediately, and glanced at his companion. "Acquainted with the country, sir?" he asked in a business-like tone.

"Not at all," said Stephen.

"Going to stay at Ellerby awhile, perhaps?"

"Perhaps."

"Reckon you will like to ride about; you will need horses. They will cheat you in the village; better apply to me. Head is my name—Bethuel Head; everybody knows me." Then he shut his eyes and began to sing a hymn of eight or ten verses, the brethren below, hearing him chanting alone on the top, joining in the refrain with hearty good-will. As soon as he had finished, he said again, in a whisper, "Better apply to me," at the same time giving his companion a touch with the elbow. Then he leaned over and began a slanting conversation with the brother who occupied the window-seat on his side; but, whenever he righted himself for a moment, he either poked Wainwright or winked at him, not lightly or jocularly, but with a certain anxious, concealed earnestness which was evidently real. "Head is my name," he whispered again; "better write it down—Bethuel Head." And when Wainwright, who generally did imperturbably whatever other people asked him to do, finding it in the end the least trouble, finally did write it down, the little man seemed relieved. "Their blood has dyed the pure mountain-streams," he whispered, solemnly, as the coach crept down a dark gorge with the tree-branches sweeping its sides; "but I shall go out, yea, I shall go out as did David against Goliath, and save one man—one!"

"Do," said Stephen. What the little brother meant, he neither knew nor cared to know; going through life without questions he had found to be the easiest way. Besides, he was very tired. He had never "rejoiced in his strength," even when he was young; he had always had just enough to carry him through, with nothing over. The seven hours on the mountain-road, which climbed straight up on one side of the Blue Ridge, and straight down on the other, now over solid rock, now deep in red clay, now plunging through a break-neck gorge, now crossing a rushing stream so often that the route seemed to be principally by water, had driven him into the dull lethargy which was the worst ailment he knew; for even his illnesses were moderate. He fell asleep mentally, and only woke at the sound of a girl's voice.

It was twilight, and the stage had stopped at Ellerby Mill; two of the ministers alighted there,

to take horse and go over solitary roads homeward to small mountain-villages, one ten, one fifteen miles away. Brother Bethuel was leaning over the side, holding on to his tall hat, and talking down to a young girl who stood at the edge of the roadway on a bank of ferns.

"Masters is better, Miss Honor," he said, "or was the last time I saw him; I do not think there is any present danger."

"I am very glad," answered the girl, with earnestness; her eyes did not swerve from the little minister's face, although Wainwright was now looking down too. "If we could only have him entirely well again!"

"He will be!—he will be!" answered Brother Bethuel. "Pray for him, my sister."

"I do pray," said the girl; "daily, almost hourly." Into her dark eyes, uplifted and close to him, Wainwright could look directly, himself unnoticed as usual; and he read there that she did pray. "She believes it," he thought. He looked at her generally; she did not appear to be either extremely young, or ignorant, or commonplace, exactly. "About eighteen," he thought.

"He has asked if his father has been told," continued the minister.

"No, no; it is better he should know nothing," said the girl. "Can you take a package, Mr. Head?"

"Yes, to-morrow. I abide to-night with Brother Beetle."

"I will have it ready, then," said the girl.

The stage moved on, she waved her hand, and the minister nodded energetically in return until the road curved and he could see her no longer. His tall hat was tightly on his head all this time; politeness in the mountains is not a matter of hat. They were but half a mile from Ellerby now, and the horses began to trot for the first time in eight hours. Brother Bethuel turned himself, and met Wainwright's eyes. Now those eyes of Wainwright's were of a pale color, like the eyes of a fish; but they had at times a certain inflexibility which harassed the beholder, as, sometimes, one fish in an aquarium will drive a person into nervousness by simply remaining immovable behind his glass wall, and staring out at him stonily. Brother Bethuel, meeting Wainwright's eyes, immediately began to talk:

"A fine young lady that, Miss Honor Dooris, niece of Colonel Eliot, the low-country Eliots, you know, one of our most distinguished families. I venture to say, sir, that strike at an Eliot, yes, strike at an Eliot, and a thousand will rise to beat back the blow. It would be dangerous, sir, most dangerous, to strike at that family."

"Are they troubled by—by strikers?" asked Stephen.

"Nobody ever harms anybody in this blessedly peaceful country of ours," said the little minister in a loud, chanting voice. Then he dropped to a conversational tone again. "Miss Honor has been to the library; she is writing some 'Reflections on the Book of Job,' and is obliged of course to consult the

authorities. You noticed the old library, did you not?—that small building in the grove, opposite the mill; her father was one of the trustees. The front-steps are down, and she is obliged to climb in by a back-window—allowable, of course, to a trustee's daughter—in order to consult the authorities."

"And on Job they are such as—?"

"Well, the dictionaries, I reckon," said Brother Bethuel, after considering a moment. "She is not of my flock; the Eliots are, of course, Episcopalians," he continued with an odd sort of pride in the fact. "But I have aided her—I have aided her."

"In the matter of Masters, perhaps?"

Brother Bethuel glanced at his companion quickly in the darkening twilight. He caught him indulging in a long, tired yawn.

"I was about to say, general charity; but the matter of Masters will do," he said, carelessly. "The man is a poor fellow up in the mountains, in whom Miss Dooris is interested. He is often ill and miserable, and always very poor. She sends him aid when she can. I am to take a bundle to-morrow."

"And she prays for him," said Wainwright, beginning to descend as the stage stopped at the door of the village inn.

"She prays for all," replied Brother Bethuel, leaning over, and following him down with the words, delivered in a full undertone. Brother Bethuel had a good voice; he had preached under the open sky among the great peaks too long to have any feeble tones left.

"I do not believe anybody ever prays for me," was Wainwright's last thought before he came sharply into personal contact with the discomforts of the inn. And, as his mother died when he was born, perhaps he was right.

The next morning he wandered about and gazed at the superb sweep of the mountains. Close behind him rose the near wall of the Blue Ridge; before him stretched the line of the Alleghanies going down toward Georgia, the Iron Mountains, the Bald Mountains, and the peaks of the Great Smoky, purple and soft in the distance. A chain of giant sentinels stretched across the valley from one range to the other, and on these he could plainly see the dark color given by the heavy, unmixed growth of balsam-firs around and around up to the very top, a hue which gives the name Black Mountain to so many of these peaks.

It was Sunday, and when the three little church-bells rang, making a tinkling sound in the great valley, he walked over to the Episcopal church. He had a curiosity to see that girl's eyes again by daylight. Even there, in that small house of God where so few strangers ever came, he was hardly noticed. He took his seat on one of the benches, and looked around. Colonel Eliot was there, in a black broad-cloth coat seventeen years old, but well brushed, and worn with an air of unshaken dignity. The whole congregation heard him acknowledge every Sunday that he was a miserable sinner; but they were as proud of him on his one leg with his crutch under his arm as if he had been a perfected saint, and they

would have knocked down any man who had dared to take him at his Sunday word. The colonel's placid, dimpled wife was there, fanning herself with the slowly serene manner of her youth; and two benches were full of children. On the second bench was Honor, and the man of the world watched her closely in his quiet, unobserved way. This was nothing new: Wainwright spent his life in watching people. He had studied hundreds of women in the same way, and he formed his conclusions with minutest care. He judged no one by impulse or intuition, or even by liking or disliking. What persons said was not of the slightest importance to him in any way; he noted what they *did*. The service was in progress, and Honor was down upon her knees. He saw her confess her sins; he saw her bow her head to receive the absolution; he saw her repeat the psalms; he watched her through every word of the litany; he heard her sing; and he noted her clasped hands and strong effort of recollection throughout the recital of the commandments. Then he settled himself anew, and began to watch her through the sermon. He had seen women attentive through the service before now: they generally became neutral during the sermon. But this girl never swerved. She sat with folded arms looking at the preacher fixedly, a slight compression about the mouth showing that the attention was that of determination. The preacher was uninteresting, he was tautological; still the girl followed him. "What a narrow little round of words and phrases it is!" thought the other, listening, too, but weary. "How can she keep up with him?" And then, still watching her, he fell to noticing her dress and attitude. Poor Honor wore a gown of limp black alpaca, faithful, long-enduring servant of small-pursed respectability; on her head was a small, black bonnet which she had fashioned herself, and not very successfully. A little linen collar, a pair of old gloves, and her prayer-book, completed the appointments of her costume. Other young girls in the congregation were as poorly dressed as she, but they had a ribbon, a fan, an edge of lace, here and there, or at least a rose from the garden to brighten themselves withal; this girl alone had nothing. She was tall and well-rounded, almost majestic; but childishly young in face. Her dark hair, which grew very thickly—Wainwright could see it on the temples—seemed to have been, until recently, kept short, since the heavy braid behind made only one awkward turn at the back of the head. She had a boldly-cut profile, too marked for regular beauty, yet pleasant to the eye owing to the delicate finish of the finer curves, and the distinct arch of the lips. Her cheeks were rather thin. She had no grace; she sat stiffly on the bench, and resolutely listened to the dull discourse. "A good forehead," thought Wainwright, "and, thank Fortune! not disfigured by straggling ends of hair. 'Reflections on the Book of Job,' did he say? Poor little soul!"

At last the service was ended, the sermon of dull paraphrases over; but Wainwright did not get his look. Honor sat still in her place without turning.

He lingered awhile; but as he never did anything, on principle, that attracted attention, he went out with the last stray members of the congregation, and walked down the green lane toward the inn. He did not look back: certain rules of his he would not have altered for the Queen of Sheba (whoever she was). But Brother Bethuel, coming from the Methodist meeting-house, bore down upon him, and effected what the Queen of Sheba could not have done: himself openly watching the church-door, he took Wainwright by the arm, turned him around, and, holding him by a button-hole, stood talking to him. The red wagon of the Eliots was standing at the gate, Mrs. Eliot was on the front-seat, and all the space behind was filled in with children. Black Pompey was assisting his master into the driver's place, while Honor held the crutch. A moment afterward the wagon passed them, Pompey sitting at the end with his feet hanging down behind. Brother Bethuel received a nod from the colonel, but Madam Eliot serenely failed to see him. The low-country lady had been brought up to return the bows and salutations of all the blacks in the neighborhood, but whites below a certain line she did not see.

Evidently Honor was going to walk home. In another moment she was close to them, and Stephen was having his look. The same slight flush rose in her face when she saw Brother Bethuel which had risen there the day before; the same earnestness came into her eyes, and Stephen became haunted by the desire to have them turned upon himself. But he was not likely to have this good fortune; all her attention was concentrated upon the little minister. She said she had the package ready; it would be at the usual place. He would take it up, he replied, at sunset. She hoped the moon would not be hidden by clouds. He hoped so too; but old Marcher knew the way. She had heard that the East Branch was up. He had heard so also; but old Marcher could swim very well. All this was commonplace, yet it seemed to Wainwright that the girl appeared to derive a certain comfort from it, and to linger. There was a pause.

"This is my friend," said Brother Bethuel at last, indicating Stephen with a backward turn of his thumb; "Mr.—Mr.—"

"Wainwright," said Stephen, uncovering; then, with his straw hat in his hand, he made her a low bow, as deliberate as the salutations in a minuet, coming up slowly and looking with gravity full in her face. He had what he wanted then—a look; she had never seen such a bow before. To tell the truth, neither had Stephen; he invented it for the occasion.

"Met him on the stage," said Brother Bethuel, "and, as he is a stranger, I thought, perhaps, Miss Honor, the colonel would let him call round this afternoon; he'd take it as a favor, I know." There was a concealed determination in his voice; the girl immediately gave Stephen another look. "My uncle will be happy to see you," she said, quickly. Then they all walked on together, and Stephen noted,

under his eyelashes, the mended gloves, the coarse shoe, and the rusty color of the black gown; he noted also the absolute purity of the skin over the side of the face which was next to him, over the thin cheek, the rather prominent nose, the little shell-like ear, and the rim of throat above the linen collar. This clear white went down to the edge of the arched lips, and met the red there sharply and decidedly; the two colors were not mingled at all. What was there about her that interested him? It was the strong reality of her religious belief. In the character-studies with which he amused his life he recognized any real feeling, no matter what, as a rarity, a treasure-trove. Once he had spent six weeks in studying a woman who slowly and carefully planned and executed a revenge. He had studied what is called religion enormously, considering it one of the great spiritual influences of the world; he had found it, in his individual cases so far, mixed. Should he study this new specimen? He had not decided, when they came to the porch of the inn. There was no hurry about deciding, and this was his place to stop; he never went out of his way. But Honor paused too, and, looking at him, said, with a mixture of earnestness and timidity: "You will come and see uncle, I hope, Mr. Wainwright. Come this afternoon." She even offered her hand, and offered it awkwardly. As Wainwright's well-fitting, well-buttoned glove touched for an instant the poor, cheap imitation, wrinkled and flabby, which covered her hand, he devoutly hoped she would not see the contrast as he saw it. She did not; a Dooris was a Dooris, and the varieties of kid-skin and rat-skin could not alter that.

Brother Bethuel went on with Honor, but in the afternoon he came back to the inn to pilot Stephen to the Eliot ravine. Stephen was reading a letter from Adelaide Kellinger—a charming letter, full of society events and amusing little comments, which were not rendered unintelligible either by the lack of commas, semicolons, and quotation-marks, and the substitution of the never-failing dash, dear to the feminine pen. The sheets, exhaling the faintest reminiscence of sandal-wood, were covered with clear handwriting, which went straight from page to page in the natural way, without crossing or doubling or turning back. There was a date at the top; the weather was mentioned; the exact time of arrival of Stephen's last letter told. It can be seen from this that Adelaide was no ordinary correspondent.

Stephen, amused and back in New York, did not care much about the Eliot visit; but Brother Bethuel cared, and so, with his usual philosophy, Stephen went. They talked of the mountains, of the mountain-people, of the villagers; then Brother Bethuel took up the subject of the Eliot family, and declaimed their praises all the rest of the way. They were extremely influential, they were excessively hot-tempered; the State was in a peculiar condition at present, but the Eliots held still the old wires, and it would be extremely dangerous to attack the family in any way. Stephen walked along, and let the little man chant on. He had heard, in this same manner,

pages and volumes of talk from the persons who insist upon telling you all about people in whom you have not the remotest interest, even reading you their letters and branching off farther and farther, until you come to regard those first mentioned as quite near friends when the talker comes back to them (if he ever does), being so much nearer than the outside circles into which he has tried to convey you. Stephen never interrupted these talkers; so he was a favorite prey of theirs. Only gradually did it dawn upon them that his stillness was not exactly that of attention. The only interest he showed now was when the minister got down to what he called the present circumstances of the family. It seemed that they were very poor; Brother Bethuel appeared determined that the stranger should know precisely how poor. He brought forward the pathetic view.

"They have nothing to eat sometimes but corn-meal and potatoes," he said. This made no impression.

"The brook rises now and then, and they live in a roaring flood; all the small articles have more than once been washed away."

"Any of the children?" inquired Wainwright.

"Once, when the horses were lame, I saw Honor go to the mill herself with the meal-sack."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and carry it home again. And I have seen her scrubbing out the kettles."

Wainwright gave an inward shudder. "Has she any education at all?" he asked, with a feeling like giving her money, and getting away as fast as possible; money, because he had for twenty-four hours made her in a certain way a subject of study, and felt as if he owed her something, especially if he went disappointed.

"Sir, she has a finished education," responded the little minister, with dignity; "she can play delightfully upon David's instrument, the harp."

At this moment they came to the plank and the ditch.

"I will go no farther," said Brother Bethuel, "and—and you need not mention to the colonel, if you please, that I accompanied you hither." Then he stood on tiptoe, and whispered mysteriously into Stephen's ear: "As to horses, remember to apply to me—Brother Head, Bethuel Head. A note dropped into the post-office will reach me, a man on horseback bringing the mail up our way twice each week. Bethuel Head—do not forget." He struck himself on the breast once or twice as if to emphasize the name, gave Stephen a wink, which masqueraded as knowing but was more like entreaty, and, turning away, walked back toward the village.

"An extraordinary little man," thought the other, crossing the plank, and following the path up the ravine by the side of the brook.

The colonel sat on his high, unrailed piazza, with the red wagon and a dilapidated buggy drawn up comfortably underneath; Honor was with him. He rose to greet his visitor, and almost immediately asked if he was related to Bishop Wainwright. When Stephen replied that he was not, the old gen-

tleman sat down, and leaned his crutch against the wall, with a good deal of disappointment; being a devoted churchman, he had hoped for a long ecclesiastical chat. But, after a moment, he took up with good grace the secondary subject of the mountains, and talked very well about them. With the exception of the relationship to the bishop, he, with the courtesy of the South, did not ask his guest a single question; Stephen could have been a peddler, a tenor-singer, a carpet-bag politician, or a fugitive from justice, with perfect safety, as far as questions were concerned.

Honor said nothing. It was refreshing to be with a girl who did not want to go anywhere or do anything. She had really asked him to come, then, merely to please the old colonel. A girl of gold. But, alas! the girl of gold proved herself to be of the usual metal, after all; for, when half an hour had passed, she deliberately proposed to her uncle that she should take their visitor up the hill to see the view. Now, Stephen had been taken, numerous times in his life, to see views; the trouble was that he always looked directly at the real landscape, whatever it was, and found a great deal to say about it, to the neglect of the view nearer his side. He did not think it necessary now to play his usual part of responsive politeness to this little country girl's open manoeuvre; he could go if she insisted upon it, he supposed. So he sat looking down at the brim of his hat; but noted, also, that even the colonel seemed surprised. Honor, however, had risen, and was putting on her ugly little bonnet; she looked quietly determined. Stephen rose also, and took leave formally; he would go homeward from the hill. They started, he by this time weary of the whole State, and fast inclining toward departure early the next morning.

He did not say much to her, or look at her; but, in truth, the path through the corn was too steep and narrow for conversation—they were obliged to walk in single file. When they had reached the summit, and Stephen was gathering together his adjectives for his usual view-remarks, he turned toward his companion, and was surprised to see how embarrassed she appeared; he began to feel interested in her again—interested in her timid, dark eyes, and the possibilities in their depths. She was evidently frightened.

"If," she began once, twice—then faltered and stopped.

"Well?" said Stephen, encouragingly; after all, she was very young.

"If you intend to stay in Ellerby any length of time—do you?"

"I really have not decided," said Stephen, relapsing into coolness.

"I was only going to say that if you *do* stay, we, that is I—we, I mean—shall be happy to see you here often."

"Thanks."

"The view is considered fine," faltered the girl, pulling off her gloves in desperate embarrassment, and putting them deep down in her pocket.

Stephen began his view-remarks.

"But what I was going to say," she continued, breaking in at the first pause, "was, that if you should stay, and need—need *horses*, or a—guide, I wish you would apply to Mr. Head."

"They are in a conspiracy against me with their horses," thought Stephen. Then he threw a hot shot! "Yes; Mr. Head asked me the same thing. He also asked me not to mention that he brought me here."

"No; pray do not," said Honor, quickly.

He turned and looked at her; she began to blush—pink, crimson, pink; then white, and a very dead white, too.

"You think it strange?" she faltered.

"Not at all. Do not be disturbed, Miss Dooris; I never think anything."

"Mr. Head is poor, and—and tries to make a little money now and then with his horses," she stammered.

"So I—judged."

"And I—try to help him."

"Very natural, I am sure."

He was beginning to feel sorry for the child, and her poor little efforts to gain a few shillings; he had decided that the colonel's old horses were the wagon-team of this partnership, and "Marcher" the saddle-horse.

"I shall certainly need horses," he said, aloud.

"And you will apply to Mr. Head?"

She was so eager that he forgot himself, and smiled.

"Miss Dooris," he said, bowing, "I will apply to Mr. Head, and only to him; I give you my word."

She brightened at once.

The golden shafts of the setting sun shone full in her face—her dark eyes did not mind them; she did not put up her hand to shield herself, but stood and looked directly into the glittering, brilliant western sky. He put his quizzical expression back out of sight, and began to talk to her. She answered him frankly. He tested her a little; he was an old hand at it. Of coquetry she gave back not a sign. Gradually the conviction came to him that she had not asked him up there for personal reasons at all. It was, then, the horses.

When he had decided this, he sat down on a stump, and went on talking to her with renewed interest. After a while she laughed, and there came into her face that peculiar brilliancy which the conjunction of dark eyes and the gleam of white, even teeth can give to a thin-cheeked brunette. Then he remembered to look at her hands, and was relieved to find them, although a little roughened by toil, charmingly shaped and finely aristocratic, fit portion of the tall, well-rounded figure, which only needed self-consciousness to be that of a young Diana. The girl seemed so happy and radiant, so impersonal in the marked attention she gave to him, which was not unlike the attention she might have given to her grandfather, that Wainwright recognized it at last as only another case of his being of no consequence, and smiled to himself over it. Evidently, if he

wanted notice, he must, as it were, mount the horses. He had had no especial intention of making excursions among the mountains; but that was, apparently, the fixed idea of these horse-owners. They were, for some reason, pleased to be mysterious; he would be mysterious also.

"I hope Mr. Head's horses are good ones?" he said, confidentially; "I shall need *very* good horses."

All her color gone instantly, and the old cloud of anxiety on her face again.

"Yes, they are good horses," she answered; and then her eyes rested upon him, and he read trouble, fear, and dislike, succeeding each other openly in their dark depths.

"Is it because I am a Northerner, Miss Dooris?" he said, quietly. He had made up his mind, rather unfairly, to break down the fence between them by a close question, which so young a girl would not know how to parry.

She started, and the color rushed up all over her face again.

"Of course, it is all right," she answered, hurriedly, in a low voice; "I know that the laws must be maintained, and that some persons must do the work that you do. People cannot always choose their occupations, I suppose, and no doubt they—no doubt you—I mean, that it cannot be helped."

"May I ask what you take me for?" said Wainwright, watching her.

"We saw it at once; Mr. Head saw it, and afterward I did, also. But we are experienced; others may not discover you so soon. Mr. Head is anxious to pilot you through the mountains to save you from danger."

"He is very kind; disinterested, too."

"No," said Honor, flushing again; "I assure you he makes money by it, also."

"But you have not told me what it is you take me for, Miss Dooris?"

"It is not necessary, is it?" replied Honor, in a whisper. "You are one of the new revenue detectives, sent up here to search out the stills."

"An informer—after the moonlight-whiskey makers, you mean?"

"Yes."

Wainwright threw back his head and laughed out loud, as he had not laughed for years.

"I am not sure but that it is a compliment," he said, at last; "no one has ever taken me for anything particular before in all my life." Then, when he was sober, "Miss Dooris," he said, "I am a man of leisure, residing in New York, and I am sorry to say that I am an idle vagabond, with no occupation even so useful as that of a revenue detective."

In spite of himself, however, a touch of contempt filtered into his voice. Then it came to him how the club-men would enjoy the story, and again he laughed uproariously. When he came to himself Honor was crying.

III.

YES, Honor was crying. The dire mistake, the contempt, and, worse than all, the laughter, had

struck the proud little Southern girl to the heart.

"My dear child," said Wainwright, all the gentleman in him aroused at once, "why should you care for so small and natural a mistake? It is all clear to me now. I gave no account of myself coming over on the stage; I remember, too, that I spoke of the moonlight-whiskey makers myself, and that I made no effort to find out what Mr. Head was alluding to when he talked on in his mysterious way. It is my usual unpardonable laziness which has brought you to this error. Pray forgive it."

Honor cried on, unable to stop, but his voice and words had soothed her; he stood beside her, hat in hand, and, after a few moments, she summoned self-control enough to dry her eyes, and put down her handkerchief. But her eyelashes were still wet, her breath came tremulously, and there was a crimson spot on each cheek. She looked, at that moment, not more than fifteen years old, and Wainwright sat down, this time nearer to her, determined to make her feel easier. He banished the subject of her mistake at once, and began talking to her about herself. He asked many questions, and she answered them humbly, as a Lenten penitent might answer a father confessor. She seemed to feel as though she owed him everything he chose to take. She let him enter and walk through her life and mind, through all her hopes and plans; one or two closed doors he noted, but did not try to open, neither did he let her see that he had discovered them. He learned how poor they were; he learned her love for her uncle, her Switzer's attachment to the mountain-peaks about her; he learned what her daily life was, and he came near enough to her religious faith, that faith which had first attracted him, to see how clear and deep it was, like a still pool in a shaded glen. It was years since Stephen Wainwright had been so close to a young girl's soul, and, to do him justice, he felt that he was on holy ground.

When at last he left her, he had made up his mind that he would try an experiment. He would help this child out of the quagmire of poverty, and give her, in a small way, a chance. The question was, how to do it. He remained at Ellerby; made acquaintances; and asked questions. He pretended this, and pretended that. Finally, after some consideration, he woke up the old library association, reopened the building, and put in Honor as librarian, at a salary of two hundred dollars a year. To account for this, he was obliged, of course, to be much interested in Ellerby; his talk was that the place must eventually become a summer resort, and that money could be very well invested there. He, therefore, invested it. Discovering, among other things, pink marble on wild land belonging to the colonel, he bought a whole hill-side, and promptly paid for it. To balance this, he also bought half a mile of sulphur springs on the other side of the valley (the land comically cheap), and spoke of erecting an hotel there. The whole of Ellerby awoke, talked, and rejoiced; no one dreamed that the dark eyes of one young girl had effected it all.

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Honor herself remained entirely unconscious. She was so openly happy over the library that Wainwright felt himself already repaid. "It might stand against some of my omissions," he said to himself.

One thing detained him where he was; then another. He could not buy property without paying some attention to it, and he did not choose to send for his man of business. He staid on, therefore, all summer. And he sent books to the library now and then during the winter that followed, packages which the librarian, of course, was obliged to acknowledge, answering at the same time the questions of the letters which accompanied them. Stephen's letters were always formal; they might have been nailed up on the walls of the library for all comers to read. He amused himself, however, not a little over the carefully-written, painstaking answers, in which the librarian remained "with great respect" his "obliged servant, Honor Dooris."

The second summer began, and he was again among the mountains; but he should leave at the end of the month, he said. In the mean time it had come about that he was teaching the librarian. She needed instruction, certainly; and the steps that led up to it had been so gradual that it seemed natural enough now. But no one knew the hundred little things which had been done to make it seem so.

What was he trying to do?

His cousin, Adelaide Kellinger, determined to find out that point, was already domiciled with her maid at the inn. There had been no concealment about Honor; Wainwright had told Adelaide the whole story. He also showed to her the librarian's little letters whenever they came, and she commented upon them naturally, and asked many questions. "Do you know I feel really interested in the child myself?" she said to him, one day. And it was entirely true.

When he told her that he was going to the mountains again, she asked if he would not take her with him. "It will be a change from the usual summer places; and, besides, I find I am lonely if long away from you," she said, frankly. She always put it upon that ground. She had learned that nothing makes a man pur more satisfactorily than the hearing that the woman in whose society he finds himself particularly comfortable has an especial liking for, and dependence upon, himself; immediately he makes it all a favor and kindness to *her*, and is happy. So Adelaide came with Stephen; and did make him more comfortable. His barren room bloomed with fifty things which came out of her trunks and her ingenuity; she coaxed and bribed the cook; she won the landlady to a later breakfast. She arranged a little parlor and was always there when he came home, ready to talk to him a little, but not too much, ready to divine his mood and make the whole atmosphere accord with it at once. They had been there three weeks, and of course Adelaide had met the librarian.

For those three weeks she remained neutral, and studied the ground; then she began to act. She sent

for John Royce. And she threw continuous rose-light around Honor.

After the final tableau of a spectacle-play, a second view is sometimes given with the nymphs and fairies all made doubly beautiful by rose-light. Mrs. Kellinger now gave this glow. She praised Honor's beauty.

Stephen had not observed it. How could he be so blind? Why, the girl had fathomless eyes, exquisite coloring, the form of a Greek statue, and the loveliest mouth! Then she branched off.

"What a beautiful thing it would be to see such a girl as that fall in love!—a girl so impulsive, so ignorant of the world. That is exactly the kind of girl that really could die of a broken heart."

"Could she?" said Stephen.

"Now, Stephen, you know as well as I do what Honor Dooris is," said Adelaide, warmly. "She is not awakened yet, her prince has not made himself known to her; but, when he does awaken her, she will take him up to the seventh heaven."

"That is—if she loves him."

"She has seen so few persons. It would not be a difficult matter," said Adelaide.

A few days later, when she told him that she was thinking of sending for John Royce, he made no comment, although she looked at him with undisguised wistfulness, a lingering gaze that seemed to entreat his questions. But he would not question, and, obedient as always to his will, she remained silent.

John Royce came. He was another cousin, but a young one, twenty-five years old, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. He kept his yellow hair ruthlessly short, however, and he frowned more or less over his blue eyes, owing to much yachting and squinting ahead across the glaring water to gain an inch's length on the next boat. He was brown and big, with a rolling gait; the edge of a boat tilted at one hair's-breadth from going over entirely, was his idea of a charming seat; under a tree before a camp-fire, with something more than a suspicion of savage animals near, his notion of a delightful bed. He did not have much money of his own, he was going to do something for himself by-and-by; but Cousin Adelaide had always petted him, and he had no objection to a hunt among those Southern mountains. So he came.

He had met Honor almost immediately; Mrs. Kellinger was a welcome visitor at the Eliot home, she seemed to make the whole ravine more graceful. The colonel's wife and all the children clustered around her with delight every time she came, and the old colonel himself renewed his youth in her presence. She brought John to call upon them at once, and she took him to the library also; she made Honor come and dine with them at the inn. She arranged a series of excursions in a great mountain-wagon shaped like a boat, and tilted high up behind, with a canvas cover over a framework, like a Shaker bonnet, and drawn by six slow-walking horses. The wagoner being a postillion, they had the wagon to themselves; they filled the interstices with Eliot

children and baskets, and explored the wilder roads, going on foot up the steep banks above, drinking from the ice-cold spring, looking out for rattlesnakes, plucking the superb rhododendrons and the flowers of the calico-bush, and every now and then catching a new glimpse of the unparalleled crowd of peaks over toward the Tennessee line. Stephen went everywhere patiently; Honor went delightedly; John Royce went carelessly; Mrs. Kellinger went as the velvet string which held them all together. She was so smooth that they slid easily.

But, in the intervals, Wainwright still taught his librarian.

Mrs. Eliot had become Adelaide's warm friend. The sweet-voiced Southern wife, with her brood of children, and her calm, contented pride, confided to the Northern stranger the one grief of her life, namely, that she was the colonel's second wife, and that he had dearly loved the first; anxiety as to the uncertain future of her children weighed far less upon her mind than this. The old-time South preserved the romance of conjugal love even to silver hairs; there may have been no more real love than at the North, but there was more of the manner of it. The second month came to its end; it was now August. Mrs. Kellinger had sent many persons to the library, she had roused up a general interest in it; villagers now went there regularly for books, paying a small subscription-fee, which was added to Honor's salary. Honor thanked her for this in a rather awkward way; Mrs. Eliot, who was present, did not consider the matter of consequence enough for thanks. She had never even spoken to Wainwright of Honor's office of librarian, or the salary which came out of his pocket. Money-matters were nothing; between friends they were less than nothing. Stephen had two hours alone with his librarian every morning, when there was no excursion; Mrs. Kellinger had arranged that, by inventing a rule and telling it to everybody in a decided tone: no one was expected at the library before eleven o'clock.

"Did you do this?" said Stephen, when he discovered it.

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because I thought you would like it," replied Adelaide. He looked at her questioningly; she answered immediately to the look. "You are interested in a new study of character, Stephen; you are really doing the child a world of good, too; although, as usual, I confess that my interest in the matter is confined principally to your own entertainment." She spoke good-humoredly, and almost immediately afterward left him to himself.

His mind ran back over a long series of little arrangements made for his pleasure on all sorts of occasions. "She is the best-hearted woman in the world," he thought. And then he took his notebook and went over to the library.

Their lessons would have amused a looker-on; but there was no looker-on. Honor was interested or absent-minded, irritable or deeply respectful, hum-

ble or proud, by turns; she regarded him as her benefactor, and she really wished to learn; but she was young, and impulsive, and—a girl. There was little conversation save upon the lessons; with the exception of one subject. The man of the world had begun his study of this girl's deep religious faith. "If you can give it to me also, or a portion of it," he had said, "you will be conferring a priceless gift upon me, Miss Honor."

Then Honor would throw down her books, clasp her hands, and, with glowing cheeks, talk to him on sacred subjects. Many a time the tears would spring to her eyes with her own earnestness, many a time she lost herself entirely while pleading with her whole soul. He listened to her, thanked her, and went away. Only once did he show any emotion—it was when she told him that she prayed for him.

"Do you really pray for me?" he said, in a low tone; then he put his hand over his eyes, and sat silent.

Honor, a little frightened, drew back. It seemed to her a very simple act, praying for any one—she had prayed for people all her life.

One Sunday afternoon Mrs. Eliot and Honor were sitting in Adelaide's parlor at the inn, whither she had brought them on their way home from service. Royce and Stephen had been discovered, upon their entrance, in two chairs at the windows, the former surrounded by a waste of newspapers, magazines, and novels, thrown down on the floor, a general expression of heat and weariness on his face. His companion was reading a small, compact volume in his usual neat way. Big Royce was sprawled over three chairs; Stephen did not fill one. Big Royce was drumming on the window-sill; Stephen was motionless. Yet Royce, springing up and smiling, his blue eyes gleaming, and frank gladness on his face, was a picture that women remember; while Stephen, rising without change of expression, was a silent contradiction to their small power, which is never agreeable. They all sat talking for an hour—Mrs. Eliot and Mrs. Kellinger contributing most of the sentences. Royce was in gay spirits; Honor rather silent. Suddenly there came a sharp, crackling sound; they all ran to the window. Through the main street of the village a man was running, followed by another, who, three times in their sight and hearing, fired at the one in advance. One, two, three times they saw and heard him fire, and the sickening feeling of seeing a man murdered in plain sight came over them. Royce rushed down to the street. The victim had fallen; the other man was himself staggering, and in the hands of a crowd which had gathered in an instant. After a short delay the two men were borne away, one to his home, one to the jail. Royce returned hot and breathless.

"Oh, how is the poor man who was shot?" exclaimed Mrs. Eliot.

"Poor man, indeed! The other one is the man to be pitied," said Royce, angrily. "He is a revenue detective, and was knocked down from behind with a club by this fellow, who is a liquor-seller here in the village. The blow was on the skull, and a

murderous one. Half blinded and maddened, he staggered to his feet, drew his revolver, and fired for his life."

Honor had grown white as ivory. She shook in every limb, her lips trembled, and her chin had dropped a little. Wainwright watched her.

"But what does it all mean?" asked Adelaide.

"Moonlight-whiskey, of course. The detective has been hunting for the stills, and these outlaws will kill the man as they have killed half a dozen before him."

"What an outrage! Are there no laws?"

"Dead letters."

"Or officers to execute them?"

"Dead men."

Royce was excited and aroused. He was young, and had convictions. The laws should not be overriden and men murdered in broad daylight by these scoundrels while he was on the scene. He took charge of the detective, who, with his bruised head, was put in jail, while the liquor-seller was allowed to have his illness out in his own house, one of the balls only having taken effect, and that in a safe place in the shoulder. Royce, all on fire for the side of justice, wrote and telegraphed for troops, using the detective's signature; he went himself fifteen miles on horseback to send the dispatch. There were troops at the State capital; they had been up to the mountains before on the same business; they were, indeed, quite accustomed to going up; but they accomplished nothing. The outlaws kept themselves carefully hidden in their wild retreats, and the village looked on as innocently as a Quaker settlement. A detective was fair game: two of them had been shot in the neighborhood within the previous year, and left bleeding in the road. Would they never learn, then, to keep out of the mountains?

"But is it not an extraordinary state of things that a village so large as Ellerby should be so apathetic?" asked Adelaide.

"The villagers can do little—once off the road, and you are in a trackless wilderness," said Stephen. "Custom makes law in these regions: moonlight-whiskey has always been made, and the mountaineers think they have a right to make it. They look upon the revenue-men as spies."

"Yes; and they are government officials and Northerners, too," added Royce, hotly—"mind that!"

He had taken the matter in hand vigorously. He wrote and sent off a dozen letters per day. The department at Washington had its attention decisively called to this district and the outlawry rampant there. It was used to it.

In a week the troops came—part of a company of infantry and a young lieutenant, a tall stripling fresh from West Point. His name was Allison; he lisped and wore kid-gloves; he was as dainty as a girl, and almost as slender. To see the short, red-faced, burly detective, with his bandaged head and stubbed fingers; Royce, with his eagle eyes and impatient glance; and this delicate-handed, pink-cheeked boy, conferring together, was like a scene

from a play. The detective, slow and cautious, studied the maps; Royce, in a hot hurry about everything, paced up and down; Allison examined his almond-shaped nails and hummed a tune. The detective had his suspicions concerning Eagle Knob: the troops could take the river-road, turn off at Butter Glen, and climb the mountain at that point. In the mean while all was kept quiet, it was given out that the men were to search South Gap, on the other side of the valley.

On the very night appointed for the start, an old lady, who had three granddaughters from the low-country spending the summer with her, opened her house, lit up her candles, and gave a ball, with the village fiddlers for musicians and her old black cook's plum-cake for refreshments. Royce was to accompany the troops; Adelaide had not been able to prevent it. She went to Stephen in distress, and then Stephen proposed to Royce to send half a dozen stout villagers in his place—he, Stephen, paying all expenses.

"There are some things, Wainwright, that even your money cannot do," replied Royce.

"Very well," said Stephen.

Royce now announced that they must all go to the ball to divert suspicion; Allison too. But Allison had no invitation. Royce went to Mrs. Eliot, and begged her influence; Mrs. Eliot sent Honor to the old lady, and the invitation came.

"If he could avoid wearing his uniform—" suggested Mrs. Eliot to Adelaide, a little nervously.

"But he has nothing else with him, I fear," answered Adelaide.

It turned out, however, that the lieutenant had a full evening-suit in his valise, with white tie and white gloves also. Royce surveyed these habiliments and their owner with wonder. He himself, coming from New York, with all the baggage he wanted, had only a black coat. His costume must be necessarily of the composite order; but the composite order was well known at Ellerby.

Allison was the belle of the ball. He danced charmingly, and murmured the most delightful things to all his partners in rapid succession. He was the only man in full evening-dress present, and the pink flush on his cheeks, and his tall, slender figure swaying around in the waltz, were long remembered in Ellerby. Honor was there in a white muslin which had been several times washed and repaired; there was no flow to her drapery, and she looked awkward. She was pale and silent. Mrs. Kellinger, clothed to the chin and wrists, with no pronounced color about her, was the one noticeable woman present. Royce did not dance. He found the rooms hot and the people tiresome; he was in a fever to be off. Stephen sat on the piazza, and looked in through the window. At one o'clock it was over; Allison had danced every dance. He went back to the inn with his pockets stuffed with gloves, withered rose-buds, knots of ribbon, and even, it was whispered, a lock of golden hair. The next hour, in the deep darkness, the troops started.

At five minutes before eleven the next morning,

Stephen was bringing his algebra-lesson to a close, when a distant clatter in the gorge was heard, a tramping sound; men were running out of the mill opposite and gazing curiously up the road. Honor was at the window in a flash, Stephen beside her. The troops were returning. They had laid hands upon a mountain-wagon and marched upon each side of it like a guard of honor. Royce sat in the wagon, his face hidden in his hands.

"Where is Mr. Allison?" said Honor, and her voice was but a whisper. She stood back of the curtain, trembling violently.

Royce did not look up as the procession passed the library; without a word Wainwright and Honor went out, locked the door behind them, and followed the wagon toward the village. Everybody did the same; the houses were emptied of their dwellers. The whole village came together to see the body of the boy-officer lifted out and carried into the inn. Allison was dead.

The buttons on his uniform gleamed as they bore him in, and his white hands hung lifelessly down. He had fought like a tiger, they said, and had led his men on with the most intrepid, daring courage to the very last. It seemed that they had fallen into an ambushade, and had accomplished nothing; singularly enough, the young lieutenant was the only one killed; Royce was sure that he had seen one of the outlaws deliberately single him out and fire—a dark, haggard-looking fellow.

Stephen took Honor up to Adelaide's parlor; Adelaide was there wringing her hands. She had fastened the boy's collar for him at two o'clock the night before, when he had rather absurdly pretended that he could not make it stay buttoned; and she had tapped him on the cheek reprovingly for his sentimental looks. "This ball has spoiled you, foolish boy," she had said; "march off into the mountains and get rid of this nonsense." Ah, well, he was well rid of it now!

Honor stood as if transfixed, listening. Presently the door opened, and Royce came in. "Let me get somewhere where I am not ashamed to cry," he said, and, sinking down, he laid his head upon his arms on the table and cried like a child. Honor went out of the room hastily; she hardly noticed that Stephen was with her. When she reached the ravine she, too, sank down on the grass, out of sight of the house, and sobbed as though her heart would break. Stephen looked at her irresolutely, then moved away some paces, and, sitting down on a stump, waited. Honor had danced with Allison; could it be—but no; it was only the sudden horror of the thing.

Allison was buried in the little village churchyard; the whole country-side came to the funeral. The old Episcopal rector read the burial-service, and his voice shook a little as the young head was laid low in the deep grave. Brother Bethuel had come down from the mountains on Marcher, and had asked permission to lead the singing; he stood by the grave, and, with uncovered head and uplifted eyes, sang with marvelous sweetness and power an old Methodist hymn, in which all the throng soon joined. The young

girls who had danced at the ball sobbed aloud ; Honor alone stood tearless. But she had brought her choicest roses to lay over the dead boy's feet, where no one could see them, and she had stooped and kissed his icy forehead in the darkened room before he was carried out ; Stephen saw her do it. After the funeral, Brother Bethuel and Honor went away together ; Stephen returned to the inn. Adelaide had taken upon herself the task of answering the letters ; Allison had no father or mother, but his other relatives and friends were writing. Royce, his one young burst of grief over, went about sternly, his whole soul set on revenge. New troops came ; an officer of the United States army had been killed and the department was aroused at last. There were several officers at Ellerby now, older men than Allison and more experienced ; a new expedition was to be sent into the mountains to rout these banditti and make an end of them. Royce was going as guide ; he knew where the former attack had been made, and he knew, also, the detective's reasons for suspecting Eagle Knob, the detective himself being now out of the field, owing to brain-fever ; the United States authorities had ordered him out of jail, and he was at the inn, having his fever comfortably on the ground-floor. Honor was with Adelaide almost constantly now ; the elder woman, who always received her caressingly, seemed puzzled by the girl's peculiar manner. She said little, but sat and listened to every word, turning her dark eyes slowly from one speaker to the next. Royce came and went, brought in his maps, talked, and every now and then made the vases on the table ring as he brought down his strong hand with an emphasis of defiance.

"I cannot study," Honor had said to Stephen when he made some allusion to their morning hours. She said it simply, without excuse or disguise ; he did not ask her again.

The expedition was to start on Monday night. The whole village, in the mean time, had been carefully intrusted with the secret that it was to go on Tuesday. But on Sunday evening Honor discovered that before midnight the hounds were to be let slip ; the very soldiers themselves did not know it. How did the girl learn it, then ? She divined it from some indefinable signs in Royce. Even Adelaide did not suspect it ; and Stephen saw only the girl's own restlessness. She slipped away like a ghost—so like one that Stephen himself did not see her go. He followed her, however, almost immediately ; it was too late for her to go through the village alone. He was some distance behind her ; to his surprise, she did not go homeward, but walked rapidly down toward the river-road. There was fickle moonlight now and then ; he dropped still farther behind and followed her, full of conjecture, which was not so much curiosity as pain. It was still early in the evening, yet too late for her to be out there on the river-road alone. This innocent young girl—this child—where, where, was she going ? He let her walk on for a mile, and then he made up his mind that he must stop her. They were far beyond the houses now, and the road was lonely and wild ; the roar of the

river over its broad, rock-dotted, uneven bed, hid the sound of his footsteps as he climbed up the steep bank, ran forward, and came down into the road in advance of her.

"Where are you going, Miss Honor?" he said, showing himself, and speaking quietly.

She started back, and gasped out his name.

"Yes, it is I," he answered, "Stephen Wainwright. I am alone ; you need not be frightened."

She came close up to him and took his hand.

"Do not stop me," she said, entreatingly. "I am on an errand of life and death !"

"I will go in your place, Honor."

"You cannot."

"Yes, I can. But *you* shall not."

"Will you betray me, then?" she said, in an agonized tone.

"No ; but you will tell me what it is, and I will go for you."

"I tell you, you cannot go."

"Why?"

"You do not know ; and, besides—you would not."

"I will do anything you ask me to do," said Stephen.

"Anything?"

"Anything."

She hesitated, looking at him.

"Do you give me your word?"

"I do."

"But—but it is an enormous thing you are doing for me."

"I know it is."

"Oh, let me go—let me go myself!" she cried, suddenly, with a half-sob ; "it is so much better."

"I will never let you go," said Stephen. His voice was inflexible. She surveyed him tremulously, hopelessly ; then sank down upon her knees, praying, but not to him. Stephen took off his hat, and waited, bareheaded. It was but a moment ; then she rose. "My cousin, Richard Eliot, my uncle's eldest son, has been with these men, at one of their hiding-places, for some months ; my uncle knows nothing of it ; but Brother Bethuel is in the secret, and keeps watch of him."

"Your cousin is Masters, then?"

"He is. Ask no more questions, but hasten on ; take the first broad trail which leaves the road on the right, follow it until you come to Brother Bethuel's house ; you cannot miss it ; it is the only one. He will guide you to the place where Richard is, and you must warn him that the troops are coming."

"Only one question, Honor. Come out into the moonlight ; give me both your hands. Do you love this man?"

He looked at her fixedly ; she gave a quick, strong start, as though she must break away from him at all hazards, and turned darkly red, the deep, almost painful, blush of the brunette. Her hands shook in his grasp, tears of shame rose in her eyes ; it was as though some one had struck her in the face.

"Do you love this Eliot?" repeated Stephen, compelling her still to meet his eyes.

She drew in her breath suddenly, and answered, with a rush of quick words: "No, no, no! Not in the way you mean. But he is my cousin. Go!"

He went. Nearly two miles farther down the road the trail turned off; it climbed directly up a glen by the side of a brook which ran downward to the river in a series of little waterfalls. It was wide enough for a horse, and showed the track of Marcher's hoofs. It came out on a flank of the mountain and turned westward, then northward, then straight up again through the thick woods to a house whose light shone down like a beacon, and guided him.

Wainwright knocked; Brother Bethuel opened, started slightly, then recovered himself, and welcomed his guest effusively.

"Is there any one in the house besides ourselves?" said Stephen, ignorant as to whether there was, or was not, a Mrs. Head. There was; but she had gone, with her five offspring, to visit her mother in Tennessee.

"Then," said Stephen, "take me immediately to Richard Eliot."

The little minister stared innocently at his guest.

"Take you where?" he repeated, with surprised face.

"Come," said Stephen, "you need not conceal. Miss Dooris herself sent me. I am to warn this Eliot that the troops are on the way; have probably already left Ellerby."

The little man, convinced, sprang for his lantern, lighted it, and hurried out, followed by Wainwright. He ran more than he walked; he climbed over the rocks; he galloped down the gullies and up the other side; he said not a word, but hurried, closely followed by Stephen, who was beginning to feel spent, until he reached the foot of a wall of rock, the highest ledge of Eagle Knob. Here he stood still and whistled; Stephen sat down, and tried to recover his breath. After a moment or two a whistle answered from above, and the missionary imitated the cry of a night-bird, one, two, three times. He then sat down beside Wainwright, and wiped his forehead. "He will be here in a moment," he said. In a short time, coming up as if from the bowels of the mountain, a figure stood beside them. Brother Bethuel had closed the slide of his lantern, and Wainwright could not see the face. "Miss Dooris sent me," he began. "I am to warn you that the troops are on their way hither to-night, and that they have a clew to your hiding-place."

"Who are you?" said the man.

"I am Miss Dooris's messenger; that is enough."

The man muttered an oath.

Brother Bethuel lifted up his hands with a deprecating gesture.

"You do not mean it, Richard; you know you do not.—Lord, forgive him!" he murmured.

"Well, what am I to do?" said the man. "Did she send any word?"

"Only that you must escape."

"Escape! Easy enough to say. But where am I to go? Did she send any money?"

"She will," said Stephen, improvising.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"How much?"

"Quite a sum; as much as you need."

"Is she so flush, then?"

"She is, as you say—flush," replied Stephen.

Brother Bethuel had listened breathlessly to this conversation, and when Eliot said, fretfully, "But where am I to go now—to-night?" he answered: "Home with me, Dick. I can conceal you for one night; nobody suspects me. The Lord will forgive; it is an Eliot."

"Wait until I warn the fellows, then," said the man, disappearing suddenly in the same way he had appeared. Then Stephen, who had not risen from his seat, felt a pair of arms thrown around his neck; the little brother was embracing him fervently.

"God bless you! God bless you!" he whispered. "We will get him safely out of the country this time, with your aid, Mr. Wainwright. An Eliot, mind you; a real Eliot, poor fellow!"

But the real Eliot had returned, and Brother Bethuel led the way down the mountain. They walked in single file, and Stephen saw that the man in front of him was tall and powerful. They reached the house, and the minister took the fugitive down into his cellar, supplying him with food, but no light.

"Make no sound," he said. "Even if the house is full of soldiers, you are safe. No one suspects me." He closed the horizontal door, and then turned to Wainwright. "What are you going to do?" he asked, his small face wrinkled with anxiety.

"I am going back to Ellerby."

"And when will you return with the money?"

"Some time to-morrow."

"I will go with you as far as the road," said Brother Bethuel; "I want to see if the troops are near."

"Who is this Eliot?" asked Stephen, as they went down the glen.

"The colonel's eldest son, the only child by the first wife; his father has heard nothing of him for several years; it is the grief of the old man's life."

"What is he doing here?"

"Well, he is a wild boy, always was," said Brother Bethuel, reluctantly. "Lately he has been living with a gang of these whiskey-men."

"And Miss Dooris knows it?"

"Yes. He was always fond of Honor when she was a child, and latterly he has—has fallen into a way of depending upon her."

"Why does he not come out of the woods, go to work, and behave like a civilized man?" said Wainwright, in a tone of disgust. "I have no patience with such fellows."

"Oh, yes, you have," said Brother Bethuel, earnestly. "You are going to help him, you know."

"Well, we will send him far enough away this

time—to Australia, if he will go," said Stephen. "The country will be well rid of him."

"You do not, perhaps, understand exactly," said Brother Bethuel, timidly, after a moment's silence. "Eliot fought all through the war—fought bravely, nobly. But, when peace came, there seemed to be no place for him. He was not adapted to—to commerce; he felt it a degradation. Hence his present position. But he did not choose it voluntarily; he—he drifted into it."

"Yes, as you say, drifted," said Stephen, dryly. "Will the other men get away in time?"

"Oh, yes; they are already gone. There is a cave, and a passage upward through clefts in the rocks to the glen where their still is; it is a natural hiding-place. But they will not even stay there; they will go to another of their haunts."

"Where?"

"Thank the Lord, I do not know! Really and truly I do not know," ejaculated the little minister, fervently. "My only interest in them, the only charge upon my conscience, has been Eliot himself. You do not understand, and I may not be able to explain it to you, Mr. Wainwright, but—I love the Eliots! I have loved them all my life. I was born upon their land, I revered them in childhood, I honored them in youth, I love them in age. They bear one of our great State names; they have been our rulers and our leaders for generations. I love them, every one." Wainwright made no answer; the little man went on: "This son has been a sad, wild boy always—has nearly broken his father's heart. But he is an Eliot still; the little I can do for him I will do gladly until I die."

"Or until he does," suggested Stephen. "One of this gang shot Allison; was this Eliot of yours the marksman?"

Brother Bethuel was silent. Stephen turned and saw by the lantern's gleam the trouble and agitation on his face.

"He did it, I see," said Stephen, "and you know he did it. It was murder."

"No, no—war," said the missionary, with dry lips. They had reached the road and looked down at it; the moonlight was unclouded now. They could see nothing, but they thought they heard sounds. Brother Bethuel went back up the glen, and Wainwright, turning into the woods, made his way along in the deep shadows above the road. He met the soldiers after a while, marching sturdily, and remained motionless behind a tree-trunk until they had passed; then, descending into the track, he walked rapidly back to the village. But, with all his haste and all his skill, he did not reach his room unobserved; Adelaide saw him enter, and noted the hour.

The troops came back at noon the next day, not having discovered the foe. Honor was with Adelaide, pretending to sew, but her mind was astray; Adelaide watched her closely. Stephen was present, quiet and taciturn as usual. He had succeeded in conveying to the girl, unobserved, a slip of paper, on which was written, "Eliot is hidden in the cellar of Head's house—I am going out there this afternoon,

and you may feel assured that, in a day or two more, he will be out of the mountains, and in permanent safety;" but he had not been able to exchange any words with her.

Royce came in, foiled, tired, and out of temper.

"If it had not been for the little minister, we should have had nothing at all for our pains," he said, when, the first annoyed heat over, he, having been left in the mean while unvexed by questions owing to Adelaide's tact, began to feel himself like telling the story. "He heard us down in the road, came to meet us, and advised us what to do. It seems that he too has had his suspicions about Eagle Knob, and he took his lantern and guided us up there. We hunted about and found one of their hiding-places, showing traces, too, of recent occupation; but we could not find the men or the still. The troops will take rations, however, next time, and make a regular campaign of it; we shall unearth the scoundrels yet."

"But *you* will not think it necessary to go again, John?" said Adelaide.

"Not necessary, but agreeable, Cousin Adelaide. I will not leave these mountains until the murderer of Allison is caught—I was going to say shot, but hanging is better," said Royce.

Honor gazed at him with helpless, fascinated eyes; Mrs. Kellinger noted the expression. There was evidently another secret; she had already divined one.

Soon afterward Honor went home, and Stephen did not accompany her; Adelaide noted that. She noted also that he sat longer than usual in her parlor after the early dinner, smoking cigarettes and becoming gradually more and more drowsy, until at last, newspaper in hand, he sauntered off to his own room, as if for a *siesta*. It was too well acted. She said to herself, with conviction, "He is going out!" A woman can deceive admirably in little things, a man cannot. He can keep the secret of an assassination, but not of a clam-supper. The very cat discovers it. Adelaide went to her room, put on her trim little walking-boots and English round hat, and, slipping quietly out of the house, walked down the road to a wooded knoll she remembered, a little elevation that commanded the valley and the village; here, under a tree, she sat waiting. She had a volume of Landor; it was one of Wainwright's ways to like Landor. After half an hour had passed she heard, as she had expected to hear, footsteps; she looked up. Wainwright was passing. "Why—is it you?" she called out. "I thought you would sleep for two hours at least. Sit down here awhile and breathe this delicious air with me."

Wainwright, outwardly undisturbed, left the road, came up the knoll and sat down by her side. Being in the shade he took off his hat and threw himself back on the grass. But that did not make him look any larger. Only a broad-shouldered, big fellow can amount to anything when lying down in the open air; he must crush with his careless length a good wide space of grass and daisies, or he will inevitably be overcome by the preponderant weight of Nature, the fathomless sky above, the stretch of earth on each

side. Wainwright took up the volume, which Adelaide did not conceal; that he had found her reading his favorite author secretly was another of the little facts with which she gemmed his life. "What do you discover to like?" he asked.

"His bugles on the Pyrenees dissolved the trance of Europe." And, "When the war is over, let us sail among the islands of the *Ægean* and be as young as ever." And, "We are poor indeed when we have no half-wishes left us," said Adelaide, musically quoting. "Then there is the '*Artemidora*.'"

"You noticed that?"

"Yes."

Meanwhile, the man was thinking, "How can I get away unsuspected?" And the woman, "How can I make him tell me?"

They talked some time longer, then Adelaide made up her mind to go into action.

Adelaide (quietly). "There is a change in you, Stephen. I want you to tell me the cause."

Stephen. "We all change as time moves on."

Adelaide. "But this is something different. I have noticed—"

Stephen. "What?"

Adelaide. "No one observes you so closely as I do, Stephen; my life is bound up in yours, your interests are mine. Anything that is for your happiness engrosses me; anything that threatens it disturbs me. Let us speak plainly, then: you are interested in Honor Doors."

Stephen. "I am."

Adelaide. "More than that—you love her."

Stephen. "What is love, Adelaide?"

Adelaide (with emotion). "It was Ralph's feeling for me, Stephen. He is gone, but I have the warm memory in my heart. Somebody loved me once, and with all his soul." (Leaning forward with tears in her eyes;) "Take this young girl, Stephen; yes, take her. She will give you what you have never had in your life, poor fellow!—real happiness."

Wainwright was silent.

Adelaide. "Ah! I have known it a long time. You spent the whole of last summer here; what did that mean? You wrote to her at intervals all through the winter. You are here again. You love to study her girlish heart, to open the doors of her mind." (Rapidly;) "And have I not helped you? I have, I have. Was I not the quiet listener to all those first guarded descriptions of yours? Did I not comment upon each and every word of those careful little letters of hers, and follow every possibility of their meaning out to its fullest extent? All this to please you. But, when I came here and saw the child with my own eyes, did I not at once range myself really upon your side? Have I not had her here? Did I not form a close acquaintance with her family? Did I not give you those morning hours with her at the library? And am I not here also to answer for her, to describe her to your friends, to uphold your choice, to bring out and develop her striking beauty?"

Stephen. "But she is not beautiful."

Adelaide. "She is. Let me dress her once or

twice, and New York shall rave over her. I have had your interests all the time at heart, Stephen. Was it not I who sent for John Royce? And did you not see why I sent for him? It was to try her. I have given her every chance to see him, to be with him, to admire him. He is near her own age, and he is a handsome fellow, full of life and spirit. But you see as well as I do that she has come out unscathed. Take her, then, Stephen; you can do it safely, young as she is, for the man she first loves she will love always."

As she spoke, an almost imperceptible tremor showed itself around the mouth of the small, plain, young-old man who was lying on the grass beside her; he seemed to be conscious of it himself, and covered his mouth with his hand.

Adelaide. "But there is something which you must tell me now, Stephen. You cannot be in league with these outlaws; is it Honor, then? You had better tell. Her uncle and aunt evidently know nothing of it, and the child should have a woman-friend by her side. You know I would cut myself up into small pieces for you, Stephen; let me be your ally in this, too. Is it not best for Honor that I should know everything? Shall I not be her true friend when she is your wife—your sweet young wife, Stephen, in that old house of yours which we will fit up for her together, and where you will let me come and see you, will you not, your faithful, loving cousin?" Her voice broke; she turned her head away. Her emotion was real. The man by her side, urged at last out of his gray reticence by his own deep longing, which welled up irresistibly to meet her sympathy, turned over on his arm and told her all—in a few words as regarded himself, with careful explanation as regarded Honor.

"I have the money with me now," he said, "and Head, who was so anxious to guide me, the supposed detective, away from Eliot, now guides me to him, relies upon me to save him."

"And Honor knows—knows, too, that he shot Allison," said Adelaide, musingly. "That was the reason why she was so pale, and why she brought all her roses, and kissed the poor boy's forehead."

"She does not know, but fears."

"Ah! we must help the child, Stephen; the burden of this is too heavy for such young shoulders. Go; I will not keep you a moment longer, I will go back to Honor. But, first—God bless you! Do not put yourself into any danger, for my sake. I have loved you long, and years hence, when we are old, I shall love you just the same."

They were both standing now; she came close to him, and laid her head upon his shoulder for an instant, tears shining on her cheeks. He put one arm around her, touched by her affection; she raised her eyes and let him look deep into them for one short moment. "He shall see the truth this once," she thought; "though nothing to him now, it will come back to him."

Adelaide Kellinger did that time a bold thing: she let Wainwright see that she loved him, relying upon the certainty that he would not think she knew

he saw it, much less that she intended him to see it. She had the balance of reality on her side, too, because she really did love him—in her way.

In another moment he had left her, and was walking rapidly down the river-road. Adelaide went back to the village.

Her first step was to find out whether Honor was at home; she was not. At the library, then? Not there. "Already gone to Brother Bethuel's," she thought. She next woke up Royce, laughed at his ill-nature, flattered him a little, coaxed him into good temper, and finally told him plainly that she would not stand his bearishness any longer; that he must go and dress himself anew, brush his hair, and come back and be agreeable.

"You will turn into a mountain-outlaw yourself, if I do not see to you," she said.

"Oh, let me off for to-day," said Royce, lazily.

"This moment!"

She had her way: Royce took himself off, followed by the injunction to come back looking like an Apollo. Now, to make one's self look like an Apollo is an occupation which no young man is in his heart above, and when incited thereto by an expressed belief from feminine lips that he has only to try, he generally—tries. Not long afterward Royce returned to the parlor, looking his best, threw himself into a chair, and took up a book carelessly; he knew Adelaide would comment. She did. She called him "a good boy," touched the crisp, curling ends of his yellow hair, and asked why he kept them so short; stroked his forehead, and said that, on the whole, he looked quite well. Her heart was beating rapidly as she chatted with him; she listened intently; everything depended upon a chance. Ten minutes before she had executed a daringly bold action, one of those things which a woman can do once in her life with perfect impunity, because no one suspects that she can. If she will do it alone, and only once, there is scarcely any deed she may not accomplish safely. A few more moments passed, Adelaide still listening; then came a shuffling step through the passage, a knock at the door, and, without waiting for reply, the burly figure of the revenue-detective appeared, wrapped in a dressing-gown, with head still bandaged, and eyes half closed, but mind sufficiently clear to state his errand.

"Beg pardon," he said; "is Royce here? I can't see very well.—Is that you, Royce? Look at this."

He held out a crumpled piece of paper.

"Seems to be something, but I can't quite make it out," he said.

Royce took it, glanced over it, cried, "By Jove!" and was out of the room in a second. The detective went stumbling along after him; he had to feel his way, being half blinded by his swollen eyelids.

"Take your pistols!" he called out, keeping his hand on the wall all the way down the passage.

Royce had dropped the paper; Adelaide had instantly destroyed it; and then she followed the detective.

"What was it?" she asked, anxiously.

"Only a line or two, ma'am—from somebody in the town here, I suppose—saying that one of them distillers, the one, too, that shot Allison, was hidden in the house of that rascally, deceiving little minister, up toward Eagle Knob. They're all in league with each other, ministers or no ministers."

"Who wrote it? How do you know it is true?"

"I dun know who wrote it, and I dun know as it's true. The paper was thrown into my room, through the winder, when there didn't happen to be anybody around. It was somebody as had a grudge against this man in particular, I suppose; 'twas scrawly writing, and no spelling to speak of. I brought it to Royce myself, because I wouldn't trust any one to carry it to him, black or white, confound 'em all!"

The detective had now reached the end of the passage and his endurance; his hand was covered with whitewash where he had drawn it along the wall, his head was aching furiously, and his slippers were coming off. "You had just better go back," he said, not menacingly, but with a dull desperation, as he sat down on the first step of the stairway which led down to his room, and held his forehead and the base of his brain together; they seemed to him two lobes as large as bushel-baskets, and just ready to split apart.

"I will send some one to you," said Adelaide, departing. She went to her room, darkened it, and took a long, quiet *siesta*.

Royce dropped his information, *en route*, at the little camp in the grove, where the trim companies of United States infantry led their regular orderly life, to the slow wonder of the passing mountaineers. Who would not be a soldier and have such mathematically square pieces of bread, such well-boiled meat on a tin plate, such an exactly-measured mug of clear coffee? Who would not wear the light-blue trousers with their sharp fold of newness making a straight line to the very boot? Who would not have such well-parted, shining hair? So thought the mountain-boys, and rode homeward pondering.

The officers in command, on principle disgusted for several seasons with still-hunting, which they deemed police-duty, were now ready to catch at any straw to avenge the death of Allison. The mountaineers and the detectives might fire at each other as long as they enjoyed the pastime; but let them not dare to aim at an army-officer—let them not dare! They were astir at once, and called to Royce to wait for them; but he was already gone.

Stephen had a start of not quite forty minutes; but, unconscious of pursuit, he walked slowly, not caring to return before nightfall. His natural gait was slow; his narrow chest did not take in breath widely, as some chests do, and, slight as his figure was, he labored if hurried. His step was short and rather careful, his ankles and feet being delicate and small. There was no produced development of muscle on him anywhere; he had always known

that he could not afford anything of that kind, and had let himself alone. As he now walked on, he dreamed; Adelaide's words rang in his ear, he could not forget them. "A woman reads a woman," he said to himself. "Adelaide thinks that I can win her." Then he let his thoughts go: "At last my life will have an object; this sweet young girl will love me, and love me for myself alone; she is incapable of any other feeling." He was very human, after all; he longed so to be loved! His wealth and his insignificance had been two millstones around his neck all his life; he had believed nobody. Under every feeling that had ever come to him lurked always, deepest of all, suspicion. Now, late in life, in this far-off wilderness, he had found some one in whom he believed.

He pleased himself with the thought of the jewels he would give her; he journeyed with her in fancy through the whole of the Old World. The moisture came to his eyes as he imagined how she would pray morning and night just the same, and that he would be there to see her; he said to himself that he would never laugh at her, but would bring his unbelieving heart and lay it in her hand; if she could mould it, well and good, she might; he would be glad. So he walked on, down the river-road, his long-repressed, stifled hope and love out of bonds at last.

A sound fell on his dulled ear, and brought him back to reality; it was a footstep. "I had better not be seen," he thought, and, climbing up the bank, he kept on through the thick hill-side forest. After a moment or two, around the curve came John Royce, walking as if for a wager; two pistols gleamed in the belt he had hastily buckled around his waist, and the wrinkle between his eyes had deepened into a frown.

"It cannot be possible!" thought Wainwright. But rapid reflection convinced him that, impossible as it seemed, it might be true, and that, in any case, he had not a moment to lose. He was above Royce, he was nearer the trail to Brother Bethuel's, and, what was more, he was familiar with all its turnings. "Not to be able to save Eliot!" he thought, as he hurried forward over the slippery, brown pine-needles. And then it came to him how much he had relied upon that to hold Honor, and he was ashamed. But almost immediately after rose to the surface, for the first time in his life, too, the blunt give-and-take feeling of the man as a man, the thought—"You are doing all this for her; she *ought* to repay you." He hardly knew himself; he was like Bothwell, then, and other burly fellows in history; and he was rather pleased to find himself so. He hastened across a plateau where the footing was better; he had turned farther up the mountain-side, so that Royce could not by any possibility hear him as he brushed hastily through the undergrowth, or stepped on crackling twigs or a rolling stone. The plateau soon ended, and the slanting hill-side slanted still more steeply. He pushed on, keeping his breath as well as he was able, running wherever he could, climbing over rocks and fallen trees; he was so far above the road now

that he could not see Royce at all, but he kept his efforts up to the task by imagining that the young man was abreast of him below—which was true. He began to pant a little. The sleeve of his flannel coat had been held and torn by a branch; he had tripped on a round stone, and grazed his knee. He was very tired; he began to lope as the Indians do, making the swing of the joints tell; but he was not long enough to gain any advantage from that gait. At last he met the trail, and turned up the mountain; the ascent seemed steeper now that he was out of breath. His throat was dry; surely, he had time to drink from the brook. He knelt down, but before he could get a drop he heard a sound below, and hurried on. Alarmed, he sprang forward like a hare; he climbed like a cat, he drew himself up by his hands; he had but one thought—to reach the house in time. His coat was torn now in more places than one; a sharp edge of rock had cut his ankle so that his stocking was spotted with red above the low walking-shoe. The determination to save Eliot drove him on like a whip of flame; he did not know how much Royce knew, but feared everything. His face had a singular appearance; it was deeply flushed, the teeth were set, the wrinkles more visible than ever, and yet there was a look of the boy in the eyes which had not been there for years. He was in a burning heat, and breathed with a regular, panting sound; he could hear the circulation of his own blood, and began to see everything crimson. The trail now turned straight up the mountain, and he went at it fiercely; he was conscious of his condition, and knew that he might fall in a fit at the house-door; never mind, if he could only get there! His eyes were glassy now, his lips dry. He reached the house, opened the door, and fell into a chair. Brother Bethuel, in alarm, sprang up and brought him a dipper full of water as quickly as hand could fill the tin. Brother Bethuel believed in water, and this time Wainwright agreed with him; he swallowed every drop.

"Where is he?" he said then, already on his feet again, though staggering a little. Brother Bethuel pointed downward, and Wainwright, with a signal toward the glen, as if of near danger, disappeared. The cellar was dimly lighted by two little windows a foot square, and the man who entered made out two figures—one was Eliot, the other Honor.

"You!" said Wainwright.

"Did you not know that I would come?" said the girl.

He had not known it, or thought of it. He turned his eyes toward the other figure; everything still looked red. He held out a pocket-book.

"Go!" he said; "Royce is on your track!"

He spoke in a whisper; his voice had left him as he gained breath. Eliot, a dark-skinned, handsome, but cutthroat-looking fellow, seized the money and sprang toward the door. But Honor sprang, too, and held him back; she had heard something. The next moment they all heard something—Royce coming in above.

When the youth entered, Brother Bethuel was

quietly reading his Bible; the table on which it lay was across the cellar-door.

"Welcome," said the little missionary, rising. "I am happy to see you, Mr. Royce."

The place looked so peaceful with the Bible, the ticking clock, and the cat, that Royce began to think it must be all a mistake. He sat down for a moment to rest, irresolute, and not quite knowing what to say next. The three, close under the thin flooring down below, did not stir, hardly breathed. Stephen was thinking that, if Royce could know the truth, he too would let Eliot go. But there was not much time for thought.

Brother Bethuel brought out some apples, and began to converse easily with his visitor; after a while he said, deprecatingly:

"Will you not remove your pistols to the window-seat behind you, Mr. Royce? From my youth, I could never abide the proximity of fire-arms of any kind. They distress me."

Royce good-naturedly took them out of his belt, and placed them behind him; but within easy reach. The missionary was on the opposite side of the room.

Not a sound below; Wainwright was breathing with his mouth wide open, as if not to pant. He was still much spent.

But it could not last long; Royce felt that he must search the house, even at the risk of offending the little missionary.

"Mr. Head," he said, awkwardly enough, "I am very sorry, but—but a communication has been received stating that one of the outlaws, and the one, too, who shot poor Allison, is concealed here, in this house. I am very sorry, but—but I must search every part of it immediately."

Brother Bethuel had risen; his countenance expressed sorrow and surprise.

"Young man," he said, "search where and as you please; but spare me your suspicions."

There was a dignity in his bearing which Royce had not seen before; he felt hot and ashamed.

"Indeed, Mr. Head, I regret all this," he said; "and, of course, it is but a matter of form. Still, for my own satisfaction, and yours, too, now I must go through the house."

He rose and moved a step forward. Quick as lightning the little missionary had sprung behind him, and pushed the pistols over the sill, through the open window, down forty feet on the rocks below.

"Traitor!" cried Royce, grappling him.

But it was too late; the pistols were gone. Brother Bethuel glowed openly with triumph; he made no more resistance in Royce's strong arms than a rag. The young man soon dropped him, and, hearing a sound below, ran to the cellar-door.

"He has no pistols!" screamed Bethuel down the stair after him; "you can manage him; he is alone."

Then, setting all the doors wide open so that escape would be easy, he ran out to saddle Marcher.

Down below in the cellar, Stephen had caught hold of Royce's arm. Royce, full in the narrow

entrance-way, stood glaring at Eliot, and minding Stephen's hold no more than the foot of a fly. The light from the horizontal door above streamed in and showed Eliot's dark face and Honor's dilated eyes. The girl stood near her cousin, but slightly behind him as though she feared his gaze.

"You are the man I want," said Royce; "I recognize you!" His strong voice came in among their previous whispers and bated breath, as his face came in among their three faces—Honor's ivory-pallid cheeks, the outlaw's strained attention, and Stephen's gray fatigue, more and more visible now as he gained breath and sight. "Yield yourself up. We are two to your one."

"We are two to *your* one," answered Eliot; "that man beside you is for me."

Royce looked down with surprise upon his cousin, who still held his arm.

"No mistaken lenity now, Stephen," he said, curtly, shaking his arm free. "I must have this man; he shot Allison."

"How are you going to do it?" said Eliot, jeeringly, putting his hands deep down in his pockets and squaring his shoulders. "Even Honor here is a match for two Yankees."

"Miss Dooris, I will let *you* pass," said Royce, impatiently. "Go up-stairs. This is no place for a girl like you."

"Say lady!" cried Eliot. "She is a Southern lady, sir!"

"Bah!" said Royce, "you are a fine person to talk of ladies.—*Are* you going, Miss Dooris?"

Great tears stood in Honor's eyes; she did not stir.

"She will not go, John," said Wainwright, "because that man is her cousin—he is an Eliot."

"He is a murderer!" said Royce, filling up the doorway again, and measuring with his eye the breadth of his opponent's shoulders and muscle. "Now, then, are you with me or against me, Stephen? If against me, by Heaven! I will fight you both."

"You do not understand, John. It is Honor's cousin—that is why I am anxious to save him."

"And what is her cousin or anybody's cousin to me?" cried Royce, angrily. "I tell you that man shot Allison, and he shall swing for it."

He sprang forward as if to close with Eliot, then sprang back again. He remembered that it was more important that he should guard the door—there was no other way of escape. If Stephen, pursuing the extraordinary course he had taken in this matter, should side with Eliot, Brother Bethuel being a traitor too up-stairs, he might not be able to overcome the outlaw in an attack. He set his teeth, therefore, and stood still. His hat was off, the sunset light touched his forehead and yellow hair; the image of strength and young manhood, he confronted them in his elegant attire—confronted the outlaw in his rough, unclean garments; Honor in her old, black gown; and Stephen in his torn clothes, his tired face looking yellow and withered as the face of an old baboon. He considered whether he could

keep the door until the troops came; they would not be long behind him. But, if he only had his pistols!

His eye glanced toward Stephen; but Stephen never carried arms. Eliot, probably, had only a knife; if he had had a pistol he would have shown it before now. All this in the flash of a second.

Brother Bethuel could be heard bringing Marcher around the house. Stephen made one more effort. In a few, concise words he explained who Eliot was, and his own great wish to aid him in escaping. With his hand on Royce's arm, he called his attention, by a gesture, to Honor.

"Let the man go for my sake and—hers," he said, in a low voice, looking up at his young cousin with his small, pale-colored eyes.

Honor clasped her hands and made a step forward; she did not speak, but implored with an entreating gaze. Royce threw his head back impatiently. All this was nothing to him. He would have his man, or die for it; they all saw that.

Then Eliot, who had watched to see the result of this pleading, made up his mind.

"Stand back from the door, or I fire!" he cried, drawing out his hand, and taking aim at Royce.

He had a pistol, then!

"I give you thirty seconds!"

But Honor, with a wild scream, ran forward, threw herself against Royce's breast, covering it with her shoulders and head, and raising her arms and hands to shield his face. He did not hold her or put his arm around her; but she clung to him with her whole length, as a wet ribbon clings to a stone.

"Leave him, Honor!" cried Eliot, in a fury—"leave him, or I'll shoot you both!"

"Shoot, then!" said Honor, looking up into Royce's face, and frantically trying to cover every inch of it with her shielding hands.

Stephen ran and caught Eliot's arm; Royce, half blinded, tried to push the girl away; then the sound of the pistol filled the room. Royce swayed and fell over heavily, carrying Honor with him as he went down; a ball had entered his lung under the girl's arm, in the little space left open by the inward curve of her waist. Eliot ran by the two, up the stair, and out of the house; but, as he passed Honor, he took the time to strike her across the cheek, and curse her. At the door he found Marcher, sprang into the saddle, and rode away.

Brother Bethuel, with white face, hurried down and stanching the blood; he had no small knowledge of surgery and the healing craft, and he commanded Royce not to utter a syllable. Honor held the young man's head in her lap, and every now and then softly took up his fallen hand. Wainwright drew away, and watched her with the deepest pain of his life gnawing at his heart. He saw her stroke Royce's hair fondly, as if she could not help it, and saw her begin to sob over his closing eyes and the deepening violet shadows under them, and then stop herself lest she should disturb him. Brother Bethuel was listening to the breathing with bent head,

to find out if there was any chance for life. The house was as still as a tomb; a bee came in, and hummed above their heads.

"He has a chance," said the missionary, at last, fervently, raising his head. "Do not let him stir." He ran up-stairs for restoratives, and Wainwright sat down on a stool which had been Eliot's seat during his imprisonment, and covered his eyes with his hand. It seemed to him that he had sat there a long time, and that Honor must be noticing him now. He glanced up; she was gazing down at the still face on her lap. He stirred; she motioned impatiently for silence with her hand, but did not raise her eyes. He sat looking at her miserably, and growing old, older with every moment. His lips quivered once as he silently gave up forever his dream of hope and love. He passed his hand over his dry eyes, and sat still. By the time he was needed he was able to help Brother Bethuel in making Royce as comfortable as possible on the cellar-floor; they dared not move him.

The troops arrived in time to hear all about it—they then went back again.

Wainwright returned to Ellerby that evening. The army-surgeon and a nurse had been sent out immediately to the mountain-cottage, and Colonel Eliot, distressed and agitated, had accompanied them. Wainwright went to his room, attired himself anew, and sought Adelaide's parlor. Adelaide received him quietly; she said nothing, but came around behind him and kissed his forehead. He looked up at her dumbly. Her eyes filled with tears. In her strange, double, woman's way she felt sorry for his sorrow. She was conscious of no guilt; she had only precipitated matters. Honor would never have loved him, and it was better he should know it. In truth, she had saved him.

And Honor? Oh, she had the usual torments of young love! She was no goddess to Royce, only a girl like any other. He was touched by her impulsive act, and during his long illness he began to think more and more about her. It all ended well—that is, he married her after a while, took her away to the North, and was, on the whole, a good husband. But, from first to last, he ruled her, and she never became quite the beauty that Mrs. Kellinger intended her to be, because she was too devoted to him, too absorbed in him, too dependent upon his fancies, to collect that repose and security of heart which are necessary to complete the beauty of even the most beautiful woman.

Ellerby village sank back into quietude. Still the moonlight-whiskey is made up in the mountains, and still the revenue-detectives are shot. The United States troops go up every summer, and—come back again! The wild, beautiful region is not yet conquered.

Wainwright reentered society; society received him with gladness. A fresh supply of mothers smiled upon him, a fresh supply of daughters filed past him. He made his little compact remarks as before, and appeared unaltered; but he let the lime-light play about him rather more continuously now, and took

fewer journeys. He will never swerve from Adelaide again. As they grow older the chances are that some day he will say to her, "Why should we not be married, Adelaide?"

And she will answer, "Why not, indeed?" This woman loved him; the other would never have given him more than gratitude. What would you have?

A LEGEND OF PHRYGIA.

ZZEUS, greatest of immortals
Who on Olympus sit, their ivory brows
With ichor sprinkled, beings who carouse
In halls whose rainbow portals
Are closed to those of mortal birth—
Zeus, tired of incense that had failed to please,
Weary of prayers of men, and bended knees,
With Hermes for attendant, came to earth.

The Thunderer doffed his glory,
His port majestic laid aside, his crown
Changed for a cap, and dropping noiseless down
To Phrygia—so the story—
Put on a beggar's seeming then;
White-haired, and blind, and suffering much,
And led by Hermes, who assumed a crutch,
The blind and lame asked charity from men.

Where shepherds' flocks attended,
Or in the vales, or on the grassy sides
Of hills that gently rose where swiftly glides
The Sangaris silvery splendid—
Not of the boors, but of each lord
Who, in the palaces that lofty rose
On tree-decked knolls, took comfort and repose—
Coin, food, or shelter, humbly they implored.

Through fertile valleys wending
Their tedious journey, at each palace-gate
Their suit presenting to the rich and great,
In abject manner bending,
But still repulsed with gibe and scorn,
Nor food nor shelter finding on their road,
And not an obolus on them bestowed,
The nightfall found them hungered and forlorn.

At length of travel weary,
They came to where a shepherd poor and old,
Having penned his fleecy charge within the fold,
Sought, with a spirit cheery,
His hut, low-walled, low-roofed, low-doored—
Philemon named; he pitied much the twain
Who seemed to drag their way with grief and pain,
And sought relief which he could ill afford.

Yet, with a welcome glowing,
He bade them enter, made his Baukis stir,
And food prepare for them, and him, and her,
Such as he had bestowing;
Then when the frugal meal was o'er,
Talked cheerfully before the crackling fire,
And when for rest his guests expressed desire,
Gave them the only bed, and sought the floor.

That night a tempest raging
Shook the mean hut until it trembled to
Its poor foundation; fiercer yet it blew,
As though the winds were waging

A battle over hill and plain;
Flashes of lightning there continuous blazed,
And peal on peal of thunder men amazed,
While poured in one unceasing flood the rain.

Philemon, restless pacing
The earthen floor, but gently lest he'd rouse
His wearied guests who slept with placid brows
Whereon there showed no tracing
Of aught save still and dreamless sleep,
Said there to Baukis, "These good men must be
Who slumber so profound and dreamlessly,
When all the winds this hurly-burly keep."

Next morn the sun rose blazing,
And with the sun both hosts and guests arose,
And these prepared the morning meal for those,
When lo! a sight amazing!
Where hills and valleys stood before
A stretch of water spread in wide expanse—
A grass-framed lake of silver met the glance,
Meadow, and vale, and forest, there no more.

The wrath of Zeus swift falling
Had overwhelmed the heartless in a night;
The shepherd pair stood trembling at the sight
Mysterious, appalling;
When lo! in air the roof uprose,
The mean room widened to a spacious hall,
To lofty height aspired the cottage-wall,
And ice-like fretwork on the ceiling froze.

The wide hall brightening,
Celestial glory on the place was shed:
Zeus stood revealed; around his sovereign head
Tresses of waving lightning;
And then the god, with look benign,
Spoke, as with reverent awe they bent the knee—
"This one time hut my temple hence shall be,
And ye remain the guardians of the shrine.

"If otherwise your needing,
A life of quiet ease and riches great,
Or doubtful honors of a high estate,
Or length of years exceeding,
Freely demand it now of me."
Answered Philemon, "Toil, not ease, is best,
But grant we pass together to our rest."
Zeus, vanishing, replied, "So let it be!"

Long years the couple tended
The temple grand, and kept the fire alight
Upon the inner altar, till one night
Their labor was suspended.
They disappeared, and ne'er were traced;
But at the temple-door there sudden grew
Two gnarly, mossy, gray-barked trees of yew,
With boughs and branches closely interlaced.

OUT OF LONDON.

(Continued.)

XIII.

AT the eastern end of Byemoor the main street branches off in two directions; and in the centre of the little square or place thus formed stands a somewhat elaborate sign-post, which gives the traveler his choice of roads to London. The old shops and houses group themselves round about, looking quietly on to see which he will take. A few loafers, who are generally standing about the doors of their favorite pubs, look on too, though not always so quietly. Pedestrians pass to and fro along the sidewalks; a dog trots by, smelling, with a business-like air, at each post and corner; a bareheaded tradesman appears for a few moments on his threshold, rubs his hands, strokes his chin, and retires again inward; a butcher's cart rattles past, driven by a reckless-looking young man in a blue blouse, and drawn by a small, short-stepping pony; and this is about the sum of the commercial roar and bustle of metropolitan Byemoor.

Following Hedgley's guidance, I turned off to the right, and for some distance we pursued a road, the only noticeable features of which were the high wall on one side of it, and the narrow footpath on the other. Any one would have supposed that the road had a strong aversion to being walked upon, and resorted to any expedient that might discourage the practice. However, after a while, it broadened somewhat, and became otherwise more genial, and in the course of a mile or so betrayed an intention of crossing the river by way of a rather picturesque stone bridge. To have traversed this bridge would have been to pass the boundaries of Byemoor, and, since we were under an engagement to keep strictly to our own parish during this particular ramble, we went no farther than the keystone, and there paused.

The view up and down the river was here very agreeable. The extreme breadth of the stream did not seem to exceed a hundred and fifty yards, and was perhaps a good deal less than that. One or two small islands appeared in the centre of the current to the northward, just sufficient in area for the support of a tree or so each. Quarter of a mile beyond them was the railway-bridge, a more modern and graceful structure than that on which we stood. Several pleasure-boats, more or less awkwardly oared along by unskilled labor with its coat off, and graced by feminine attractions in the stern, were moving in devious courses to and fro; while between them, straight and swift as spindles through a loom, shot at intervals the keen, slender speed of racing-skiffs; the rower, in his white jersey, pulling a long, accurate stroke on his sliding thwart, and occasionally glancing heedfully over his shoulder, to avoid collisions.

"You were a rowing-man in your college-days,"

I said to Hedgley; "how do you think we compare with the English in that respect?"

"The English are heavier and coarser animals than we," he answered; "and stupider, too. I never see such fine physical organization here as at home. I have seen better oarsmen in America than any in England. Nevertheless, we have no class corresponding with the regular English watermen, as they call themselves; men with whom rowing is an inheritance and a second nature, and whose whole life and intelligence is concentrated upon the single problem of achieving a stroke which shall apply the maximum of force at the most effective point and moment. And I don't see why we ever should have such a class. If we thought it worth our while, no doubt we could evolve a man, or a crew, that would beat anything in England. We are as superior to them, potentially, in oarsmanship as we have proved ourselves to be actually in pedestrianism, and boxing, and riding, and sailing, and war. But apparently we haven't thought it worth while, hitherto, to show them the way on the water. And I see no reason why we shouldn't allow them their prestige there, since they set such store by it. We can certainly afford to do so!"

I was rather surprised to hear Hedgley adopt this tone on the subject. Although the letter of his speech was supercilious and condescending, I fancied I could detect in its spirit something not altogether removed from discontent and envy. Could it be that he was not quite so indifferent to the renown of English oarsmanship as he pretended? and was his assumption of serene tolerance really a matter of sour grapes? The fact of his own early distinction in the American rowing world seemed rather to authorize this suspicion. For aught I knew, he himself might have been a candidate for or a promoter of some one of those crews which, having come hither to try conclusions with their English cousins, decided, shortly after leaving the starting-post, that it would be considerate and graceful on their part not to win, and who acted on that decision. The question was, however, too delicate a one to be rashly broached; and, as I desired nothing better than to think as Hedgley had spoken, I safely held my peace.

The embankment on the farther margin of the stream was lively and vocal with the letters of boats—the cabbies of the river. Their boats lay drawn up in shoals all along the bank; farther back were the boat-houses, and boats set out on the stocks in all stages of building. Back of these again were terraced gardens, walled in with stone, and overlooked by houses which were the vanguard of the considerable town which lay beyond. All this on the left of the bridge. On the right the bank mounts somewhat abruptly, until it attains quite a

mountainous altitude, to which Hedgley and I have given the name of Thomson's Hill, though I believe it bears another title in the guide-book. Call it what you will, it is a famous landmark, and overlooks an amazing stretch of country—which, however, is no great feat in a region so religiously flat as this. From its rise at the bridge, it trends slightly backward from the river-brink, thus leaving space for a pretty bit of road and a few charming villas, which it protects from the northerly and easterly winds. The first of these villas is intrenched behind an elaborate garden, rendered verdant all the year round by being planted entirely with evergreens. The terraces are cloaked in thick blankets of creeping ivy; laurel, holly, and firs, group themselves roundabout. This is well for those who are so infatuated with greenery as to find life intolerable without a daily supply of it; but I think such people are to be pitied. Evergreens have their drawbacks. Though beautiful forever, they are never so beautiful as if they were satisfied to forego their finery six months in the year. In winter they look unnatural—their expression is, arboreally speaking, gross and sensual; they are too coarse-minded to appreciate the charm of that more delicate and ethereal beauty, both of form and hue, which is to be found in bare brown limbs and the delicate filigree-work of purple twigs. In summer, on the other hand, they suffer by contrast with the ineffable freshness and purity of the new-born leaves. Trees, as well as men, cheapen themselves by keeping always at concert-pitch. The variations of day and night, heat and cold, mountains and valleys, joy and sorrow, ought to teach them better.

XIV.

WE walked back to the Byemoor end of the bridge, and descending a steep flight of stone steps, and passing through an iron swing-gate, we gained the footpath which skirts our own side of the river. The land here is low and level, so much so that it is generally overflowed by the spring tides, much to the discomfort of the else fortunate persons who live in the pretty houses withdrawn yonder behind the shrubbery of their broad lawns. But in June everything is at its best. It seems impossible that anything should be prettier, or more prettily situated, than those pretty houses. From the outer footpath we catch distant—yet not too distant—glimpses of ladies in bright summer dresses strolling about the sun-flooded grass-plots, with parasols, and picturesque hats, and languid, luxurious steps; or, if there be men available, we hear the laughter and shouting (discreetly toned down, of course, to the level of refined life) of Badminton or croquet. In England, the presence of the sterner sex seems generally to stimulate ladies to physical activity, instead of soothing them, as with us, to the outwardly serene joys of slow-paced confidential saunters, or leanings over gates, or fond settlements upon secluded benches. No doubt the daughters of Albion are the more prudent in their generation.

Well, on sauntered Hedgley and his companion,

with this civilized rusticity on their right hand, and the river, still animated with boats and boaters, on the left, and beyond the river more pretty houses and lawns and more civilized rusticity. By-and-by, we came to an iron bench, thoughtfully placed right opposite one of the most charming of the latter residences—a very ideal of rural beauty, softened and enriched by time and summer. And moored midway in the stream was a broad-bottomed punt, with two patient and futile anglers seated in it, and between them the professional assistant, who baits his patrons' hooks, and would remove the fish from the same, would any vouchsafe to attach themselves thereto. How fond people are of fishing!—so fond that even such a phantom and parody of it as this can absorb the whole attention of many stout-bodied and hard-headed Britons for hours and hours at a stretch.

More sauntering along our river-path. Now passes us a hasty steam-launch, all engine and pavilion, and lazy insolence of well-dressed, supercilious England, reclining beneath the latter, and smiling humorously at the topsy-turvy plight of hapless row-boats floundering in the surges raised by the boiling screw. This high-handed outrage has, however, been interdicted of late; the indignant immersed wrote scathing complaints to the *Times*, and the conservancy, after due pressure put upon it, deducted some ten miles an hour from the lawful rate of speed of these headlong little fibbertigibbets. But there are other craft upon the waters. Rob-Roy canoes are frequently observable—cedar-decked cockle-shells, with high-backed easy-chairs amidships, in which lolls an *insouciant* gentleman, with a pipe in his mouth and a double-ended paddle lying across his knees, which paddle he ever and anon digs into the water, with effect seemingly quite out of proportion to the force exerted; for these small vessels are as volatile as water-beetles. And now clear the way! for down comes a racing eight, with simultaneous lunge of arms and measured sweep of rustling oars, and eight-stone cockswain bowing in the stern, an anxious tiller-rope grasped in each hand. This is the Byemoor Club crew, who are to compete in the regatta next week over a two-mile course. They have the current with them, and they are not long in getting by. Hedgley watches with kindling yet critical eye. No man who has once done that sort of thing can ever after quite maintain the sober jog-trot of his pulses when he sees it done again by others. And it is remarkable that a well-trained crew, well together, is far more inspiring even to the uninitiated beholder than a crew badly assorted and ill-drilled. You may know nothing about rowing, but you miss that thrilling unanimity of movement that flatters the eye and stirs the blood, and makes young men brace their muscles and breathe deep, and causes old men to sigh for the days of their youth. Ah! there is nothing like it. And yet Hedgley, when the eight had vanished round the bend of the river-bank, turned, with his hands thrust in his pockets, and said, disparagingly, "The crew I stroked in '63 could have given those fellows three miles in four, and pulled round them!"

Besides this, there were the sailing-boats. It seems rather absurd to go sailing on a river less than a hundred yards across; but necessity makes its own logic. Man's desires are not controlled by his circumstances, and he cultivates the *pis aller*. The boats are very crank, as all river sailing-boats, for some unexplained reason, are; perhaps because the risk of an upset makes the amusement seem more real, and introduces an element of excitement and uncertainty which were else lacking. No doubt one can get drowned in this unassuming little stream if one goes the right way to work. It may require thought and judgment; but certain facilities are provided, and practice and persistence will do the rest. Quite a number of young gentlemen have reduced themselves to corpses during the few years of my river-experience here, and in most of the cases the inquest-evidence showed that they had accomplished the feat by a well-conceived combination of ingenuity and imbecility. I should be sorry to speak flippantly upon what is, perhaps, a serious subject; but it does seem as if these persons took the same pride in getting themselves drowned in their pet river, that a German student does in procuring himself a slit nose. Sympathy or commiseration would, of course, under such circumstances, be resented; and I shall only remark that the Germans seem to me, upon the whole, the more reasonable of the two.

Half a mile or so from the bridge the villas on the farther bank die away altogether, and even on our side recede so far as to become practically of no account. Broad, uncultivated meadows take the place of the trim lawns and gardens. Several fine trees, and many trees not so fine, stand in the midst of these meadows or line their boundaries. Trees in England never have a spontaneous look as they have with us—that is, they all seem to be numbered, and you are under the impression that it would create a "felt loss" (to use one of the vilest of modern phrases) to cut one of them down. Of course, such a notion, as soon as it has taken possession of you, seriously impairs your pleasure in the tree. No tree can be thoroughly enjoyed a moment after it becomes evident that anybody would be the poorer if it ceased to exist. I, at least, can find no happiness in the contemplation of rarities in Nature. Nature is bound by her contract with man to be bounteous and inexhaustible; where she shows signs of parsimony, I would prefer she should retire altogether. Man, staggering beneath his curse of individuality, cannot be expected to be inexhaustible; but he makes amends by being unfathomable. The upshot of all which is, as Hedgley observed, that the English ought to plant more trees, and then offer rewards for their wanton destruction.

XV.

THE curve of the bank was not long in bringing us round again to the purlieus of Byemoor town. Our path here leaves the river-margin, and, after crooking its elbow, resumes its former direction some distance farther inland. A high wall imprisons us on both sides; and at one point a light wooden bridge

springs from wall to wall across our route, showing that the two lane-divided domains are an organic whole. As we passed beneath this airy structure, two beings in shining raiment leaned upon its railing, with costly cigars lightly poised between their gloved fingers, and gazed down upon us with the incurious wonder of superior creations.

"What are those?" I inquired of Hedgley, in hushed tones, after we were out of ear-shot, "and what do they there?"

"They are swells, nobles, aristocrats, and members of the Chambord Club, and they do what you have seen," replied Hedgley.

"What," demanded I, "is the Chambord Club?"

"It," Hedgley answered, "is an arrangement whereby persons of high birth and both sexes can meet without previous introduction at a country-house; where they can eat, sleep, and wander about the grounds singly, in pairs, or in groups, either unmixed male, unmixed female, or male and female mixed."

"Is," I further inquired, "Mrs. Grundy a member of this club?"

"She," rejoined my friend, with a smile of pity at my veridancy, "does not move in circles of this altitude."

"How long," I exclaimed, enthusiastically, "has this club been in existence?"

"One year," replied Hedgley; "but it may last forever."

"Do you think," I whispered, confidentially, "I might become a member?"

"No," was the ambiguous answer, "doubt, if you wait another year, and the club does last till then, and you still should think it worth while to join. But you know how it is—clubs are not like the vase of roses that the poet sang:

'You may call it "The Chambord" as long as you will,
But that won't prevent it from going down-hill.'

A few rods more brought us to a side-path leading through the churchyard, and so into the main street of the town once more. But our ramble was not yet at an end. The three principal lions of Byemoor were, according to Hedgley, still to be seen.

"There is Gingerbread Palace," said he, "or, as it is sometimes called, Raspberry Hall; and the Vatican; and the Haunted House."

"What is Gingerbread Palace?" I asked.

"It was built by a famous wit, dilettante, and man of the world, the brother of a not less famous prime-minister in the time of the first Georges," was the reply. "If there be anything in your favorite theory that a man's character may be evolved from his voluntary environment, you will know this gentleman's name as soon as you set eyes on the palace—assuming, of course, that you are familiar with English eighteenth-century history."

"And the Vatican? Is there a pope in Byemoor?"

"There was one, but he died some time since. He was the only English pope on record, but, to make up for it, he attained his rank at a much earlier age than any other wearer of the tiara."

"Well; and what of the Haunted House?"

"It's just a haunted house, neither more nor less; but one of the best specimens of its kind that I ever saw."

We took the lower road, which, for a change, was fortified on either hand by a high brick wall, so that we seemed to be walking in a colossal trough. Once in a while, however, one edge of the trough would relent for a moment or two, and allow us to peep through iron railings at delightful pleasaunces on the other side. A little farther, and the wall on the left was transfigured into a series of contiguous house-fronts, neatly stuccoed and painted, flush with the sidewalk, and with porticoes in some instances overarched the latter. I have said "house-fronts," but, in point of fact, they were house-backs, the true fronts giving on the river, which here sweeps round close to the road again. They are solidly-built, comfortable-looking edifices, of a somewhat elderly fashion of architecture, which the modern renovations but partially disguise.

In front of one of the sprucest of these veterans Hedgley suddenly came to a full stop, and pointed to certain words cut into the stone door-frame.

"What! can this be the Vatican?" I exclaimed. "For all that I can see, it might be an every-day, fashionable villa."

"It is what its first owner would have been, had he lived till now—modified into conformity with the age," said Hedgley. "This, at any rate, is the site of the old building, and doubtless some of the original bricks and beams may be imbedded in these walls. If you wish to become sentimental and enthusiastic, you have as good warrant to do so, rationally speaking, as if the hand of change and improvement had never been laid upon it. For my own part, however, I applaud the alterations, for I never was able to see the good of that particular kind of raptures and rhapsodies."

This view of the matter naturally made me shy of giving vent to the warm rush of my feelings, as otherwise I should unquestionably have done. I gazed at the Gothic doorway, and at the door, with its varnished panels and spotless stone steps, and at the fair, smooth walls inlaid with variegated bricks; and struggled, with creditable success, to control my emotions. The shade of a window on the ground-floor happened to be raised, and I made bold to peep in. There was a dim impression of a hall or passage-way, handsomely furnished, with pictures on the walls, and some beautiful bits of blue and green china on a cabinet.

"Who lives here now?" I inquired.

"A very clever fellow, though not exactly a pope," Hedgley answered; "and yet the old pope, had he lived nowadays, might very well have taken up the present incumbent's profession. He is a fashionable journalist—a club gossip and satirist, and *censor morum*; and, being thoroughly imbued with the essential tolerance of this age, he is not averse from occasionally acting as his own awful example. His great aim at present is to circulate and popularize truth as widely as possible; and surely no pope of

the best days could employ himself more worthily."

"Is the interior of the temple on exhibition?"

"Yes—by card from the house-agent, for it is on sale. But we shall not have time to explore it to-day, and after all you would see little here which you might not study with equal profit in my house or your own. There is, indeed, a grotto connected with the place; but, history apart, it does not differ widely from a modern cellar, and would be worth visiting only under the auspices of a friendly butler."

Under these circumstances we moved on, and soon came to a fork in the road, where walls of any kind ceased to impede our view. On the left, between low meadows, gleamed the river; on the right, the land ascended gently, and, partly visible through the clustering trees which crowned the eminence, rose the gray bastions of what I at once recognized as Gingerbread Palace. It is a structure of ample dimensions, its height appearing small in comparison with the large superficial area which it covers. The many-angled walls are machicolated at the top, and fairly bristle with small towers, turrets, pinnacles, and gables. It may claim kindred, on one account or another, with every school of architecture known to man, but Gothic is perhaps the prevailing order. The windows, certainly, are for the most part in that category; they are arched, and mullioned, and glazed with diamond-shaped panes. There is nothing grand in the effect of the building upon the beholder, nor imposing—save in the sense of imposition. It looks like a great, overgrown toy, begun in whim and finished in irony, and never meant in earnest. That later Horace, who is responsible for its erection, must have been a humorist of a type widely differing from the old Quintus Flaccus who taught us boys to detest Persian apparatus. Even the material of which it is built is a mockery and an insincerity: at first sight you mistake it for rough-hewed stone, but nearer inspection shows it to be gray plaster laid upon brick. The towers, pinnacles, and battlements, are all fraudulent; they make believe with the most preposterous effrontery. In a word, Gingerbread Palace, externally considered, is the *beau idéal* and consummation of architectural humbug and charlatanism. Nevertheless, as with all thorough-going things, there is something enjoyable about it, and in regarding it one cannot repress a grin of good-natured contempt.

We were admitted to the grounds, and strolled up and down a rectangular system of walks, bordered with shrubbery of various sorts, and over-shadowed by trees. The place was not well kept: evidently the present owner is not an enthusiast in gardening. Indeed, she spends but a month or two of each year here, and then devotes herself to social rather than to rural pursuits. With the interior of Gingerbread Palace there is no fault to be found, so far as condition goes. The rooms are gorgeously decorated and splendidly furnished. It is to be hoped that it contains some apartments less splendid and more comfortable than those we saw. Only

brocaded waistcoats, silk stockings, and powdered wigs, would be in keeping with such grandeur.

"Let us investigate the Haunted House," I said, at length, to Hedgley. "The company of a ghost would be more congenial than the polished emptiness of these gilded saloons. We can take our ease there, and perhaps smoke a pipe."

"Come on, then," returned my companion; "it is barely two hundred yards from here."

We left the grounds, crossed an adjoining meadow, crawled through a hole in a dilapidated fence, and found ourselves in the midst of a tangled growth of shrubbery.

XVI.

THE London road lies within a stone's-throw of the Haunted House; yet, often as I had passed along it, with my eyes open, as I had supposed, the house had always happened to escape my notice. And frequently since then, when I have walked in that direction with the intention of taking another look at the ghostly edifice, my attention has been strangely distracted at the minute of passing, so that only when it lay some distance behind me did I realize my omission. Clearly there is something singular about this. Is the house always where it seems to be? or is it itself a ghost, present to human ken only by fits and starts? I have consulted Hedgley about it: he said that the same anomaly has occurred in his own experience, and is beyond his comprehension. I am happy to say that he, like myself, is a thorough believer in ghosts, and we often make each other quite nervous and fanciful on the subject.

Well, we poked our way through the vines, brambles, and bushes, that bar the first approach to the Haunted House. Overhead, the warm June sunshine could scarcely force its way through the inwoven branches of the gloomy trees. The rank and disorderly luxuriance of the vegetation seemed designed to hide from human eyes some unholy and blasted thing. We approached the house from the back, crossing on our way what had been a garden, but which now appeared the wildest and most unkempt part of all. During our windings in and out, I had confused my points of the compass, and was peering anxiously in quite another direction, when I felt my arm touched, and a voice in my ear whispered:

"Look!"

I turned, and there it stood before me. The plastered walls were tinged with dull-green mould, and discolored with streaks and patches of mildew. The windows on the ground-floor were destitute of glass and were boarded up from within. The boards had become rotten, and in several places had been broken through by some inquisitive visitor like ourselves; but the light thus admitted had no effect upon the damp, silent darkness of the interior. The back-door was hanging partly off its hinges; a couple of boards had been nailed crosswise athwart the opening, but the grim obscurity that waited beyond the threshold seemed a more effective barrier against intrusion. The upper windows had not been barricaded, and most of the glass remained in them; but

the panes were like dead eyes, overgrown with cobwebs and dim with dust, and all devoid of speculation.

We resolved to work our way round the outside of the house before entering it, in order to get an approximate idea of its plan and size. But this was not an easy matter. Our progress was continually interrupted by sprawling jungles of underbrush, which impinged close upon the walls, and in one case entirely filled the portico of one of the doors. We noticed, however, that no ivy or vines of any kind grew upon the house: it seemed as if they shrank from contact with its unhallowed masonry. The ground, too, was uneven and treacherous, so that we were obliged to give as much heed to our footing as to the contours of the haunted edifice. Altogether, therefore, the impression that we obtained of its shape and dimensions was very ambiguous and unsatisfactory. But some of the more salient features remained in my memory. On the front of the house was a large bay-window in three divisions, and outside of this, on the second floor, a balcony had been built. The balcony was of wood, and so lightly constructed that it could never have had much sustaining power; but now, weakened by the decay of many years, it had become so frail that it might have tottered beneath the weight of a ghost. Standing beneath it, we had glimpses through twisting boughs of the neighboring road, and even of one or two villas building there. The voices of the workmen were audible. But though thus actually within our reach, this outer world seemed not so much far away in a physical sense as remote in kind and degree: we could fancy that, having entered ghostland, we had ourselves become ghosts, and that, though we might revisit familiar spots, these could no longer have relation with us. We might hear the voices of yonder workmen; but our utmost outcry and signal would fail to reach their ears or attract their mortal eyes.

Along the front of the house ran a level strip of ground, about twelve feet in uniform width, and bounded on one side by a deep ditch, choked up with stunted trees and brambles, and on the other by the terrace on which the house was built. Following this with the eye, it was seen to take a bend toward the road, and disappeared amid the underbrush in that direction. It was all the remaining trace of what had once been a drive, which, beginning from a gate at the farther extremity of the grounds, curved upward toward the house, and paused in front of the principal entrance at the southwestern end of the building. The door here is gained by a short flight of steps. I mention these particulars because they have to do with the story presently to be related.

Having by this time completed the circuit of the house, we effected a burglarious entry by way of the back-door already mentioned. Hedgley produced from his pocket a candle-end which he had brought with an eye to this occasion, and we set about an exploration of the premises.

Darkness, darkness, sluggish, heavy, and impenetrable! The flicker of the candle served only to

show where it lay, piled up in corners or lurking behind doorways, or revealed through gaping holes in the worm-eaten floors. The rooms appeared to have been wainscoted three or four feet high; but the wall-paper above had mostly fallen off, or hung downward in unsightly strips. The floors were littered with dust and rubbish; everything in the shape of furniture seemed to have been removed. A yawning cavern of blackness, opening downward, apprised us of the existence of a cellar, but the perilous condition of the cellar-stairs—or, rather, the entire absence of the greater part of them—forbade our pushing our investigations thither. On the other hand, we welcomed the appearance of a staircase that must once have been handsome, and was still serviceable as affording a means of reaching the comparative brightness of the upper floors.

But, whether owing to the supernatural distractions of the place, or the material eccentricity of the old builder's mind—however it be, I can give no intelligible idea of the arrangement of the rooms. They communicated on no principle now recognized in house-building. They were nearly all on different levels, for one thing, as if they had grown up at different rates, or had begun growing at different times, without reference to one another. They were of irregular shapes, too—disdainful of right angles, and seldom satisfied with only four walls; yet not afraid of appearing, on occasion, with no more than three. The walls themselves were not less curious than the rooms. They were quite above the commonplace simplicity of modern walls, which, if they be not solid, are otherwise from no covert design, but owing to a perfectly accountable absence of honesty on the contracting mason's part. These walls were startling with sliding panels, and mysterious with concealed passages. Hedgley and I alarmed one another nearly to the verge of idiocy by making sudden apparitions of ourselves in the midst of rooms which we had not entered by the doors. We were never able to determine whether we had visited all the rooms; sometimes we inclined to the belief that there were several which had escaped our notice; again, we more than suspected that what we took for fresh discoveries were in reality nothing more than old acquaintances approached through new entrances. We were continually tumbling up and down artful steps placed in situations that no well-conducted steps would consent to occupy. We climbed up further flights of stairs, getting more and more remote from probability and precedent as we ascended; at last we squeezed, ourselves earnestly through a hole in the roof, and came at close grips with a rickety belfry, in which was hanging a rusty bell. I had the audacity to sound a peal on it; but the resulting clatter was so appalling that we hastily let ourselves down through the hole again, and retraced our way to the lower regions by way of the staircase.

The only movable articles that we found to lay our hands on were a collection of dusty old papers huddled into a corner of one of the upper rooms. They mostly consisted of lithographed charts of

Egyptian or Indian temples and monuments. A few of these we appropriated, and I pocketed likewise the torn cover of a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine* bearing date about eighty years back. With these treasures we finally returned to the basement.

"It seems a pity to go without having seen the proprietor—I mean the—"

Hedgley responded by a significant nod. We were in the dark once more, only relieved by the feeble glimmer of the candle-end; and we did not care to speak some words that we should have thought little of at home.

"At all events," my friend said, at length, "I should be doing less than my duty if I omitted to give you some account of the events which led to the—the—"

I nodded significantly.

We went into one of the southern rooms, seated ourselves upon a pile of broken beams in the middle of the floor, and then Hedgley, holding the candle between his fingers, told me the following tale. His words, as he uttered them, were swallowed up in the surrounding darkness. There was a large hole in the floor directly in front of us, and upon this, as the tale proceeded, my eyes gradually concentrated their gaze in a fixed and fascinated stare.

"About the end of the last century," began Hedgley, "this house was owned by an officer of the English army, who had lived for the better part of his life in India, and had gained there a reputation for valor and ability, and—if report were to be trusted—a large balance at his banker's. He came home a mature man, and, after only a few months' courtship, married a lady much younger than himself, and a great heiress.

"The honeymoon was spent in the house itself. It had scarcely come to an end when the lady's mother, her only surviving parent, was announced to be dangerously ill. Her husband, the Indian colonel, accompanied his wife to London, and left her at her mother's house, himself returning here alone. It was said, however—or, rather, mysteriously hinted—that he was not entirely alone. Glimpses of a feminine figure had been caught at evening on the balcony, or passing before the open windows—for it was June, and the weather was warm. Report spoke of her as being of dusky complexion and slender figure, with black hair floating on her shoulders, and a marvelous yet sinister fascination of face. And it was remembered afterward that stories not altogether to the credit of the colonel's moral discrimination had been in circulation at the time of his return, and had in some quarters drawn forth adverse criticisms on the occasion of his marriage.

"In about a week the wife sent word that, her mother having recovered, she was now ready to return home. The night following the receipt of this intelligence the sound of voices raised in dispute are said to have been heard within this house, followed by a woman's passionate weeping; and at one time a female figure was seen by a distant passer-by apparently struggling with a man on the balcony—

though, whether he were trying to throw her over, or to prevent her from leaping down herself, the observer could not tell. In the end, they both retired inward, and soon after the lights were put out, and all was still.

"The next day the colonel took his carriage and pair, and drove into London; and toward midnight was heard the sound of his wheels rattling up the road. As he entered the drive leading up to the house the bell in the cupola rang out a sudden and irregular peal. It ceased as the carriage drew up before the door. A boy, who had been stealing cherries in the neighboring plantation, was crouching behind a clump of bushes close by, and saw what followed. The colonel handed his wife out of the carriage, led her up the steps to the door, rang the bell, and then returned to the horses, apparently with the intention of leading them to the stable. Just then the door was flung open, and a woman appeared at the threshold. There was a flash and a report, and the colonel's wife staggered and fell down the steps, shot to death. The horses wheeled and fled down the drive, dragging the overturned carriage after them. The colonel seems to have stooped over the body, and, after examining it, lifted it in his arms, and carried it up the steps into the house, and the door closed after him and his ghastly burden.

"The next day the house was, upon information

laid by the boy, visited by the authorities, and found to be empty; but some weeks later a body, supposed to be that of the colonel's wife, was discovered in a hastily-made grave in the cellar. Neither the colonel nor the mysterious dark-haired woman was ever seen again; they were believed to have sailed for India in a vessel which started about this time, and which foundered in the English Channel on her way out. But ever since, on the twenty-first of each recurring June, the old bell is heard to ring in the cupola, and the wheels of an unseen carriage rattle up the avenue, and—"

It had just crossed my mind that *this was the twenty-first of June*, when an awful jingling and clatter, and the fall of a heavy body above-stairs, caused us both to gaze at one another with pale faces, and rise to our feet. The bell had fallen from the belfry, and was coming down-stairs! We were sitting directly in front of the door through which the murder had been committed; below us was the cellar in which the body had been buried! At this moment the hot grease from the candle fell on Hedgley's fingers; he dropped it, and, to our horror, it fell through the hole in the floor, and out of our reach forever. We were alone in the darkness. Hush! is that a sound of wheels coming up the drive outside? . . .

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALLEGORIES.

I.—CROWNS.

IT chanced that in the dubious dusk of sleep
I seemed to attain that realm where mortals throw
All gross mortality earthward ere they go
Forth as frail spirits amid death's hollow deep.
All folly and sin were here that mortals reap,
All desperate fear and hope, all joy or woe,
And here all precious crowns the exalted know
Lay gathered in superb tumultuous heap!

Stooping toward these, I marked, in silent awe,
Their ponderous gold, or gems that beamed like day,
Or lovelier laurel that grand brows had worn;
But hid below the beauty of each I saw
Perpetually, in grim recurrent way,
The bitterness of one small red-rusted thorn!

II.—SILENCE.

All search of yours but ineffectual seems,
To attain some reach of refuge year by year;
Since far in loneliest woods, in wastes austere,
Winds call, beasts wander, or yet the vulture screams.
With hated sounds of living all Nature teems,
And even among sleep's dusky depths you hear
The wild aerial voices, vaguely clear,
That float from shadowy throngs of roaming dreams!

But weary in spirit, and affrighted, too,
At last you hurry away, with footsteps fleet,
To find, in dolorous realms of dread eclipse,
Death, your one lover, inalienably true,
Encircled amid whose ghastly arms you meet
The awful, icy passion of his pale lips!

III.—SUICIDE.

Invisible as the wind along the sky,
She ever wanders about the earth immense,
A lonely spirit of strange malevolence,
With noiseless feet and vigilant furtive eye.
She loathes and shuns each halcyon haunt where lie
Love, peace, and all sweet happiness born from
thence,
Yet greedily seeks for woes and discontents,
For agony's hottest tear, its deepest sigh!

But when some dreary sufferer darkly fails
To find in life's chill heaven one starry trace,
One vital hope no ruinous harm assails,
Toward him she steals with sure triumphant pace,
And slowly to his desperate look unveils
The maddening splendors of her lurid face!

IV.—ANGER.

On each man living has Nature's will conferred
A genie, lofty of stature, huge of limb,
Who ever awaits, in unknown regions dim,
The utterance of our one releasing word.
Perchance for months, even years, he has not stirred
From out the bondage of his quietude grim,
Until at length, to freedom summoning him,
The sharp imperious call is clearly heard!

Then forth he springs, unfettered, evilly brave,
Or yet, being spurred by ruder madness, prone
To attest his might in some fierce way and fleet.
And there have been wild hours when this dread slave,
While hurrying back to his dark lair, has thrown
Murder's red infamy at his master's feet!

A BIT OF NATURE.

A STORY IN TWENTY-THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

STRIKING OIL.

A FEW days after Richard's rescue Daisy was seated at table in the large room of the house, busy with books and papers. Hannah interrupted her with—

"That boy has come for his milk."

"Just you give it to him, Hannah."

In a few minutes Hannah returned to say that the boy's father wanted some ointment for his rheumatism. Daisy arose, went to her room, gave it to her, then returned to her books. Five minutes later Hannah went back to her to say that her father could not find his axe, and he wanted to know if she knew where it was. Daisy went out to search for the axe, and, having at length found it, returned again to the table. When the student was fairly at work, Hannah again went to her to say that Jerk had treed a coon close by. Didn't she want to shoot it?

"I don't want to shoot the coon," answered she, with some asperity. "Please leave me alone, Hannah. My schoolmaster will be here presently, and I shall not be ready for him."

Daisy went on diligently with her books for half an hour, when Hannah, looking out of the doorway, observed:

"Your schoolmaster is coming. I see him at the top of the path."

Then Daisy somewhat flurriedly ran her eyes over the pages of one of the volumes, and, while she was so occupied, Walters made his appearance at the doorway.

"Ah, we are drinking at the Pierian spring!" said he, cheerily. "How are we getting on?"

"I have not been getting on as well as I would like. I have been bothered with other things."

"Well, let us see," said he, taking a seat at the table. "Suppose we skirmish about in a general way. Shall we begin with geography?"

"As you like."

"Where is Constantinople?" asked he, brusquely.

"In Turkey," answered she, with a smile.

"Where is Cairo?"

"In Illinois."

"Not that one; the other one."

"In Palestine."

At this there was mock severity in the face of the teacher.

"What was I thinking of! I should say Egypt."

"What is the greatest country in the world?"

"The United States," said she, proudly.

"That speaks well for your patriotism. Now for a word on man. Who was the first man?"

"That's an easy one. Why, Adam, of course."

"Answer correct—although I doubt if Mr. Darwin would agree with you. Who are the best and most enlightened people in the world?"

"The Americans," answered she, triumphantly.

"With modifications," observed he. "Still, patriotism is a virtue, and you had better let it stand. What are the English noted for?"

"Commerce, manufactures, and liberal ideas."

"You might add, roast-beef, aversion to the letter H, and heavy shoes. What are the Dutch noted for?"

"Dikes, commerce, and the manufacture of gin."

"You might append—at least in the opinion of some Knickerbockers—for the honor of being the founders of the distinguished families of the American metropolis."

This suggestion was clearly an unknown language to the pupil.

"What do you say of the French?"

"The politest people in the world."

"That error has been running long enough, and I assume the responsibility of correcting it. The politeness of the French is unquestioned, but it is excelled by that of the Orientals."

"Also, they eat frogs; they are frivolous and wicked—do not observe the Sabbath as a day devoted to spiritual duties."

"Is that in your book?"

"It is; I could not give it out of my head."

"I must make a slight correction in the matter of frogs. More frogs are eaten in a day in your own beloved country than in a month in France. When it comes to wickedness, I fancy they are no worse than we are. Our wickedness is only of another kind."

In this way he went on for half an hour, and, when she missed the right answer, as she occasionally did, he knit his brows in a frown, but she saw the smile behind this make-believe, and was amused.

"Now, Daisy Potter," said he, with his schoolmaster's air, "let me see your handwriting."

She produced her copy-book with its "Evil communications corrupt good manners," "Labor overcomes all things," and divers other texts.

"The tail of that capital T," said he, pointing to it, "indicates an effort toward display, which is not at all like you, Daisy. Flourishes are an abomination. Try and write a free, legible hand, and nothing else."

"Oh, I made that T to please father."

"Being as it was the paternal wish, we shall overlook the ornate T this time."

Having finished her examination, Daisy put her books tidily by in their place, and went into the open air with the amateur teacher; and here the lessons were continued in a more pleasant form in the names of plants and trees, and their properties.

Walters made the same progress in the friend-

ship of the father as he did in that of the daughter. Potter confided to him his hopes of fortune in New York, explained the case to him at length, and asked his advice. Walters counseled him to write to a capable attorney, whose address he gave him.

Daisy appeared to avoid any further explanation with Richard after the memorable evening when he opened his heart to her. Yet she treated him in the same friendly way as before, and he attributed her disinclination to reopen the subject to indecision or rejection of his suit. He accepted the status which she tacitly seemed to desire, and held his peace. Indeed, he was just as well pleased that it was so, for he was of a wavering character; and, on reflection, he saw grave consequences rising before him were she to have taken him at his word. He was determined now, at any rate, to regulate and fully understand his position at home before taking any further steps in this direction. From this it is reasonable to infer that there was a suspicion of insincerity in the tender glances which he continued to bestow on her.

The time for the departure came, and Richard and Walters made their adieux to the inhabitants of the Hollow. Walters gave his New York address to them, and hoped that they would see each other before long. There was a cordial shake of the hand from him to father and daughter, and a more reserved one from Richard.

"I shall write to the Pearl of the Hollow," sang out Walters, from under the white-oaks, as he disappeared with his companion.

A sense of loneliness came over father and daughter, and even Jerk, after the two men left them.

"What company that John Walters is!" observed the father. "I shall miss him very much."

Daisy said nothing, but it was plain from the sadness of her face that he could not miss him more than she.

In a fortnight after the departure Daisy received a letter from Walters. It was the first letter she had ever received in her life. It announced the arrival, at the nearest town to the Hollow, of a gun, sent by express. The next day the gun was sent for, and on a silver plate in the stock was engraved, "John Walters to Daisy Potter. A friendship souvenir."

The next day, as she was handling the gun and thinking of the giver, she observed her father running from the direction of the boring toward the house. As soon as he reached the spot where Daisy stood he clasped her in his arms, kissed her, and cried out, hysterically, "Ha, ha! I've struck!" and cut several capers, which Daisy thought were unseemly at his age. Then suddenly stopping, and striking his forehead as if he had forgotten something, he shouted, "Tubs—buckets—anything with a bottom!" and incontinently seized on buckets and pans, with a clatter, and rushed out of the house, closely pursued by Daisy and Jerk.

The neighbors, soon getting wind of Potter's strike, came and stood around the well, gazing on

the spouting oil as the Jews of old might have stood and looked on the raising of Lazarus.

Wonderful was the advent of oil. Oil overturned the established order of the household. Oil in the tubs—in buckets—in pans; oil on the table and the floor; oil dripping from Potter as if soused in the greasy fluid; oil touched the roses and glories with his greasy wand and blasted their beauty; threw his smeared mantle over the household and left it in gloom. "Might and majesty are mine," said Oil to the Moses who had struck the oleaginous rock; "bow to my imperial will!"

And Potter bent in submission before his sovereign, saying:

"O Oil! behold thy slave!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARRIVAL IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE second important event in the Hollow after the first—the striking of oil—was the receipt of a letter from the lawyer in New York who had been recommended by Walters. It informed Potter that he would probably get a portion, if not all, of the property left by his deceased kinsman; that there would, doubtless, be the delays usual in the march of the law, but there would be no doubt as to the way it would end.

This was cause for elation in the father, but the daughter did not see how the acquisition of more money could add to their happiness, and the news did not produce the same effect on her.

The lawyer, Isaac Barker, in his communication, urged Potter to give up his residence in Pennsylvania, come on immediately, enter suit, and devote his time to acquiring the fortune which was within his reach. Mr. Barker cordially invited him to come at once with his daughter to his house, as soon as they arrived in the city, until they could look about to make more permanent arrangements.

Mr. Barker was a man who understood the importance of the occasion, and was determined to submit to some inconvenience and annoyance even, in order to secure such a client as Potter promised to be. Yet the invitation to the Potters had not been allowed to depart without opposition in the Barker household. Mrs. Barker thought that the presence of two rough people as sojourners in her house might imperil her position in the society in which she moved. It is hardly necessary to say that the social side of the question assumed a greater importance in the mind of Mrs. Barker than it did in that of her husband. Mr. Barker made reply that they were living fully up to their income, and it was necessary to add to it; that by treating Potter as a friend he was more secure of him as a client.

It was impossible to furnish a better argument, according to Mrs. Barker, and she gave a reluctant assent, being at length brought to look at the project as a stroke of business.

They sent the invitation and waited for their guests, Mrs. Barker with painful apprehension.

"What do you think they look like, husband?" asked she.

"As country people usually look, I suppose. The father was a peddler until within the last year or two."

"How disagreeable!"

"But you can mitigate the world's opinion of Mr. Potter, by saying that he is likely to become rich," said he, with a smile which had a touch of malice.

"That is something like an extenuation," remarked she, returning her husband's smile.

The receipt of a letter was an unusual occurrence at the Hollow. It was not opened in feverish haste. Potter began by wiping his silver-rimmed spectacles, and adjusting them in the exact place on the bridge of his nose. Then he turned the letter over in his hand, read the post-mark, and said:

"I reckon it's from Barker."

He slowly opened, slowly read, and handed it to Daisy. She thought it was very "neighborly." It was kind, too, in Mrs. Barker to send in advance a welcome word in her husband's letter.

Potter hastened to dispose of the Hollow, on as advantageous terms as he could at short notice, and made his preparations to start on the journey eastward with his daughter and the dog.

Adieu to the roses and glories; to the humble log-house; to the horse which had drawn them thousands of miles; to the cow which gave such famous milk. Adieu to the lofty white-oaks, and their moss-covered roots, where she had so often sat to watch the chattering squirrels leaping from branch to branch; to the variegated acorns, and "Johnny-jump-ups." Adieu to the days of her unrestrained youth—the happiest of her life.

In back-country simplicity, the Potters, with the stump-tailed dog at their heels, arrived in the great city, and sat about searching for the abode of the Barkers. As the *naïve* pair walked hand-in-hand up Broadway, once or twice, people turned to look and smile. In happy unconsciousness of the impression they produced, they continued up the great thoroughfare, now and then lingering a moment before the well-garnished windows, and as they passed here and there through groups of coming and going people, Daisy clasped more tightly the hard hand of the oil-striker. They felt alone in this ebb and flow of life as if they stood in the centre of an almost uninhabited island. The great artery of the metropolis was palpitating with vitality. The blended sound of tramping feet and rolling wheels appeared to the girl like the wind rushing through the mighty white-oaks around the Hollow.

They were directed to a fine-looking house in Twenty-third Street, in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue. Here lived the Barkers. The two pedestrians halted a moment or two in admiration before the building. A young Barker happened to be on the stoop of the house. She was a roguish miss of eight or nine. She cried out pertly to the head of the halting group looking at the house:

"Does it suit you, sir? If you want to buy, I'll sell it to you at a bargain."

"I reckon I'll step in and look at it, little gurl," answered Potter, with a smile. And to the surprise of the impish Barker, he walked up the steps of the stoop, leading Daisy, and followed by the dog. "I s'pose you're one of the young Barkers?" continued he.

"You s'pose right."

"You are an uncommon spry little gurl."

"Thank you for your good opinion," said she, with a courtesy.

As her eye caught Jerk on one of the lower steps, she cried out:

"What a funny dog! What have you done with his tail?"

"It was cut off for seed," gravely responded Potter. "This is a valuable critter, and we don't want to lose the breed, so we planted his tail for another crop."

It was plain the young Barker had doubts about this statement, but she did not utter them.

"What's your name?" asked Potter, putting his hand on the little girl's head.

"Dolly." Then she added, pointing to the animal, "What's his?"

When informed, she asked, as she cautiously approached the animal:

"Does Jerk bite?"

"Only varmint and evil-doers. He would as soon think of bitin' his tail as of even lookin' cross at a nice little thing in petticoats like you. Pat him, if you want to."

The animal, with docile dignity, suffered the juvenile hand to smooth his canine brow.

It was toward the close of day that they arrived at Barker's door. Preparations were being made for an entertainment that evening. The white crash was down on the drawing-room floors for dancing, and the walls and windows were decorated with flowers and plants. As Mr. Barker and his wife sat in the library, deliberating over the forthcoming ball, Dolly ran in to them to announce the arrival.

"What a pity they did not come after it was all over!" said Mrs. Barker to her husband.

"Well," said he, "there is no help for it. Tell them to come in here, Dolly, or rather I shall go to the door to meet them. Recollect, every politeness must be shown to these people."

The guests from Pennsylvania were ushered into the library. Potter took his seat on a softly-cushioned chair, to which he was invited, as did also Daisy. The dog put himself on his haunches, and looked at the magnificent Barkers with unabashed, judicial dignity.

Mrs. Barker immediately inquired of Daisy, with some solicitude, if she was fatigued from her journey, if she liked traveling, and other questions of like nature, which the young woman answered with that strict regard to truth which characterized her. While Mrs. Barker was making these remarks, she was wondering how long her guests were going to stay, and to what extent their appearance in her house would affect her social status.

The Pennsylvanians were conducted up-stairs, and placed in adjoining rooms, of a magnificence to which their humble eyes were unaccustomed. The first words the two spoke, when alone, were of the kindness of their hosts. They were yet unused to the deceptive varnish of civilization.

Potter asked his host if John Walters was to be present at the entertainment he was giving. He was informed that he had been invited, but as usual he had declined to come. Walters did not like fashionable amusements, and he rarely went to one. Potter expressing a particular desire to see him, Mr. Barker said that he would send to let him know that he and his daughter had arrived, and perhaps that would induce him to come for a little while; he knew that Walters looked forward with unusual interest to meeting them. A note to this effect was dispatched to Walters at once.

As soon as Barker found himself alone with his wife, he told her that their two guests must be invited to participate in the entertainment, otherwise they might feel offended. This was cause of anxiety to Mrs. Barker. She asked how she *could* present them to her friends. He, however, insisted, and she was obliged to obey, for Barker was a man who was master of his house.

As the time approached for the festivities to begin, Mrs. Barker sent her maid to Daisy, to assist her in making some sort of a toilet.

"Mees Pottaire," said that person, fresh from the asphalt of the Boulevard des Italiens, "I come to make you some toilet."

The serious eyes of Daisy looked curiously at this smart, sweet-spoken young person.

"I make you the hair. I put there some flowaire. I make you more beautiful as you are now, which is to say much."

And she raised her hand in the sprightly way of her race, ready to begin; but Daisy, at length getting a clearer idea of the object of her visit, told her she would not require her services.

"Ah, what pity! You not let me make your toilet?—you make him yourself? Well, you change your mind, you ring for me. I call myself Mathilde—always ready to oblige you. Good-evening, Mees Pottaire."

Saying which Mathilde retired, leaving an agreeable impression, not unmingled with amazement, at the accent and sprightly gesture.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTRY PEOPLE IN A NEW SPHERE.

DAISY was still sitting in her room when Mrs. Barker entered, asking her if she would soon be ready to go down to the drawing-room, whence they could already hear the tuning of the musical instruments. Daisy said she would rather not. Mrs. Barker, in accordance with her instructions, pressed her to do so, adding that Mr. Potter expected it of her.

"My ways and your ways are not the same, and I think I would be troublesome," said Daisy.

Naturally, Mrs. Barker, trained in another school, assured her, on the contrary, that her presence below would be a pleasure to herself and husband.

"You are kind," said Daisy. "Whenever you wish, I will go down with father."

After the hour when Daisy was accustomed to go to bed, Mrs. Barker came for her and her father. The hostess had waited until the festivities were well under way, in order that the entry of her *bizarre* guests might attract less attention. Their appearance was much the same as when they entered the house. The waist of Daisy was guiltless of the corset. A dark, easy-fitting robe, short of skirt, which adjusted itself with facility to every movement of the body, was what she wore. The plenteous tresses were as much her own as the serious blue eyes, guileless almost to *naïveté*. Her gloveless hands were browned by exposure, but shapely. There was no dawdling diminutiveness in them, nor artful finger movements in tress-arranging and fan-handling. There were neither rings in her ears nor on her fingers. No chain hung around her neck, with pendent locket. Her feet rested in calf-skin shoes. The back of her father had never known any other garment than the sack-coat, and in that he appeared at Mrs. Barker's party.

The appearance of the two furnished an illustration of relative conditions. A swan on the water is a graceful, beautiful bird, but on land an awkward creature. Each particular subject must have its appropriate background to be seen to advantage. The right time is another name for seizing an opportunity when the surrounding circumstances are propitious. Thus Daisy was neither in the time nor the place to be seen to advantage, according to the standard of the sphere in which she stood.

Society is more cruel collectively than individually. The polite world throughout all climates is seldom kind and compassionate. Persiflage is its leading characteristic, whether it be French, German, English, or American. There were probably a dozen people in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Barker who felt a desire to go forward and relieve the two newcomers from their embarrassment by a kind word or two, but they hesitated because the polite world had its eye on them. Thus, those who looked at the father and daughter with kind impulses became, on reflection, cowards like the rest.

The contrast between Daisy and those around her was indeed striking, and she must herself have realized it to some extent; but this only came afterward. As soon as she entered into the rooms devoted to the pleasures of the night, her eyes were taken up with their splendor—the flood of white light from wax-candle and gas-jet, the profusion of flowers, the nude white arms and bosoms sparkling with precious stones, the couples whirling around in cadenced movement. Delicious and penetrating perfumes exhaled around her, while her ears drank the wondrous strains of a new music. She was so lost in contemplation of this scene that she forgot about

herself. But by-and-by she became conscious that she was the centre of observation. For a few minutes after Mrs. Barker had escorted the father and daughter to this scene she had remained with them until relieved by her husband. But they both had other duties to perform on such a night, and they were obliged to abandon the two new-comers to their own resources the greater part of the time. Barker had induced two of his male friends to allow themselves to be presented to Daisy; they were elderly men, who talked a language she hardly understood. The taciturnity of modesty and simplicity rested on her lips. She found it difficult to answer the queries put by these well-meaning but platitudinous old beaux. Their talk was of the opera, the theatre, the Park, and fashionable entertainments. Had they been Aryans speaking their native tongue, they could hardly have been less intelligible to this young listener. Her eyes told them she took but little interest in their words, her face did not smile at their humor; as we know, her expression was the reflection of her heart. The second of the talkers, probably finding her an unappreciative listener—as well as a somewhat compromising companion in Fashion's eyes—presently left her with her father standing in one corner of the back drawing-room. Soon after Potter wandered into the dining-room in search of something to assuage his thirst, and she stood alone, while the people around looked at her as spectators view a curiosity of Nature. Her ear caught words of jest concerning herself, and the mirth which they provoked. Daisy felt sad, and she thought of seeking her father and retiring from the place where her appearance seemed to be so incongruous with that of others. As she entertained this idea she turned her head to look for her father, and, in doing so, her eyes encountered something which changed the sad expression to one of radiance.

It was Richard, and Richard as she had never seen him before. To her eyes he had always been comely, but now he was glorified in an evening costume, and her admiration leaped from her eyes. He came sweeping down the room in a waltz with a handsome girl, who was as graceful as a dancing faun. As he turned in the maze his eyes crossed hers, but he did not stop, and her persistent regard continued to follow him around the room. Two or three times he passed her in the whirl, and there was no recognition in his look. She did not make allowance for that indistinct, blurred aspect which objects present to a man who is rushing round in circles. Could she be mistaken? She looked more intently than before. There was no mistake. There could be but one Richard, and it was he. Presently his partner asked him to halt, she stopping near Daisy and in view of her. She looked at Daisy, made a remark that was evidently in reference to her appearance, and then laughed behind her fan. This attracted the attention of Richard in the direction of the young Pennsylvanian—he turning his head to look. As he caught sight of her, he made a step forward, probably with the intention of going to her, but some one passed between her and him at

that moment, and she did not see the movement. As he was making the step, his partner caught his arm, and carried him away in an opposite direction, and there was no time for recognition. Daisy saw him turning away from her. It was clear he denied her as unequivocally as Peter denied his Master at the crowing of the cock. The reason of such denial, if it had been asked of the mundane mind which filled Mrs. Barker's drawing-rooms, would doubtless soon have been found, but to Daisy it remained a mystery.

Her violet eyes bore a reproach mingled with sadness; she felt as strange in the midst of these people as if she had come from the moon. What had she done to offend her friend? Her mind traveled from one thing to another in search of a possible cause, and she could discover none. She was grieved, and her grief was reflected in her face. She still stood alone in the corner of the drawing-room, and felt that her isolation was greater than before.

Walters had noted this scene from the hall, concealed behind a group of loungers. He had noted in her face the changes of expression—the radiance of discovery, the hunger to be recognized, and the sequent sadness. At this juncture, he stepped forward, took her warmly by the hand and greeted her in hearty tones. He put her arm confidently in his, and led her through the crowd into the dining-room. He saw no one but her. He plied her with questions about the Hollow, and gave her words of cheer. There was gladness in his face and his heart. His warm nature expanded and surrounded her with a genial atmosphere. She felt as if there was an invisible but powerful arm which was held out for her protection against ridicule and sneer. Her heart became lighter in his presence, and she gave way to the spontaneous words of relieved nature. They talked about her father, Jerk, the shooting about the Hollow, and the handsome gun which he had sent her, and they became so absorbed in this pleasant tattle that they neither heard nor saw what was going on about them.

The face of Richard was turned toward them remorseful, like that of Peter after the denial, but they did not see it. The handsome waltz-partner was still with him. They were pledging themselves with glasses of champagne—she, in the interregnum, eating the wing of a partridge. She was a beautiful woman, with brown eyes and a skin of pure marble. A supple robe covered her lithe body as if it was a part of the epidermis. There was a graceful, serpent movement of the arm when she moved it. Her coiffure was a masterpiece of art. Edith Purdy was the name of this siren. Richard looked at her after looking at Daisy, and it was easy to see in whose favor the mental comparison was made. He was probably astonished at his lack of judgment in thinking, when he was in the Hollow, that Daisy was a handsome girl. If ever she had been to him an idol, it seemed as if the idol was broken by the iconoclastic goddess who stood before him with a glass of champagne in her hand.

"There is that extraordinary young woman

again," said the siren, as she caught sight of Daisy talking to Walters. "She ought to be put in a cage as a curiosity. Pray get some one to ask her who made that impossible frock—and get the pattern to put in the museum."

"Oh, hang it! let her alone, Edith."

"Hath she found a defender in the knightly Richard?" asked she, mock-heroically.

"I don't know as it makes much difference to me one way or the other, but you have been quizzing that poor girl for the last hour. She hasn't harmed you in any way."

"Yes, she has. She is an offense to taste, and consequently to the sight. We must put up the barriers somewhere, and not let society be turned into a menagerie. Why, I see it is that good-for-nothing scamp John Walters who is talking with her as if there was not another woman in the world. What has induced this unfindable man to put in an appearance here? The befrocked nondescript can hardly be the magnet. His ways, like those of Providence, are inscrutable. I wonder what the wretch is doing nowadays; I haven't seen him for an age. Has he gone into numismatics, evolution, or what?"

"The fact is, I have been going out a good deal of late, as you know," answered he, "and I have seen little of him."

While this chaff was going on between Richard and the siren, Daisy was telling Walters of Richard's unaccountable manner toward her during the evening. When she told him of this, his gentle eyes caressed her as she talked, and, when her confiding face sought an answer, he gave one which partially restored her serenity of mind. According to him, Edith Purdy was an intimate friend of Richard.

"But what difference would that make?" asked this wondering child of Nature.

"You do not understand the selfishness of passion, Daisy. It is possible, and even probable, that to see Richard treat another woman with interest and kindness would give Miss Purdy pain. It is probably the fear of this which has deterred Richard from approaching you. Jealousy is the ugly side of love, Daisy."

There was a dilation of the nostril in the face of his listener.

"And does she love him that way?" asked she.

"I suppose she does, Daisy."

"And he—does he love her?" asked she, as her eyes fell.

Walters scrutinized the face before him a moment, and then said:

"Perhaps he does not now. Two years ago he was certainly attached to her, but time often works great changes. How he feels toward her now is difficult to say. There is no change in his manner with her, and he still appears to be her preferred suitor."

The violins were still at work as Daisy ascended to her room, where Mathilde was waiting to render her any assistance she might require before retiring

for the night. The sprightly maid was informed, as before, that her help would not be required, but the refusal was couched in kind speech.

"What pity! You are not let me dress you! I could make you more beautiful as all the ladies in the house."

Daisy smiled.

"It is the truth that I tell you, Mees Pottaire. You—you are a diamond in the rough; I polish you, and you become a stone of the first wattaire."

This speech was not without amusement to Mademoiselle Mathilde's listener.

"Come, Mees Pottaire, do me the pleasure to put yourself one little moment in this chair before the glass, and let me work on your head."

Daisy humored this zealous artist, and seated herself before a mirror. She took out the comb, did the enthusiastic maid, and let fall the gossamer hair which was like a sheaf of gathered sunbeams.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed she, as she held a tress of it admiringly before her. "Now I make you a Greek," said the worker in heads, and her clever fingers arranged the shining tresses with the bands across the front, and Daisy's head looked like what might have been one of the imperfect dreams of Phidias. Daisy's interest, however, in the Greek creation was in the interest which Mathilde took therein; and the latter, with the observant tact which belongs to her race, seeing "Mees Pottaire" was tiring of the hair-manipulation, retired, saying:

"You recollect, I am to you, whenever you will, with much pleasure, Mees Pottaire."

At last she was alone. The noisy violins had stopped. She wanted air, and she threw open a window, and looked out on the chimneys and spires which cut sharply into the sky. As she stood at the window looking out on the night, she probably thought of Richard's relations to the beautiful Miss Purdy. Then she thought of him as he was in the Hollow; of the walks and talks they had together; of his narrow escape from drowning; of his gratitude; of the beautiful songs he sang to her on the water; of the impassioned words he had spoken to her on the shore; and she felt the blood mounting to her face as they came back to her mind. And how remarkable, after all that, to stand within a few yards of him without a single sign of kindness—without even a token of recognition! Was it Edith Purdy who was the cause of this? These were thoughts which followed her into the land of dreams when she sank to sleep that night.

After Daisy went up-stairs Walters sought her father, who was looking at what was going on before him as Aladdin must have done on the magnificent tableaux revealed to him through the lantern. Potter took Walters's hand with a rural grip, and told him he had been afraid he was not coming. And Walters, with his gentle blue eyes fixed on the speaker, listened to the somewhat long story of the breaking up at the Hollow, and of the determination to stay in the city or its neighborhood to defend the newly-found rights. As the two thus stood, Edith Purdy,

between two waltzes, lounging on the arm of Richard, observed them.

"There is philosopher Walters again, with a new curiosity in hand," said she. "What a nose for the eccentric! Where in the world did he pick up that specimen? I am vexed at the man Walters. He ignores the rules of society. He does not appreciate intercourse with a distinguished 'set'; he has no palate for the social feast of life that has been spread before him. To him the spirit of the *élite* is not sympathetic. To be *baroque*, I suppose, is one of the privileges of genius; nevertheless, I think he ought to be brought under discipline. Pray who is that crude semblance of a man he is talking with, Richard?"

"That is the father of the young person whom you criticised so sharply a little while ago."

"Like father, like daughter. He ought to have a cage, too. In a traveling-show the father would be equal to the calf with six legs or the woman of five hundred pounds."

"Do, please, let them alone, Edith."

"Another defense. I suspect you know these people?"

"I do. It is Mr. Potter and his daughter Daisy, who extended some hospitality to me while I was in Western Pennsylvania."

"When a man in your station of life accepts a favor from people in theirs, he simply pays them for it, and the thing is ended. We can't make friends of cabmen and carmen because they treat us with some civility. If we did, there would be no such thing as society. But come, we will not let such creatures take up our valuable time; the music has begun with a waltz from that dear Strauss, for whom a statue ought to be straightway erected in Central Park. Ra-ta-ta, ra-ta-ta! Now, Richard, for a good one!"

And Richard, nothing loath, swept away to the music of that dear Strauss who deserved a statue in the Park.

CHAPTER X.

MEETING OF THE OIL-STRIKER WITH A MAN OF THE TOWN.

WALTERS was a man who had eradicated some of his prejudices and enlarged his mental vision by two or three years of foreign travel. He had seen and noted much; had lived in London, Paris, and Rome, and gone the usual round; had climbed the Grand Pyramid, and ascended the Nile to the Second Cataract, ridden donkeys in Cairo and camels in Palestine, swam in the Jordan and bathed in the Dead Sea, smoked nargilehs with Turks and made *keff* with Bedouins, visited the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca, lounged through Stamboul and glided in gondola through the quiet waters of Venice, wandered through the excavations of Herculaneum and mounted the cindered sides of Vesuvius, listened to the singers of the San Carlo and sailed in the blue bay in front

of it, plucked the huge oranges in the gardens of Jaffa and eaten figs under the fig-trees of Smyrna, dwelt in the convents of Greek and Latin monks and the tents of caravans, seen the Kirmes of Holland and the Ramadan in the country of Moham-med, and many other things which he described in his letters to the journal with which he was connected; for these sights and experiences were utilized, and made to pay his traveling-expenses.

John Walters lived by the sweat of his brow, in Spartan simplicity, in an apartment of three rooms, and was waited on by an old woman whose age and ugliness placed her beyond suspicion in a bachelor's lodgings. She was clean, as everything else was in the place. Indeed, cleanliness was the most rigorous law which he imposed on himself, and the bathtub was in much and regular requisition. According to the elderly woman—Mrs. Sarah Jane Thompson, who exercised over him a mild tyranny—he was much given to "sloshing." It is true, he was fond of the tub, but he resembled Diogenes in more respects than in this, as the reader must have gathered from what he knows of him.

There was no carpet in these lodgings, but the floors were brightly waxed after the Continental fashion, the waxing being one of the chief duties of Mrs. Thompson. One of the rooms was a kitchen in which the breakfast of the lodger was prepared, the second was his bedroom, the third was where he lived and worked. His bedstead was as simple as that of the pope, being of iron, and the mattress, probably, was harder than that of his holiness. One side of his work-room was filled with books, in perfect order; most of them were tools. This was the work-side. Another was the play-side, where his gun, fishing-tackle, and what not, were slung, but in the same order which prevailed in the disposition of the books. His table was one of the large kind, covered with green cloth, which are often seen in the offices of companies and corporations.

His rule was to remain in-doors until toward the middle of the day, when he walked down to the lower part of the town and back, this much exercise, at least, being necessary to his well-being.

One of his theories was that men were made miserable from artificial wants to which they became slaves; and that, when these could be no longer gratified, those who once possessed them sank into the negative, impassive, unlucky, sottish people who form such a large class of the world's population. Walters had reduced life to such a system that he could not be well wrecked, though everything he possessed—which was not much—should be destroyed. That is, as long as he had his health, and of this he appreciated the importance; hence the care with which he surrounded his material life. In a word, he was confident he would always be able to find the bread for his stomach if that important organ would only continue to receive it, and perform its functions.

The next morning after the Barkers' entertainment, as he sat in his room, Mrs. Thompson came in

to know if she should show in Mr. Richard Herbert. At this name a shadow passed over the face of Walters, and he paused a few moments before giving an answer.

"Well, let him come in," said he, as if he would rather have him stay out. Then he took a pipe from his pipe-rack, filled it with Lone Jack, and was reflectively smoking when Richard entered.

"I have something to say to you," said he, before Richard had time to utter anything. "Take a seat there," added he, pointing to one.

"When you were made," began Walters, "they put some deuced poor stuff in you. I shall have to give up trying to make a man of you. There is no stamina in you—nothing to build on—no more backbone than there is in an oyster. I did think at one time that you might come out of the chrysalis of society-snobbery into the winged state of philosophy and common-sense. But I see there is little ground for such a hope."

At this moment Mrs. Thompson came to ask some question about the household, when the face of Walters was modified into placidity and gentleness, as he gave her the necessary order. This change of countenance furnished an illustration of the uniform mode of Walters's treatment of people in humble life. As soon as she retired his face assumed its former sternness.

"I saw what was passing in your conventional mind, last night," resumed he. "You were afraid of compromising yourself in the eyes of the swells of 'our set,' by talking to honest, simple folk. And when I think of what a treasure that girl is, it makes your offense ten times worse. She is the possessor of more good qualities than can be found in a house full of the fashionable, artificial women with whom you pass your life."

Richard received these words with a contrite air.

"John Walters," said he, "I acknowledge that I have behaved in a way unworthy of a man who claims to be your friend."

"Bad as your offense was, I am ashamed to say, I did not turn my back on you, but endeavored to palliate your conduct and save the young woman from a new grief and a poorer opinion of humanity, by finding an excuse for you in the jealousy of your companion, Edith Purdy."

"And if there was truth in it?" asked Richard.

"Is there *any* truth in it?"

"There is. I confess that I was influenced by the ridicule with which she contrived to envelop Mr. Potter and his daughter, and by the same sentiment generally exhibited by those present; but I was also deterred by a kind of allegiance which I owe to her. You are doubtless aware that Edith Purdy has some claims on me?"

"This is a flimsy extenuation of your conduct."

"Are you going to withdraw your friendship from me, John Walters?"

"I shall give you another trial—put you on probation. I have one word to say: try and be a man. Now leave me, as I have other matters to attend to."

Saying this, he took up a pen, and Richard retired without further speech. Walters had not been long occupied in writing before Mrs. Thompson announced another visitor—a man with a dog, and Mr. Potter and Jerk were soon ushered into the room.

Walters put the oil-striker in a capacious chair, and asked him, pointing to the pipe-rack:

"Meerschaum, brier-wood, or clay?"

"Clay, if you please. I've always smoked that kind."

Potter had come to say something, but he began with a few words on extraneous subjects—a habit to which the rural mind is much given. As he drew the Lone Jack into the bowl of his pipe from the palm of the left hand with the forefinger of the right, with that familiar movement common to the practised pipe-smoker, he uttered those preliminary words which he deemed polite and necessary before the introduction of the main subject; then he said:

"You know I told you why I was here, in New York?"

Walters nodded his head in assent.

"Well, Barker wants me to begin suit at once ag'in' Thomas Herbert, who is in possession of the legacy. And here is where Barker and I can't agree: I want to go first to Herbert, as between man and man, and make him a bid to share and share alike, without gettin' into the law. Now, puttin' myself in his place, if Potter came to me, I should say: 'There is a great deal of money in this thing; there is enough for two—let us divide.' That is the point."

"You may put yourself in his place, Mr. Potter, but he can hardly put himself in yours. Hence, I fear that your proposition would be declined."

"Well, I can at least try it. I tell you, John Walters, I would sooner take the half than the whole of it, for I would rather not turn this rich man into a poor one. You don't see any harm in my trying it?"

"There is good in it as far as you are concerned, Mr. Potter."

"Mr. Barker tells me you are a lawyer," said Potter.

"I have read some law, but I am not much of a lawyer, for I never practised."

"This case has taken right hold of me. I want a friend to advise me about it—a lawyer like Barker is not enough; he can only look at it as a lawyer, and I want to see the human side of it as well as the law side. John Walters, will you be that friend?"

"I will," said that person, without hem or haw. Then followed the grip of friendship. It was no maiden's clasp. Jerk recognized that the host had secured a firmer hold in his master's affection, by softening his usually stern expression to one of kindness as he looked at the new friend.

This was what Potter had to say, and, having said it, he departed in quest of the residence of Thomas Herbert. He did not have far to go, as Herbert lived on Madison Square, in a house which was part of the legacy in question. Potter sat down in front

of it on one of the benches in the square, to collect his thoughts and take a view of the dwelling, the dog sitting on his haunches alongside.

In his neighborhood gayly-dressed children were jumping the rope and following the hoop. Nurses in neat white caps were propelling babies in hand-carriages, or sitting on the benches in loquacious gossip. In striking contrast to the luxuriously-habited children was the reddish-brown costume of an occasional tramp lounging on one of the seats in isolation.

Potter, having satisfied his curiosity in looking at the exterior of Herbert's house, crossed the street, followed by the dog, and rang the bell. A cleanly-shaved man, *en frac* and white cravat, came to the door, and Potter asked if Mr. Thomas Herbert were in.

"If you give me your name, I will see," answered he.

"Potter—Daniel Potter."

He went in to find an answer, leaving Potter at the door. It occurred to the visitor, as he stood on the stoop, that the man might have asked him in. In a few moments the suave and well-clad person returned, and said to Potter, politely:

"He is not in, sir."

"When will he be in?"

"Impossible to tell, sir?"

"I think I had better wait for him," said Potter, expecting to be asked to step in and sit down.

"You had better call again, sir," saying which the servant gently shut the door in his face.

This treatment ruffled Potter. He recrossed the street and took a seat again on a bench in front of the house. In fifteen minutes he saw a man of fifty, of fine exterior, issue from the house and drive off in a *coupe*. As he was driven off, Potter asked a policeman standing by who it was, when, to the surprise of the Pennsylvanian, he answered:

"Mr. Thomas Herbert."

At this communication, grim resolution came to the face of Potter, and he determined to wait. This he did for over an hour, then the *coupe* returned, and its occupant entered the house.

Potter went over again and rang. When the man came to the door, Potter said:

"I'll not ask if he is in, because I know he is. Go again and say that I have a few words to say to him that must be said without any further waitin'."

"Your name, if you please?" said the imperturbably polite attendant of the door.

Potter repeated it in an unusually loud voice. The man returned and ushered him into a library, the dog at his heels.

"You are Thomas Herbert?" asked Potter, as soon as he entered, of the man he had seen outside; and he nodded affirmatively. "Over an hour ago, when I asked for you at the door, I was told that you was out when you was in. In my part of the country we call that lying."

"Will you state what your business is with me?" said Mr. Herbert, waving his hand.

"I will, and that deuced quick!"

"Calm yourself, Mr. Potter—I believe your name is Potter?"

"It is; and you ought to know something about it, for it's the name that's brought you bread and meat!"

"To the point, if you please, Mr. Potter."

"The point is this: I wrote you two letters about the fortune which you bagged, and you never answered them."

"I have received numerous letters on the same subject from persons who claim a share of the fortune to which you refer," said Mr. Herbert, with a calm that was in contrast with the aggressive manner of Potter, "so I adopted the rule of answering none—otherwise, my time would have been taken up with a contentious and fruitless correspondence."

"Well, sir," resumed Potter, "I am the first-cousin of the man who left the fortune, and Mrs. Herbert, your wife, is no more than that."

"Mr. Potter, at the death of the man to whom you refer the estate was administered and settled up according to due process of law. There has been nothing irregular," said he, rising to bring the interview to an end; "and I must ask you to excuse me if I leave you. Should you desire any further explanation, I refer you to my attorney."

"Then you refuse to share?" asked Potter.

"Any one of the persons who have written me letters might ask the same thing."

"I've nothing to do with them—I'm talking about myself. Do you refuse to share?"

"I do," said Mr. Herbert, firmly but politely.

"Come, now," continued Potter, "I'll agree to let you off easy, if you show an accommodatin' turn."

"I must decline to entertain such an idea, Mr. Potter."

"This is your last word?"

"It is."

"Then what I have to say is this: that, if ever I get a grip of you, I'll throw you hard—there'll be no let up!" and, as Potter said this, he brought his hand down on the table with a heavy thump. Then he put on his hat with an emphatic gesture, and strode out of the house, followed by the dog, who looked as stern as his master.

Mrs. Herbert entered the library, when her husband said to her:

"Well, Mary, our apprehensions were not groundless. The man Potter has turned up with his dog. He has just left me."

"What did he say?"

"He modestly asked to share our fortune."

"What presumption!"

"I think, however, I have thrown enough cold water on his demand to cause him to relinquish further hope."

"How annoying these people are!" observed Mrs. Herbert. "It's a wonder," continued she, "that he did not bring his daughter with him—the Pearl of Potter's Hollow, that Richard harped on after his visit to Pennsylvania. With the tailless dog, the family picture would have been complete."

"It was singular, the interest that Richard took in those people! He showed it at times, notwithstanding his assumed indifference. Do you think it possible, wife, for him to have a tenderness for the girl whose exploits he gave us such a flaming account of?"

"No," answered she. "Richard has too much regard for himself, and understands too well what is due to his position, to forget himself to that point. It was the oddity of a new scene with eccentric characters. Besides, his engagement with Edith Purdy would have prevented him from ever thinking of such a thing. What comparison can there be between a civilized girl like Edith and that creature, who, according to Richard's own account, was nearly as wild as the animals in the woods? None, of course."

"You are in all probability right, my dear. Edith is a charming girl, and we know her and her mother so well, that it hardly seems like going out of the family."

CHAPTER XI.

A WALK IN CENTRAL PARK, AND A DEPARTURE.

POTTER, immediately after his visit to Mr. Herbert, sought Barker, and instructed him to open fire on the enemy as quickly as the forms of law would permit. Barker told him he was aware that his visit to Madison Square would prove fruitless, but added that it had done no harm. Mr. Potter expressed himself in severe and emphatic terms concerning Mr. Herbert. He would bring down his cursed pride; he would humble him to the dust! He would teach him the cost of treating honest folk like him, Potter, as if they were animals! The corner-stones of law-suits are generally laid in anger, and this one was no exception to the rule. The dogs of law, until then held in leash by Barker, were let loose to prey, if possible, upon the possessions of Thomas Herbert.

Mr. Potter labored under the excitement usually attending the commencement of a suit. The impish Barker toyed long with his rude forefinger before she induced him to recognize her presence; and Jerk's head laid long on his knee unpatted. Mr. Potter was generating too much steam, and the second day he opened the safety-valve by taking a long and brisk walk in Central Park and back. There is no relief for an anxious mind like bodily fatigue, as Mr. Potter found. Daisy went with him, and when she entered the great, green breathing-place of the metropolis, she felt as one in her natural element. They entered the Seventh Avenue gate and went northward. Daisy's march was not the mincing one of some of the young women who descend from their equipages in the Park to take a little exercise. It was an honest heel-and-toe, elastic walk, she swinging her hands with that movement which appears to be considered man's prerogative, but which is as natural to the woman as it is to him. The complement of the Potters, the dog, was naturally with them.

They struck out across the main road to the long, tree-lined avenue, whose beginning is ornamented with statuary, around which they lingered. For the time Mr. Potter unhinged his mind from Potter *versus* Herbert to apply it to the fine arts. As father, he was the presumed instructor of Daisy. The connoisseur from Potter's Hollow pointed out the salient features of each subject as Daisy listened, for, as we know, one of her talents was to be a good listener.

While they were engaged in this contemplation of art in bronze and marble, a handsome young cavalier came cantering up the road which skirts this point. At the noise of the clattering hoofs, Daisy turned her head, but immediately turned it back again in the direction of the figure in bronze, at which they were looking. The cavalier rode straight toward them, leaped to the ground, called a lad who was not far off, handed him the reins, and came forward, with an outstretched hand, to Potter. The new-comer, Richard, was greeted by Potter in his usual hearty way, for he knew nothing of the incidents of Mrs. Barker's ball. Then Richard turned toward Daisy, and held out his hand to her in an imploring manner. She looked in his earnest face; it was the face she had known in the Hollow; if there was any resistance in her heart it died before the supplicating expression before her, and she gave her hand. It was plain this was a penitential lover. He asked if he might walk with them. Potter said, with his usual heartiness, that they would be glad to have him.

The three proceeded down the long avenue which terminates with the heavy buttress-work overlooking the lake, whose general tone was relieved here and there by a gayly-trimmed boat or a swan. They descended the mighty stairway, skirted the lake on the left, stopping occasionally to admire the pictures of Nature as made by the hands of man, crossed the little arched bridge, went through the woods to the Belvedere, where they mounted the tower, and looked out on the wide expanse of scene which unrolled itself before them from the height on which they stood.

The contemplation of the horizon from a lofty height has an ennobling effect on the mind—at least for the time being. He who is puffed up with a sense of self-importance realizes, in the mental comparison which follows the survey of a wide sweep of earth, what a puny mortal he is. Better thoughts flow into the mind, and sympathies widen.

Daisy had been more taciturn than usual, but by degrees she occasionally spoke a simple, sincere word in her characteristic way. Richard strove to show his affection for her by word and act. He would probably have liked to give her his hand in getting up the steep steps, or over the rugged stones, but he was conscious of the folly of such a course with a young woman trained in the school that Daisy had been, and he refrained. He had already had proofs of her strength and power of endurance, and he was constrained to recognize that the most feminine feature of Daisy was her heart.

He was struck anew with the qualities of her nature as evinced in her replies—simplicity, common-sense, justice, and a certain dignity which always enveloped her in whatever she said. The vacillating and impressionable young man was taken possession of by the same passionate admiration which he had known in the Hollow, and his vivacity of spirit rose to the old level.

They went back to the point where his horse was held, and as they did so Richard appeared to have rehabilitated himself in the estimation of Daisy. As they came near the border of the great wood, an open carriage drove by, in which were Edith Purdy and her mother. Daisy was the first to see Edith, who was sitting in an indifferent, indolent attitude, characteristic of her. Their eyes met. Then Richard perceived her, and raised his hat, to which she responded with her usual graceful nod and smile. As soon as Daisy recognized Edith she turned her eyes on Richard as he made his salutation, and, if he winced inwardly, no sign of it appeared in his face, although he was doubtless conscious that Edith was then making one of her incisive speeches concerning his humble-looking companions.

At length Richard took leave of them, mounted his horse, and rode away, Daisy looking after him in a vague, musing way.

"He handles a horse pretty well," observed Potter, "but can't do it like my Daisy."

"I am only a rough rider, father. Richard does it in a more comely way."

"He has the nice little touches of the riding-master, but I doubt if he has a firm seat. He could never ride that horse as you rode Dobbin when you went for the doctor for me. There were people on the road told me you went up-hill and down-dale as if the beast had wings. What a day it was! I saw you through the window comin' back, the beast as wet as wet could be, and blowin' hard enough to be heard all over the house, and you as collected as if you had been takin' just a mornin' ride, although you was pale, and your lips were pinched together. Then you didn't forget the brute, but took care of him like an old groom. Ah, my heart, what a day it was! You came out of that as true as steel—as you always do. There ain't any more like you, Daisy. The pattern's been lost, and there won't be any more. As John Walters says, you would be Joan of Arc if the time was ripe for another one—and he knows, for he knows everything."

"Father," said she, with a gentle badinage, "if you go on that way you will make an angel out of me."

"If the rest of them up there are as good as you, I'll be satisfied."

Here the face of the daughter became grave as she changed the subject. Then the lawsuit came uppermost in the mind of Potter, and he thought he would like to speak to Mr. Barker about some point of the law, and the two turned their steps toward the city.

Daisy had not been many days in the house before Mrs. Barker discovered that she was not the

kind of person she had taken her to be. Her curiosity had been awakened, and she found herself studying the character of the girl with unusual interest.

Mrs. Barker gave a dinner to a dozen friends and acquaintances, and she said to Daisy she hoped that she would make one of them.

"I would rather not, Mrs. Barker," said she; "please excuse me."

And Mrs. Barker excused her—divining the motive which kept her from accepting. While the dinner took place, Daisy remained in her room, where she sat listening to some of the prattle of the vivacious maid.

"This is a pay-off dinner, Mees Pottaire."

"What is a pay-off dinner, Mathilde?"

"This dinner is given for the dinners that Mr. and Mrs. Barker are eaten in other houses. It is not a sympathetic dinner, you see. They who eat to-day are not Mrs. Barker's best friends—the Browns, Purdys, and others."

"Mrs. Purdy and her daughter are among the company?" observed Daisy.

"Yes, Mees Pottaire, she and her proud Edith are there."

"She is a beautiful woman, Mathilde."

"Not half so beautiful as you, if you were dress, Mees Pottaire."

Daisy raised her finger, saying:

"How often have I told you not to do that? You are bad."

"I can't help it."

"Besides," continued Daisy, in the missionary spirit, "you tell fibs. You told me one this morning about something."

"Did I?" said she, lightly, with a smile.

"You don't seem to see how bad it is, Mathilde. When Mrs. Barker was suffering from illness two or three days ago, and was looking badly, you told her you never saw her look so well."

"Like that, I give her courage; she feel good; she get well; you see?"

Daisy shook her head.

"Well, I will try to say the truth for you, Mees Daisee; you let me call you Mees Daisee?"

"Certainly, if it pleases you."

"And you must call me right. Thus: Mateeld. You see?"

"Very well. I thank you for the true pronunciation. It is a pleasant name."

"It is better than Anastasie, Olympe, and the like. My countrymen make wit about them, much. In my country, you know, the ridicule kills everything. I would prefer death to Euphrasie, for with that name life would be turned into a long joke."

Through the advice of Mrs. Barker, additions had been made to the toilet of Daisy. When Mrs. Barker discussed the subject with her, Daisy said that whatever changes were made should be of a plain character.

"I am a simple country-girl, and it would be unpleasant to me to be dressed in finery."

When the dressmaker prepared her new gar-

ments there was one feature against which she held firm. It was the corset. She would not consent to imprison her free, lithe body in this conventional contrivance.

"Daisy is right," said Mrs. Barker; "it would be like putting a corset on the Venus of Milo."

Her ears remained unmutated by holes pierced for ornament. She continued to walk in a serviceable shoe free of a Louis XIV. heel. No hair but her own golden tresses adorned her head.

"That girl is a little odd," said Mrs. Barker to her husband, "but she has good sense."

Mathilde was at length allowed to dress that silken, warm-tinted hair, which she held and stroked in her hands with the same pleasure that the actress Rachel is said to have plunged her hands into a vase full of precious stones. She held it, as an artist, before the eyes of Daisy, and commented on its beauty. The owner of it would only remark:

"It's one of your bad habits to be always saying sweet things, Mathilde."

Then would that person reply, almost indignantly:

"It is the truth that I say."

The absence of coquetry was a puzzle to the maid from over the sea, where the sex of her race is given over to it. Indeed, according to the opinion of Mathilde and her compatriots, the woman without coquetry was incomplete. There was not even a suspicion of it in Daisy, and for this Mathilde told her she was like an egg without salt.

"But it will come when you shall be in love, Mees Daisee."

Whereat a slight blush passed over the face of the subject of the remark.

"It must come," added she, "for the coquetry and the love are twin sisters."

"You seem to know a good deal about it, Mathilde."

"I believe you, Mees Daisee. I have love four, five, six times, and each time more than the other—and the last love is always the best."

"I thought people only loved once who love truly?"

"Moonshine—permit me to say it, Mees Daisee—moonshine!"

"For a person who has loved so much, you are in very good health, Mathilde."

"What will you? I have sufficed—I have want to die—and in a few weeks it all go off," said the maid, with a passionate sincerity that brought a smile to the face of Daisy.

One day Mrs. Barker had some private conversation with Mr. Potter in reference to Daisy. She told him that he was so absorbed in his suit that his daughter was somewhat neglected, and she recognized that it could not well be otherwise. She thought that Daisy was of that age when she would most easily learn, and that she ought to be cultured. No more time should be lost. She would learn quickly, for her mind was intelligent and receptive. Besides, Mr. Potter's circumstances would probably be bettered at the termination of his suit, and Daisy

should be prepared for the change. In any event, whether poor or rich, culture was desirable. Now, Mrs. Barker had a sister living in England, in Berkshire, the wife of a clergyman, who would be glad to receive her, and have her instructed in everything that was necessary. Would not Mr. Potter do well to send her over there for a year? The change of scene and the new life would also, doubtless, be attended with happy results. The rectory where her sister lived was in one of the healthiest and finest parts of the country. In doing this Mr. Potter would relieve his mind of further charge, and give it wholly over to the business which brought him to the city.

"I see—I see, Mrs. Barker. What you say is right. The only thing that makes it troublesome is that she's used to me, and I'm used to her, and I don't know how we'd get along without seein' each other. We've always been together, you know—alone together almost since she was born. I held her on my lap with one hand and drove with the other when she was a baby, and as she got bigger I put the reins into her hands. After her mother died I never took close to any one. In my married days I had a partner who *did* me, and since I've contented myself with that girl. She was partner enough for me. She never could sell the goods as well as me, for her nature ain't hard enough; but she was a thinker, and could see further ahead than me. But all that is neither here nor there to you, Mrs. Barker; but the point I've been tryin' to make is that I don't see how we can live apart for even a few months, or a few weeks—even for a few days."

Saying which Mr. Potter blew his nose sonorously.

"But it would be so much to her benefit," continued she.

"True, Mrs. Barker, true. Let's ask Daisy herself what she thinks about it."

Daisy was called, and the project was explained to her, Mrs. Barker dwelling more than before on the advantages to both father and daughter. Daisy listened attentively until their hostess was through, when the father asked:

"Well, pet, what would you like to do, accept the kind offer of Mrs. Barker, or not?"

"I will do whatever you wish, father."

"That is puttin' the whole responsibility on my shoulders."

"You only know, father, how closely we have lived together; and you, only, know how lonesome I would feel away from you."

Mr. Potter blew his nose as sonorously as before, and then said:

"Let's ask John Walters. He knows everything, does John Walters."

The council was enlarged to hear the opinion of the person named.

"What does Miss Daisy say?" asked Walters, fixing his gray eyes tenderly on her.

"She wants me to say for her, and I want you to say for me," spoke up Potter.

"I hope you will not attach undue importance to

my poor opinion, Mr. Potter, but, such as it is, you are welcome to it. I think the project is a good one."

"You see," said Potter, "John Walters knew the right thing to do on sight. And bein', as it is, the right thing, let's carry it out at once."

On the Saturday following this consultation, Daisy was placed under the matronly care of one of Mrs. Barker's friends, who was going to Europe, Mrs. Barker, Potter, Walters, and the dog, going aboard to see her off. As Walters stood talking with her on the deck, he began to realize how much the withdrawal of this young life from his own affected him. The separation between father and daughter was the greatest trial of their lives.

CHAPTER XII.

A TENDER INTERVIEW IN A CONSERVATORY.

LITIGATION dragged its slow length along, while Potter balanced between hope and fear, although he generally inclined to the side of the former. He and the stump-tailed dog became familiar objects about the courts of law. His energy was untiring, and he was constantly stimulating Barker to his best.

"What will you do if you win the suit?" asked Walters of him, one day.

"I shall live like the man who has the property now—not that I care about that sort of thing, but for the sake of Daisy. She shall do whatever she wants, and she can't go wrong. You know what a level head she has."

"Suppose you are unsuccessful?" said Walters.

"That I don't know. But as long as I and Daisy have our health, I reckon we can get along and be happy together. Now, there's peddlin'—there's nothin' so agreeable as that, although strikin' ile is more profitable. But that roamin' round in a wagon through the country and the villages, dickerin' with the farmers, and their wives and daughters—you understand?"

"I see. It's poetry in its way."

"Well, that's open to us, if this turns out badly."

"In the event of failing in what you have undertaken here," said Walters, "I think, in your place, I would not entertain the idea of returning to the road, for I believe your daughter has begun to have other ideas of life, and I know that you would like to consult her tastes."

"Of course—of course."

"Bear in mind that, if you do fail, you can rely on me to assist you, and that I shall consider it a privilege to be allowed to do so."

"Join Walters, I knew you was a true man from the time I got acquainted with you in the Hollow. You are made for a family-man. Why ain't you at the head of a wife and children? You are just the pattern of a man to make things smooth for them—to make the wife happy and contented."

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"It appears not," said Walters, with a cloud on his brow, "for you see me standing alone to-day."

"With your disposition, I'm sure you would make any woman happy."

"You have found the right road, but it would be difficult for you to trace it out for me," said Walters.

From which Potter gathered that there was a sorrow in the man before him of which he was ignorant, and he took the clay pipe—which had become his—from the pipe-rack, and primed it with Lone Jack, as he changed the subject.

As time went on, it did not seem probable that Walters would ever be called on to extend a helping hand to Potter, for the prospects of the latter grew brighter as the suit progressed. This was possibly matter of regret to Walters, for he felt, in a vague way, that the acquisition of wealth would remove the Potters farther away from him, and possibly raise up barriers between them, and for a brief moment he caught himself almost wishing that the suit would not be won, but this quickly gave way to the sentiment of disinterested friendship.

The probabilities of Mr. Herbert being on the losing side began to be whispered about in the circle in which his family moved, and that a rough man, in the lower walks of life, followed by a stump-tailed dog, was likely to be the winner. About the time these whispers were assuming consistency, Edith Purdy and her mother went to dinner to the house of the Herberts, together with a few other guests, among the rest one Will Randon, a young man of assured fortune, and a leader of Germans.

Mrs. Purdy and her daughter had been talking of this young man on their way to the house.

"Well, Edith," said the mother, "what do you think of him?"

"A good deal of a gosling, mother."

"But," added Mrs. Purdy, "he is rich; and you know, in our present circumstances, you cannot marry any but a man of means. Not that I refer particularly to Mr. Randon—I speak in a general way; for, happily, Mr. Randon is not the only rich man in the city."

"Are we getting so very poor, mother?"

"Something will have to be done within the next twelve months to extricate ourselves from difficulties. Think of the mortification to which you would be subjected after the pleasant life you have led among the best people, in being reduced to a meagre one!"

"The thought is unbearable," said the daughter.

"I will do *anything* to avoid that."

"We have talked of the likelihood of Mr. Herbert losing his fortune, which would throw Richard on his own resources—which are nothing, as you know; neither in money nor professional ability," pursued the mother. "It is not necessary for me to dwell on the gloomy prospects of the Herbert family; you know what they are as well as I do."

Here the carriage stopped, and they entered the house with *insouciant* faces, which they put on like masks. The inmates of the house were also in their

masks, and nothing appeared to be further from their minds than such a contingency as loss of fortune. Five of the people who sat around the table were under impending disaster, and they wore the same contented air as the three remaining guests—whose history does not come within the scope of this one, but which, if known, would possibly have revealed skeletons of another kind.

The wit of society's table is hardly of the finest quality, the Sheridan being something sporadic. Mrs. Herbert presumed Mr. Randon had found plenty of amusement during the season. He had had a good deal of occupation which he could hardly call amusement.

"You see," observed Richard, "Will started out as an amateur leader of Germans, but before long he became professional."

Chorus. "He! he!"

"No entertainment is complete without him," pursued Richard.

"Indispensable as Lubin's extracts," observed Edith.

Chorus. "He! he! Ha! ha!"

"And very gallant," from Mrs. Purdy.

"Especially destructive to the rose-buds," from Richard.

"That is, when you give me a chance," said the young man in question, with a drawl imported from Piccadilly.

"And you pretend to say that you don't enjoy leading Germans?" asked Edith.

"That's what I pretend, Miss Purdy. It was all very well in the beginning, but it's got to that point that they won't go ahead without me, and the demand has become so great as to turn my play into work. It's Randon here and Randon there all the time."

"Well," said Edith, looking at him with her most charming expression, "I must confess I have never seen your equal, Mr. Randon, and it does really contribute much to the pleasure of the dancers when you lead."

Mrs. Purdy listened with approval to this remark to the callow Randon.

"Will you do me the honor to open the next with me?" asked he.

"With pleasure."

"I must put it down." On which he produced a memorandum-book from his pocket, asking the convives to excuse him for a moment, saying:

"Really, I have so many engagements, it's a necessity."

"Don't mention it!" was the chorus.

"I am going to introduce two new figures in my next—tandem-team and *l'île-de-bœuf*," said he, mysteriously.

"How nice of you!" said Edith.

"I expect a prodigious success."

"And I am sure you will not be disappointed," remarked the siren.

The conversational ball was tossed back and forth on other subjects, all taking a part therein. Mrs. Purdy was well satisfied with the part which

her daughter played, and which had an object that possibly became visible to another than mother and daughter.

After dinner Edith wandered off on the arm of Randon into the conservatory, to talk to him about the language of flowers—which is generally another name for the language of love when the subject is introduced between a young man and a young woman. Another young gentleman—one of society's zeros, and who may be properly designated by the character 0—was about following the couple into the conservatory, when Mrs. Purdy intercepted his movement in that direction by asking him if he would not be good enough to get her fan which she had forgotten in the dining-room. 0 instantly hastened to seek the complement of the woman, brought and handed it to the owner with a "most happy."

0 again turned his toes in the direction of the conservatory, and his steps were again arrested by her asking him what he thought of a certain picture hanging on an opposite wall.

The face of 0 said, "Noblesse oblige," as he turned toward the canvas, and here Mrs. Purdy secured him beyond peradventure by introducing her arm into his.

Presently Mrs. Herbert came from the front drawing-room on her way to the conservatory, when Mrs. Purdy stopped her to ask, with much solicitude, about their pastor's granular pharyngitis—otherwise known as the parson's sore-throat—still holding to the arm of 0. This opened the sluice-gates to church-talk, and it flowed without abatement for half an hour, the 0 being saturated therewith until he was as limp as a rag.

Richard had observed the tender withdrawal into the glass-covered house, and the length of time that was passed therein. His mother had made the same observation.

At the expiration of the half-hour which had been devoted by the trio to the discussion of the sacerdotal sore-throat and kindred themes, Mr. Randon reappeared with Edith. The expression of admiration which had settled in his eyes *à fleur-de-lille* did not appear to be an evanescent one to come and go like a summer cloud, but to remain and abide with him as a new illuminator of his soul.

One can fancy what must have taken place in the house of glass, clad in vines and plants and sweet-smelling flowers. Then, too, it was at that post-prandial hour when the young masculine heart becomes gallant and the mind has glimpses of chivalric horizons—an hour like the season of spring in the birth of love.

In the short but dynamic dallying among the flowers, Mr. Randon probably had new visions of life, rose-tinted. He had drunk of a new elixir, and he was henceforth to be given over to a new intoxication—that is, to judge from his appearance when he issued from the bower under glass. She who bore in her the destructive quality that had brought about such speedy effects appeared as a sauntering miss who had been innocently admiring plants and flowers.

0 saw the flush of triumph on the face of Randon as he issued from the bower of Venus, and he felt his heart throb with a desire to emulate the leader of Germans. Every man has his ideal: Randon was his. He had beheld his advent as a star in the social firmament, and watched his brilliant course in pedal panics. He had time and again seen him direct the many throng, as Thomas directs the members of his great band. To arrive at that dizzy height on which Randon stood was the dream of his life. In consequence, he was a pale reflection. Common bonds of sympathy held them together. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the chief was of a condescending kindness to the subaltern.

"You have been at it again, Randon," said the 0, faithful in his imitation of the Piccadilly drawl, as they stood together in one corner.

This was naturally a reference to the private interview with Edith.

"A fellow must do something to pass the time, you know."

"How many have you put *her doo combah* this season?"

"I've never taken the trouble to count them, Zero. But I assure you," added he, in a deprecatory way, "that people exaggerate the number—they do, I assure you."

"A charming woman, Miss Purdy," observed the 0.

"Yes; got *espre* and all that sort of thing—clever, you know."

"And beauty," added the 0.

"Very fair, as you see."

"Have you *outamay* the tender subject?"

"Yes; we are at the first act."

"How many acts are there going to be?"

"Three, I fancy, before the *dénouement*."

"Five you think too many?"

"Yes; it gets tedious, you know."

"Is it going to be serious this time?"

"*Qui sait?*"

"Bold thing with an engaged girl."

Randon moved his shoulders, as much as to say that it was of a piece with his whole life.

"And you have 'a foeman worthy of your steel' as a competitor," pursued the 0.

"Poor Richard!" said the conqueror, in a tone of commiseration.

Mrs. Purdy and Edith were alone together for a few minutes, when they removed their masks. The daughter had a languid air. The mother took her hand and pressed it: she knew of the sacrifice she was making for both.

"It is wearisome, mother."

"I know it, my child."

"But I shall go through with it."

"I have no advice to give in this matter. You know what is best to be done, Edith."

"I have never done anything so distasteful in my life."

A sympathy, marked with anguish, shone in the face of the mother.

"Then, I suppose I must prepare myself for the reproaches of Richard," continued Edith—"I suppose I shall be denounced by him as cruel, heartless, and all that sort of thing; be railed at for breaking my engagement, and be held up as a mercenary and flirting woman. I read the interview between him and me, which, however, must come sooner or later. And what a contrast there is between these two men! Richard is the Hyperion to the other's Satyr. Think of the words of gall which he will speak to me when he comes to know!"

"Do not alarm yourself about the future, my child. Let each incident and day take care of themselves," said the mother, soothingly.

At this, Mrs. Herbert came toward them, when they resumed their masks, and expressed a desire to know the name of the bonnet-maker whom their hostess employed.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

It was the last ball of the season which took place in the house where Randon was to introduce two new figures in the German. Brillat-Savarin thought it was more meritorious to invent a new dish than to discover a planet, and in the mind of Randon to produce a new figure was doubtless of equal importance. The physiognomy of the entertainment wore the usual aspect. During the first part of the evening there was not that *élan* in the dancing which characterizes the after-part. Young men and women sat together on stairways and in dark corners. They were on a voyage in the country of the Tender. Here and there a miss preferred to listen to the drawl of a 0 to keeping an engagement for a quadrille.

Mr. Randon was indifferent to the first part of the *fête*, and a portion of the time lounged about in a tender way with Edith, who looked happy, and told him from time to time how nice he was. While thus engaged, Richard observed them as he had done the evening when Edith disappeared with his rival in the conservatory, and as Edith caught his look she was seized with apprehension. Was the explosion at hand? Would he demand an explanation? What would he think of her? These were questions with which she tormented her mind as the observer with the "regard fatal" followed her with his eyes.

For the time being he did not approach her, and the leader of Germans exulted in his victory. When he released her, the 0 came to him.

"Are you not afraid of having trouble with him?" asked the 0, designating Richard.

"Afraid?" repeated Randon, stroking his mustache. "It's not one of my habits to be afraid."

"Depend on it, he will not let you win without a struggle."

"I'll stand by my lady's colors," said the salta-

tory leader, heroically. "He knows where to find me. If necessary, I shall give him my address."

The coolness of the saltant chief, in a moment of peril like this, elicited further marks of admiration from the friend before him.

"It is this very rivalry which gives zest to my suit," observed Randon. "There is no merit in capturing a wall-flower. Where is the good of winning a girl that nobody wants?"

In the course of the evening, the time arrived when Randon became a central figure. The chairs were placed two by two, and tied with handkerchiefs, to show preëmption. Then the young women took their seats with the young men of their choice, amid a general flutter of expectation. The chief of the *gambade* took his position at one end of the room, clapped his hands, the music struck up, and he started around with her of his choice—Edith.

Richard stood in the fringe of spectators which usually hangs around the outskirts of a pedal entertainment. Several times Edith's eyes encountered his as she whirled around in the arms of Randon.

The new figures were produced with the *éclat* which the leader had anticipated, and the merriment increased to its full diapason. Then there was an intermission for supper, during which Randon sat in close proximity to Edith, whispering tender speeches in her ear. She saw Richard looking at her while this wooing was going on; and in her imagination she already saw him overwhelming her with reproaches.

After supper the dancers returned to their seats in the drawing-rooms, to resume the German, and in the confusion Richard approached Edith, and asked if he could have a few minutes' conversation with her.

"I am engaged for the rest of the German," answered she, hardly daring to look at him.

"Perhaps you might plead a headache, or something else in the nature of a plausible excuse," said he, with courtesy.

She probably said to herself that it was necessary to go through this trial, and the sooner it was over the better, for she said:

"I shall try."

"If you succeed," added he, "please meet me in the library in ten minutes. I have just passed through it, and found no one there. We shall probably be alone."

"Very well," said she, her heart filled with forebodings.

In ten minutes she furtively entered the library. Richard, with his usual grace of manner, asked her to be seated.

"Now," thought she, "the storm is coming." Then she looked up at him, and, to her surprise, found no cloud on his brow. On the contrary, his features wore an agreeable expression.

"Edith," began he, in his most persuasive tone, "I perceive that you are a woman of sense. With your practical mind you have recognized the situation. You accommodated yourself to events when you found you were unable to control them, and in this you have exhibited a philosophical spirit worthy of admiration. I am aware that you are not in prosperous circumstances, and that it would be folly for you to marry a man who will, perhaps, in a few months, be without fortune."

She scanned his face narrowly, to see if this was satire, and saw that its expression was serious—even earnest.

"Our idyl has been a rosy one," continued he, "but it is now drawing to a close. Let us regard it as a pleasant dream, that in the future we may look back upon unmixed with animosity."

This was a turn of events for which she was unprepared, and she remained silent in the pause that followed.

"We have got to the end of the volume," continued he; "let us close it, and lay it by; and let us replace our tender attachment with an enduring friendship."

"Then you give me up without reluctance?" said she, not altogether able to hide her astonishment.

"Do not say that, Edith. It seems to me that you have had abundant proof of my attachment. In releasing each other from our engagement, we are simply bowing before the will of Destiny, since we may not shape it according to our wishes."

"You are perhaps right," said she, having recovered herself. Then, after a pause almost painful in its duration, she said, falteringly, "Henceforth we are to regard ourselves as freed from our pledges to each other?"

"As you say, Edith. We shall still be friends?" asked he.

"Yes, friends," answered she.

But in saying this she did not tell the truth, for the woman does not forgive the man who willingly gives her up. There was bitterness in her heart, and the lilting music which came in from the dancing-rooms sounded like a mocking accompaniment to the interview through which she had just passed.

With a woman's quick intuition, she said to herself, "He loves some one else."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DURER'S GRASSES.

ALBRECHT of Nürnberg leaves the city's gate,
Beset by dreams of Melancholy's face,
Whose sad eyes say: "The toil of mankind's race
Is valueless; I only brood and wait
For better things, if such there be." But late
He, near a pool, sees grasses' slender grace,
And dandelion-heads that interlace

Themselves with wayside weeds. The master straight
Notes well their place, and next day goes again
To copy them with charcoal and with pen,
Till Nature's poorest growth of greater worth
Seems unto him than all the works of men
Around his mournful queen, if with them death
Must be of all the gladness on earth.

VOICES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I.

IN the days of the years of its pilgrimage among men, Westminster Abbey is very nearly abreast with the antediluvian patriarchs. How little of a stranger it is and how long a sojourner may be suggested by this somewhat odd association! For the Abbey is not a ruin, with only a departed life to give it interest, but a living human fact, drawing deep into its historic lungs the vital breath of this generation, and bearing as distinct a relation to the present world as—well, as Dean Stanley himself. More so, indeed, for, like one of those old patriarchs, with his long train of nearly a thousand years, it carries within it a vivid memory of all that prodigious tract of time. Whatever mystical significance may be hidden in the record of those long lifetimes, which so strangely approached and so nearly grasped a round one thousand years, certain it is that such a period represents the highest cycle which we can practically comprehend: for, when we double or treble this number, we get into the shadowy portion of the world's biography. And, therefore, the association is not so odd after all, and may be made rather impressive—especially if it serves to impart a kind of human personality to the old Abbey—when we say that in one hundred and two years it will have accomplished the lifetime of Adam; that in one hundred and forty-one years it will have reached the age of Methuselah; and that, if we project it thirty-one years beyond that *ultima Thule* of things human, it will have achieved one of the grand climacterics of the globe.

There are two reasons why it has attained this age and is at the present time more alive than it ever was. One is, that it has drawn into its veins all the historic life of England since Edward the Confessor; it has even taken into itself the individual lives of the nation's representative men by incorporating their very remains with its own substance. The other reason is, that when it began to exhibit this extraordinary vitality, and to survive into these later days, an interest grew around it which determined to assist Nature in prolonging its life—very much as old Parr, who now sleeps in its bosom, became an object of royal and national solicitude to keep alive, as soon as he had fairly distanced five generations and nearly ten sovereigns, by marching from the reign of Edward IV. into that of Charles I.

The first sight of the mute and venerable pile, with this gigantic weight of time, almost gives us a sensation akin to that of coming upon a Quibus Flestrin recumbent among men, or upon an Adam or Methuselah actually living in the present hour—

"A million wrinkles carve its skin,
A thousand winters snowed upon its breast!"

And it is not, therefore, altogether fanciful to feel that here is a consciousness, if it were awakened,

which would throb with the human heart-beat of thirty generations; that here is a memory, if it would speak, that could lift the veil of time half-way back to the Christian era. And this is a consciousness which is ready to awake, and a memory that is ready to speak; but the man is not to be found every day who has the ear to hear and the mind to understand.

No one can hold profound communion with Westminster Abbey unless he be, in a certain interior sense, as large as the Abbey himself—that is, unless he is familiar with English history during the whole period that it has existed. To such a one the ancient structure is most articulate and most impressive; for, in whatever direction his studies have taken him on English ground, there he has found the Abbey: in the affairs of the state; in the annals and mutations of the Church; in the careers of kings and queens; in the wars waged on land and sea; in the fields of literature, science, philosophy, art; in the lives of nobles, statesmen, ecclesiastics, divines, writers, thinkers, discoverers—sooner or later every one of these diverse interests, every one of these distinguished reputations, has converged upon or mingled with Westminster Abbey. It has loomed up in all quarters as a conspicuous object; and, therefore, if he be one who has lived all his life "over the hills and far away," and some day in London finds it palpably before him, no one can feel the thrill of its silent voice as he can, no one hear like him, behind that stony front, that human heart-beat so full of pathetic meaning.

But such visitors as this are very rare, and you and I, reader, who come in the tourist throng, can only seek to separate ourselves a little, and take whatever impression may be our personal due.

Let us linger outside a moment or two, and begin our retrospect there. Come this way and stand not far from "the Great Hall of William Rufus;" it will be a good point from which to view, in historic perspective, "the Temple of Silence and Reconciliation." It is the best possible point, for this was the ground upon which Edward the Confessor stationed himself when he projected the edifice, and afterward superintended its erection. During all those fifteen years and subsequently, here is where he lived. The yonder rising Abbey of Westminster became the occasion of the Palace of Westminster on this spot, the seat of British sovereignty ever since.

How it all comes back to us as we look down to that period between 1050 and 1065, and see the white-haired, white-bearded Saxon king, with religion and superstition flitting by turns over his pink-hued face, lifting his pale, slender fingers in saintly enthusiasm toward the rising Norman pile—planted on the ruins of the ancient Saxon chapel in the thorn-jungle of this island of the Thames—which, in its great solid walls and fine sculptures and stained windows—all to the glory of St. Peter—should rival

the abbeys of the Continent, and be the astonishment, for its size and grandeur, of the simple people over whom he had come to reign!

But there is not a vestige of that building in sight from where we are standing. Perhaps, if you were within, you might find a low-browed arch here and there, or a column, or a fragment of a foundation-wall—as you will find the graves of Sebert, the Confessor, and Queen Matilda; as you will find the records of kings' coronations, bishops' consecrations, councils of the Church, and councils of the state—wherewith to restore its ghostly outline. It stood one hundred and eighty years, and then Henry III. pulled it down and commenced the present one. This time the Abbey was not destined to be wholly built during a single reign, but was to be the growth of centuries before it was finished. It is not finished even to-day.

Let us watch it as it slowly rose through those ages, when

"Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung;"

or, if we prefer Stanley's images, when it developed like a gnarled and rugged oak, or extended like a coral island. Royal fingers touch it all along. As we shall find a great swath of dead kings and queens within, so we must note the epochs of its growth as the Regal Abbey it was intended to be, under the shadow of royal names. Henry left only the Apse, the Choir, the Transepts, the first arch of the Nave, and the octagonal Chapter-house, which is out of sight from this point—as it were, on the left shoulder of the cross. In the contemplation of the full design so abruptly broken off, it was but the torso of an abbey then. A whole century passes, and Edward III. begins to reign. Then the Cloisters are to be seen creeping, in the course of twenty years, around the quadrangle under the left arm of the cross; the Nave also begins to unfold further its great proportions toward the west, and shortly the Abbot's House with the Jerusalem Chamber is reared on the cloister-side. Richard II. comes now on the scene, and the north end of the Transept, in full view from here, takes such a magnificent look that it is called the "Beautiful Gate" and "Solomon's Porch." Thirty years after, Henry V. is on the throne, and the Nave rises complete, but the western towers are carried no higher than the roof. Another century passes, and finds Henry VII. king, and then that gorgeous, glorious excrescence, the Chapel which is called by his name, arose to deform this eastern end. For two hundred and thirty years more thus stood the Abbey, through twelve reigns, through two revolutions, alternately abused and neglected, and looking, without its towers, like a half-wrecked and dismayed vessel, till in the reign of George II. Sir Christopher Wren produced those semi-Gothic, semi-Grecian western towers to serve as a counterpoise to the florid chapel of Henry at the other end.

It is time, now, that we went in by the usual entrance at the North Transept. Let me first prepare your mind, or you may have your dream badly bro-

ken, and may emerge again, like most people, with a very confused impression. You must expect to find the grand interior partitioned off, in all its vital parts, by gates and iron railings. You must expect to fall into the hands of a vergers who will take you about, in the midst of a gaping group of visitors, just in the contrary direction from where your own sweet will would wend you; and, as he goes from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel, he will stir all your historical reminiscences into such a porridge, mingling therewith also the tune of his doleful voice, that thenceforth the Abbey will be nothing to you, nor will there be anything left of you to the Abbey. In order, therefore, to pass these barriers, and to avoid these vergers, we will resolve ourselves into pure spirit.

But another trouble awaits you, with a forewarning of which I will preserve your general illusion whole. You are about to enter a Mausoleum, as well as an Abbey. That you know. But bear in mind that, as these sacred walls are the ancient covers of England's family Bible, so these monuments you are going to see are the inserted leaves of the family register, containing, with slight allusion to the births and marriages, the *deaths* of the chief members of the family. Be not astonished at the diverse and extraordinary style in which the entries have been made. Remember that if the Abbey itself, a deliberately-reared structure in the course of ages, could not escape certain eccentricities of form, you cannot expect the funeral instinct of man—which is always partially crazy—if let loose for a period of five or six hundred years, as it has been here, to have a sepulchral result other than one of stupendous confusion.

Doubtless you will be thinking how much better you could have arranged it if only you had been abbot and dean since the beginning. But consider that Death, whose business it is to pull down and disarrange everything, could hardly be expected to introduce order and beauty into his own department. Besides, you will find a great deal that is purely attributable to human nature itself in these spontaneous outbreaks, through many generations, of man's surprise at his own mortality. You will sometimes be inclined even to smile amid all this dark-dripping, melancholy scene—for death, like life, has its grotesque side—perhaps the vergers are appointed to make the fact unquestionable—and yet, despite all this, if you have now the true historic spirit, enter to behold under this ideal canopy of the Church of God the spectacle of an immortality on earth, which even the Grave itself conspires with man to snatch from Death.

Westminster Abbey, like all ecclesiastical structures of this character, has a certain double sentiment, pervading and controlling its arrangements, which it is necessary for you to understand and appreciate if it is to become architecturally intelligible and beautiful to you. You must, in the first place, be guided as much by the magnetic needle as if you were on board a ship. The Church does not, like the planet, point to the polar star, but it points to

something nearer—the rising sun. The binnacle-light in its compass is called "orientation." Westminster Abbey is built east and west, north and south. Its altar stands in the east. It has, therefore, received the ascending sun for eight hundred years upon what the world would call its "rear," and beheld the descending sun from what would be called its "front"—a brave and speaking attitude of faith—with the light of its origin pouring into it from behind, rearing itself ever forward, buttressed at the prow by massive towers, as if to breast the difficulty of its appointed work before the going down of the sun. Such was its early symbolic form, until, in the thirteenth century, a wide-spread enthusiasm for the worship of the Virgin brought about in this, as in all churches of that period, a prolongation of the eastern end into a "Lady Chapel," which addition remained until it was superseded in the sixteenth century by the chapel built by Henry VII. in his enthusiasm for himself.

There is still another point of sentiment. The Abbey is cruciform. In its early days, if you had looked down upon it from the sky, and shut out from view the monastic buildings which nestled under its left side, it would have looked like a Roman cross. In the mystical conception which this suggests, the Saviour's body lies in the Nave, his feet at the western door, his right arm in the North Transept, his left arm in the South Transept, his head in the recess of the Sacrament, or chancel, pillowed on the altar of sacrifice. If at that time the Abbey had been lifted upon the end of its Nave, and swung up as in the manner of an ancient crucifixion, a towering cross, four hundred and twenty-three feet high, would have spread out its limbs to the world in the gaze of the setting sun.

Two such associations as these ought to make the building consecrate itself, and yet, from the instant we enter, there is such a throng of other suggestions upon the eye, that the first impression is almost forgotten. But, putting them aside, let us take a rapid glance at the interior. We have come in by the North Transept. As it is the transverse beam which makes a cross, so you are now on the way to the focal point, where the character of the whole will burst upon you. Pause here at the intersection, and face the west. You are in the Choir, the heart of the Abbey. All this dark, oaken fabric which now bounds you in, so heavily moulded, and so richly carved, is a movable structure, built under the central tower for the convenience of worship. If it were not that you could see the volume of space beyond it, the arches of the Nave leaping from pier to pier out of sight, the high vaulted spaces of the aisles on either side, and behind you, over the marble screen of the altar, the gloomy recesses of Edward's Chapel yawning wide, you might fancy yourself in a spacious and well-appointed parish church. And now, whether you will or not, the ecclesiastical impression ends. Your eye turns to the right, and you see the white animated effigies of marble in the North Transept, which made it seem so alive when you entered. They stand over the graves of the

statesmen. You turn and look into the South Transept, where the poets and men of letters sleep, and its sombre shadows, with the aged tablets on its farther walls, and its dark, hearse-like furniture of shrines, hint to you of the retreating light of suns that have forever set.

We will now leave the Choir, and go round into the space which makes the head of the cross, dimly visible beyond the chancel-screen. At first sight we are inclined to see something appropriate and beautiful in the "nimbus" of chapels, dedicated to various saints, which encircle it. But the memory of the saints, we find, by no means composes the stony radiation. Their chapels only form the scalloped outer edge of the great, overlapping disk which celebrates the memory of Edward the Confessor. Almost the entire recess is taken up with the Chapel which goes by his name. In the midst of this—under the arrangements of the new Abbey, and under the ideas of the thirteenth century—the Sacrament, with its altar, has hardly where to lay its head. The encroachment of "the divinity which doth hedge a king" upon the glory of such a symbolic precinct as the head of the cross, is a curious vestige of the ancient feeling. The structure was to be a "Regal Abbey," as well as a Christian church, and when the canonized Confessor's bones were laid in the centre, under a splendid shrine, it became a signal for all those royal interments which have since given to the place the name of "the Chapel of the Kings." Long after, when this signal was taken as an example by Henry VII., and the "cumulus" of his chapel was superimposed, when his magnificent shrine was erected in its midst, and his successors were in their turn laid around him, then the look of a royal Valhalla was made the foremost aspect of Westminster Abbey.

And yet, all the while, another occupation was taking place, and another assignment fast growing, which was destined to supersede all this, and reverse it entirely. The time was approaching when it should become the common mausoleum of famous men. The sepulture of the kings at first spread like a nucleus into those radiations of kings: the courtiers and nobles, ecclesiastics and soldiers, who crowded into the chapels of the saints, and finally encroached upon the royal soil itself. Then, under noble patronage, the lone Chaucer lay in the South Transept for many years; and, after that, the overflow set in which inundated the Choir, the Transepts, the Nave, as well as the Cloisters. Hence the dreary mass of tombs which cram the chapels; hence the multitude of monuments which encumber the pavement, and buttress the walls on every side. It is impossible, therefore, even with all the appliances of divine worship round about, and the religious canopy of the roof, to resist the feeling that you are, first of all, in a Temple of Fame, consecrated to hero-worship also. The figure of the cross for the moment gives way to that of an eagle just spreading its wings for flight.

There are more than fifty personages of royal blood lying in the *Adytum* of this temple, thirty of whom were kings and queens, and seventeen of

these were regnant sovereigns. That fact tells the story of the British past. But no late occupant of the throne has sought sepulture here, and now the graves are opened and the shrines are raised only for those whom by wide acclaim the people recognize as having been, invisibly, the anointed of God. In this see the British present. Those dead monarchs only serve now to revive the epochs of English history, except in those instances where their personal greatness gives them another claim to be remembered. The Conqueror's blood was strong, and it produced not a few great statesmen and great soldiers, as well as most sovereign characters. When one thinks of Edward I., of Edward III., of Elizabeth, of Henry V., of William of Orange, what a splendid and heroic group is here! And yet, as we make the further circuit of the two Chapels of the Kings, which of the others could we dismiss? Henry III., Richard II., Henry VII., Mary I., Mary Queen of Scots, James I., Charles II., Anne, George II.—the thought of each of them revives a memorable age, and, in dismissing them, we would seem to be casting whole sections of history out of the Abbey. If it were not that the British sovereign, now, has so little opportunity to develop a conspicuous personal greatness, and if it were not that the destinies of the nation were committed to an actual sovereignty whose uncrowned heads are sure to be laid, or at least commemorated, here, we could almost regret that the reigning family has ceased to leave its relics in these vaults. But, on the other hand, the Abbey's regal privilege remains—a right made inalienable by the custom of ages; the stream of the coronations will continue to pass through it; every monarch will be seated in that "Chair of Destiny," which was consecrated to that use by Edward I., before the Confessor's shrine, six centuries ago; and thus the royal links in the historic chain will continue as much its own as heretofore.

II.

We, on this side of the water, would care very little for Westminster Abbey if this were all that there was of it. But when we forget the kings, and remember who else have been laid away between its foundations, then the mausoleum becomes American as well as English: then the cords of our interest are as tense as the same red blood can make them. Even after we have separated it from its entwinement with the English Church and State, its all-essential attraction remains. It is the cemetery of the far-famed dead, and every year it is becoming more and more the Valhalla of England's greatest men.

Full surely graveyards are common enough in this mortal world, and we can read or think Gray's "Elegy" in every one; but such a throng as this lies in no other mould—no other ground has such a sacred interpenetration with the material substance of most memorable men. All that they were in the flesh; all that men saw of them with their eyes; all of them that men have ever touched with their hands—lies here, incorporated with this very earth. The flames they lit burn above them, fed by the very air we breathe; and the lamps are in our hands in

which they poured the rich oil of their genius; but here, within these urns of a national enshrinement, has been gathered the residuum of that which in such splendor or such beauty consumed itself away.

When, also, you connect the *past*—even antiquity—with such a consciousness of a near physical presence; when you feel that the chosen men of centuries ago are actually contemporaneous with yourself in the body; and then, reciprocally, you go back to them in soul, drawn by a thousand mystic threads into their very hearts, so that you live their inner life, and vividly restore them as they outwardly were and appeared in their own generation—then you have an experience such as no other place on earth can give you.

It must be owing to some dim perception of this on the part of almost every one, or to some occult human instinct working outside of our ordinary perceptions, that the Abbey atmosphere seems to have such a strange quality when we come into it from the outer air. Burke alluded to it when he wrote: "I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I could not describe; the very silence seemed sacred." If he could not describe it, no other can. The feeling seizes one upon the instant of entering—that is, if the subtle susceptibility in you has not become indurated by too great familiarity with the place. The present seems left behind almost as palpably as when you enter a partially-illuminated cavern where one hue prevails, and leave the many-colored world of the sun behind. There is the same sense of abrupt transition into an opposite realm, and you feel as if you were threading no longer the living but the dead area of time, and were moving about where extinct centuries are still conscious, where exhaled breaths are still breathing, where dead men are only sleeping, and departed lifetimes are still present. You even fancy that you almost *hear* something. Your ears, like sea-shells, are filled with the noiseless, unheard murmur of a sentient movement somewhere, so great and so far off that it can never really reach the physical sense of hearing, and yet can create a vibration in some aspen sensibility of the inner nature.

While, in one mood of sentiment, the mind is thus ready to receive a pathetic, even a sublime impression from this near presence of the historic dead, yet, in another mood, there is a revolt of the heart from an arrangement which would appear to be so conventional. We are offended that death should be obliged to partake of the artificial allotment of life. If there is any time when such ought to end, surely it is when the world is done with, and the soul has gone back, as it were, into the bosom of pure Nature again. Why should a poet, of all men, in whom we recognize the deepest communion with the spirit of the universe, whose claim upon our love for him has been founded upon his ability to take wings and fly away into realms more ethereal than this—why should he be confined in lead, and laid away in a narrow cell under this pavement, with, perhaps, a ponderous mass of carved masonry piled upon his breast? Why was he not laid in the green earth with the sapphire sky, the golden sun, the silver

moon, and the diamond stars, for his fretted vault? We cannot moralize over his grave here as we could there. Here, under all this gloomy umbrage of stone, we have the contradiction of time, but there the very air, and light, and space, the flowers, the everlasting hills, dissipate the sombre fact of death in their loud proclamation of life. Here we find him in a dormitory crowded with other great reputations, and the attention cannot concentrate upon him, to remember him alone, as it could there, if we found him sleeping, like Wordsworth at Grasmere, or like Gray at Stoke-Pogis, in the very region of his thoughts and his dreams. And what we could say of the poet we could say of genius in any manifestation that we know. Let it sleep alone. Let us find it by itself; let us, for the moment, shut out all the world even in remembering the world's debt to it. And yet the sure reflection comes that, whatever such sentiment may move us to feel at first, there is a sterner fact in Nature which makes such a mausoleum as this the only amber-like inclosure in which a great reputation may hope to be preserved in a world where the brightness of the greatest life fades surely out with the recession of its epoch and the departure of the circumstances in which it shone. We recur to the touching, melancholy record of the famous poet who searched amid tangled weeds in a country graveyard for Churchill's forgotten grave:

"And is this all? I thought—and do we rip
The veil of Immortality? and crave
I know not what of honor and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
So soon and so successful?"

Then we say, it is well that man has found a way to resist the merciless determination of time in death, as well as in life. There is great work done in every age which expires with its own limitation; there are deeds done which only live now in the records of their day; there was as vast an expenditure of power in every one of these past generations as in this, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, as the divine Spirit was abroad, and the necessity of the era required: and shall the heroes depart when they die, or shall a grateful nation bring the spiced winding-sheet of embalment to them when they fall, and offer them an Egyptian immortality in its midst, enniche them in walls wrought out of the material of its own history, and destined to endure even when itself has passed away? A burial here preserves the name, and points to an epoch; an epitaph here revives the voice of a man's contemporaries; and then, when the records of his age are read, his living form returns brightly and familiarly to the eye among the scenes that knew him, and the people who loved or praised him.

A nation which would store up its own history and treasure its glory must thus garner its great dead. And the man who has spent his life in giving joy or doing service to his age, perhaps in the privacy of his heart repressing the ambition for immediate reward in the noble hope of posthumous appreciation, should feel that here shall be his undying hold upon the eyesight as well as the memory of the times to come.

And, following out further this reflection, we are more than reconciled to the appropriation of a religious edifice to such a purpose. Without dwelling upon the obvious suggestion that this is the symbol of the Church of God claiming the dead to whom a Divine commission has been so especially given—a consideration sufficiently sublime in itself—the Abbey is herself, in the endeavor to produce the spirit of worship and to express the structure of the church, an outburst from the heart of Nature. All the types and forms of natural beauty reappear in her. She is only Nature crystallized into a conventional form by passing through the necessity of the human situation; Nature, therefore, in a further demonstration of its power to feel; its spirit curdled into the awe of the human spirit at the thought of addressing God! All the massiveness of the mountain-rock is here, all the rugged grandeur of the overhanging cliff in these lofty walls and vaulted arches. We can see the trunks of gigantic trees in these mighty piers, the flowers and fruits in the delicate sculptures of these spandrels in the wall-arcades, the colors of the earth and sky in these storied windows. These gray stones were hewed from primeval quarries, these dark rafters from Saxon oaks, and the gloom as of a Druid forest broods upon these ancient sepulchres. These Gothic lines in their upward flight, and these crossing branches above our head, tell us that Nature is itself a Church, even as it is a Tomb. And, therefore, when its great dead are laid in the deep bosom of this aged Abbey, with their bodies kept from melting into the common earth, and their souls from dissolving into the wide waste of time, and the holy thought of God is wrought through church and mausoleum together, oh! what is the Abbey, then, but a frozen requiem, with a nation's prayer ever in its dumb music ascending:

"Requiem æternam dona iis, Domine!"

III.

MY remaining reminiscences of Westminster Abbey, both as regards its special features of interest and its further development of a typical character, revive in a very curious way around certain individuals, all of whom were actually part of my personal experience.

The one spot of all others to which the visitor is drawn and first inquires his way is "Poets' Corner," a designation which has now extended over the whole South Transept. The glamour of poetry and romance fills the whole recess, like a cloud of incense. You recall, as you enter it, the famous men who have wandered about on this pavement, as well as those who lie so still beneath it; and you remember that some of those who have thus mused here, and have become renowned for the record they have left of it, have themselves gone down to join in the mysterious companionship of death, the very subjects of their meditations.

But its great interest, its great significance, when we take into contemplation the historic evolution of Westminster Abbey, centres in one grave—the pioneer grave of English literature, even as its occu-

pant opened the era of that literature. Four hundred and seventy-eight years ago Chaucer was laid under the stones of this Transept, and here slept for two hundred years save one, before Spenser was laid by his side. Such was the long extension and tardy widening of that angle which now sweeps so broadly through our midst. Such was the slow increase of the sentiment which was destined to give that office and function to the Abbey, now universally recognized as its foremost privilege and peculiar distinction. Watch now the interments as they come. First Chaucer, in 1400; then Spenser, in 1599; then Beaumont, in 1616; then Drayton, in 1631; then Ben Jonson, in 1637; then Cowley, in 1667; then Davenant, in 1668; then Dryden, in 1700—the sun of a new epoch exactly three hundred years after Chaucer—then St. Evremond, in 1703; then Rowe, in 1718. Now opens the age of Addison—and we can fancy him, with “Sir Roger de Coverley,” standing, perhaps, where his statue now is—but he himself lies far away in the vault of Montague, in the Chapel of Henry VII. Congreve, also, lies far down the Nave in another vault of a “noble patron.” But now Prior is brought into the Transept, then Gay, then Garrick, then Johnson, then Macpherson, then Sheridan, then Campbell and Cary, and finally the giant Macaulay. I have not mentioned yet the scholars, antiquarians, divines, and others, whose eminence in their day brought them the like distinguished honor.

In this small space all these graves are gathered, and the walls are crowded besides with the tablets or busts and, here and there, the elaborate monuments of those who sleep elsewhere, but whose fame is claimed by the Abbey. Each of them opens one of those “invisible cloisters,” as Dean Stanley calls them, which unite the Abbey with its “chapels of ease” in other cemeteries. The name of Milton takes you to St. Giles’s, Cripplegate; of Samuel Butler, to Covent Garden churchyard; of Gray, to Stoke-Pogis; of Goldsmith, to Temple Church; of Southey, to Keswick; of Thomson, to Richmond; of Thackeray, to Kensal Green; above all, of Shakespeare, to Stratford-on-Avon.

No one can enter for the first time into such a precinct without emotion, and, as I well know, he can come many times with a keener sensibility gathering in his heart, as the first vague sentiment floats away. Viewing its interments as a rolling tide of historic meaning sweeping noiselessly in, and sure to swell higher and higher, destined, in its overflow, to fill and to encompass the Abbey with the renown of world-wide reputations till it shall stand up like a rock in an ocean of human greatness, you feel as a prophet might have felt five hundred years ago, who foresaw the triumph of human intelligence in the opening of this royal soil for Chaucer’s grave. Such is the import of Poets’ Corner.

After an interval of seven years, I made a new pilgrimage to the spot. The usual crowd was moving about in the recess, but at its very front I saw a group of people gathered around a large slab which had been recently let into the aged pavement. On

it lay a bunch of fresh flowers; beneath it lay the last fragrant offering of literary fame which the nation had made to the genius of the place. There was something in the look of the gravestone, in its ample size and severe simplicity, with its honored place among the foremost, while in the midst of this sanctuary, with the reverent group standing about it as if hesitating to tread upon it, which brought up the remembrance of another that makes part of the pavement in the chancel front of the church at Stratford-on-Avon.

I had forgotten for the moment that *he* was here. My last recollection of him was when he was full of life, his deep-gray eyes brilliant with joy in the fruition of a fame, and in the enthusiasm of a popular delight, such as this age had never given to another. And now all was still, the excitement that had centred in his person had passed away, and here he lay at my feet! For the moment the shock of the sudden consciousness arrested my steps, and I gave to him alone all the feeling that I had in my heart for the place in which I had found him.

I had now a key which unlocked more of the sentiment that was shut down under this floor. Among these historic reputations which had been gathering upon this spot for nearly five centuries, here was a new one—one of this hour; and, like them, it had already parted from the present generation; gone into the past with them; gone “out with the tide” of the great, receding era: the terrible retreat which sweeps back from such a grave; to be surrounded more and more with that strange cloud which hangs upon the names recorded on these walls and graven on this pavement.

That active brain was stilled, that industrious hand had forever ceased. All that the world had of him now was the work that he had done. Even the eager devotion of his friends to do him some distinguished honor had been arrested by his parting word, and, like that of Shakespeare, it will forever prevent more than this that is before me. “I conjure my friends,” he said, “on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever.” He rested his fame with his countrymen, he said, in his published works. He was literally obeyed; his friends did nothing. They only gave him six feet of English ground; but his monument had been waiting for him eight hundred years. The busy multitude as it hurried along outside saw the plain hearse and its three carriages winding slowly by that early morning, and never gave a thought to him. He was so recently and suddenly dead that people had not yet expected his burial. “Joe” swept the mud from the crossing as the hearse passed over it, and “moved on;” “Little Nell” threaded her modest way through yonder crooked streets—neither of them dreaming that the still heart of their best friend was so near. “Sam Weller,” so alert and so keen, saw the funeral pass without a word. “Mr. Micawber” wandered along looking for “something to turn up;” and close beside him his old friend, that “distinguished author,

David Copperfield," was going to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

Only a grave, only a gravestone, only a name :

"CHARLES DICKENS,

"*Born Feb. 7, 1812. Died June 9, 1870.*"

And yet that grave was in the soil of Chaucer and Spenser, Dryden and Johnson, Garrick and Sheridan ; in the soil of kings as of "the king of wits." But no "patron" had put him here. He came here. The poor "blackening" apprentice-boy, with head and heart and hands alike begrimed, who had stooped to brush the mire from the feet of the humble and the lowly in the every-day walks of common life, had given them such a "shine" as made them worthy, the world thought, to walk henceforth and forever among kings and nobles. Such was the man. He had inspired the English people with a new heart. He had awakened sympathies and feelings, charitable ideas and impulses, before unknown to the multitude. Abuses were remedied that seemed ingrained with the social structure, and a new humanity was released far and near. Not a blot defiled the pure spirit of his works—in all he wrote, while seeking to give pleasure, he sought also to do good. This is why he was the centre of so much enthusiasm. This it was that gave such power to his writings. This it was that caught him to the bosom of Westminster Abbey.

But not until he lay there was the secret revealed which had given him this affinity alike to his resting-place and to mankind. With all that philanthropy underlying his life, so sustained to the final hour as manifestly to involve a conscious principle of action, he would not declare it in his lifetime. He erred in judgment when he withheld it. Perhaps, and very likely, he was not aware of how much it influenced him. But he left it to his grave to utter the name of Him who himself best uttered the truth he taught by what he did :

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here and there."

As I looked back through the recess of Time, I saw St. Evremond honored here, who died renouncing the Christian religion ; and Congreve, whose licentious writings had defiled his age ; and then, later down and nearer, I saw a change : the hearse of Byron, turned by public reprobation from the Abbey-door ; and now, in this that was before me, I received the full swing of the pendulum of progress from Chaucer, as it had gathered a divine momentum in every generation : first, genius ; next, character as well as genius ; *now*, Christian principle as well as character. First, beauty ; next, power ; *now*, the power of doing good. I could see that pendulum swinging far out of the Transept into the future, rising there on

the arc of its noble tendency—out of the Abbey that used to be, into the Abbey that is about to be.

IV.

On a certain Sunday afternoon I was in the Abbey at a service which was unusually thronged on account of the announcement that a distinguished clergyman was expected to preach. The multitude not only filled the Choir, but deluged the Transepts. By the kindness of a verger—for they are sometimes discriminating—I was given one of the high and conspicuous seats underneath the oaken canopy which runs round the Choir. On such occasions everything is promiscuous in the Abbey. You are seated wherever you can be put, without regard to that distinction of sacredness or propriety of place which we on this side of the water are so careful to observe. You might possibly get among the choir-boys under great pressure, but the practical objection to this, if you do not sing, might preserve you from the embarrassment until the last moment. You are more than likely to find yourself sandwiched, despite your layman's dress, between two surpliced clergymen, or startled by the offer of a seat within the chancel-rails. There is always some one who is surprised into the honor of sitting cheek-by-jowl with the Dean himself.

As it happened, on this occasion, a Canon was on the left of me, and something suggestive of a cannon on the right of me, a military figure of a stern aspect, with an Iron-Duke nose, loaded to the muzzle with English reserve. It was a good half-hour before service-time, and I sat watching the gathering of the crowd, alert, as all strangers in a strange land are, to whatever was novel or peculiar to me. The pew in front of me, and on the step below, remained vacant for a while, when suddenly its expected occupants appeared—two elderly ladies, very plainly attired, who sidled quietly in, and a short, red-haired gentleman, with a broad, rather worn face, held back at an angle of twenty degrees from the usual human perpendicular, and with such an astounding air of self-importance in its quick movement from side to side, that he at once attracted my attention. Surely, I have seen this gentleman before. Yes, and I remember where. "Is not that the Duke of Argyll?" I whispered to the cannon on the right of me. But the grim muzzle remained pointed to the groined roof, solemnly awaiting the proper time for the "responses." The canon on the left of me, however, considerably answered, "Yes." And now I had a great gun in front of me.

The sight of him awoke one of my choicest reminiscences of seven years before, when, through the kindness of some unknown friend, whom I had picked up in the Parliament House, I had the gallery of the House of Lords all to myself during the part of one evening, and an usher sent up from below to point out and name the most distinguished in the coroneted assembly. The coronets were *hats*, of the prevailing style, and we all know with what a chimney-tile effect they surmount the brow. Here they well answered the patrician purpose of concealing any

facial indications of a capacity to warm up to anything. When, however, the debate set in, and "one fire burned out another's burning," and the fumes of speech were fairly started, each peer as he rose to speak removed his flue! This was done, apparently, to lessen the draught when the mouth was open, but it allowed some smoke as well as fire to gather round the question.

The whole spectacle of that peerless room is before me. At the opposite end the vacant golden Throne, symbol of a sovereignty that never dies, and is always present; in the middle of the floor, in front of it, the scarlet Wool-sack, and the uncomfortable-looking figure of the Lord Chancellor seated upon it—with his useless hands beside him, his horse-hair wig falling like a whole sheep-skin over his ears—in a waiting attitude, and with a wool-gathering aspect, for this symbol offered him no back to lean against, nor arms to rest upon. A perfect arrangement so far. A throne behind so exhaustively symbolic that it needed no occupant, and a seated personage before, so absolutely real that the sack he occupied was sufficiently so. Perhaps he was there, also, as a silent warning to the debaters "to return to their *motions*." In front of him again there was a scarlet-covered table, the original of that mythical "table" on which motions are "laid." On either side of this middle series were graded seats in scarlet leather, filled with the hatted peers.

Just as I am entering, the Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," is speaking on his side of the table. Earl Russell sits on the front bench opposite, with his hat jammed down over his eyebrows, shadowing his short, withered old face, but not hiding the gleam of his gray eyes, nor his look of intense attention. One head only among those seated on the benches is uncovered, and the owner of it is holding it high close beside Lord John.

Perhaps it was the apparent scorn of the custom; perhaps it was the exposed scorn on the brow; perhaps it was the flame of the red hair in the midst of all that black array of hats; perhaps because of its affinity in color with the prevailing royal hue—whatever it was—the head of the Duke of Argyll became the focal point of the spectacle to me. To be serious, it was more than this that so attracted my gaze to him. The haughty look and the air of self-consequence did not sit ill on a face of marked intellectual ability, full of lines which indicated, besides, not a little force and earnestness of character. This bearing, which has been so often noticed in him, was not a sign of weakness, but rather of the simplicity of a nature which was always open, frank, and direct, outspoken on all occasions, and not disposed to hide any manifestation of the fiery spirit which was ready to flash up inside of the transparency. To me it was an enjoyable face because so readable, and therefore paradoxically so amiable.

The title "Duke of Argyll" has a romantic and gallant touch about it. MacCallum More has a right pleasant smack of "claymore." "The Campbells are coming!" has rung in the Highlands for many a generation back, and now Windsor Castle is likely

to see as well as to hear a youthful inrush of the clan. The red head of two Argylls fell from the block long ago, and the greatest of the house, soldier and statesman in one, who had so much to do in bringing about the union of Scotland and England, in the last century, lies in his private vault among the Abbey kings, and his monument rears itself magnificently in Poets' Corner—

"Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

But the present duke has his own personal commendation besides—a nobly achieved and deserved reputation. He is a statesman on the "Liberal" side, an orator, a philosophic thinker, an author, a scholar, and at one time was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. When I passed out into the corridor, I noticed, in one of the historic frescoes which fill its great panels, the dark figure of a man stretched prone upon a pallet, in a prison-cell, with a cloak drawn over him. From under the Scotch bonnet flowed a single lock of red hair. It was "The Last Sleep of Argyll"—commemorating a noted incident before the heroic earl's execution. As I stopped to look at it, my mind went back to the living duke whom I had just left listening to the debate. There is an electric spark in the hereditary principle of the British system. I felt it leap as I touched, in the gleam of that lock of red hair, the historic correspondence between the ancestor and the descendant. Perhaps the tingle in my imagination was the more distinct because of the manifest descent, in this instance, of brain as well as of blood.

The American has learned to look first for personal, intrinsic worth, but he is still English enough to appreciate the grand decoration of hereditary rank when it is superadded to this. Indeed, the character appears all the finer for the surprise of such a setting. It is the finer because human nature, as a general thing, is weak enough to yield to the temptation of negligence and indifference when one is so fully appointed to take the world easily. The general respect for the present Duke of Argyll has been founded on the noble combination which he exhibits, of a man who has done his work like a commoner while feeling his consequence as a peer. He is, first of all, a *man*, and uses his position as a pedestal of duty, not as the total presentment of his manhood. But this obligation is felt by all the better class of British nobles. He is the more conspicuous as an instance of it only because unusually well equipped with the mental and moral qualities which bring honor and fame to any one.

The reader will now understand the interest with which I looked when I had this historic gentleman casting his haughty glances round within a yard of me. It will also be obvious why I now bear him in mind among my associations with the Abbey. If the dead Dickens had his relation to the men of letters interred here, and to literature as connected with it, the living Argyll, whom I had seen in his foremost place at the Council of State, and whom I knew to be engaged in so many other practical interests

and activities of the time, awoke in me a vivid consciousness of the Abbey's relation to the State, to that secular twin of the Church, in all British development, whose powerful impingement it had experienced from the beginning. It is outside my present purpose to speak further of that here, but you will see how suggestive he was then, and how available he is now in the way of reminiscence. Opposite to me, and full in his own sight, was the dead Parliament of Great Britain—mute, debateless, awaiting the last great adjournment. The statesmen lie in the North Transept. The statues, with which many of them have been honored, could be seen in the attitudes of the forum, over the heads of the intervening congregation. Thirty-five years after John Campbell, the "great Duke of Argyll," had been laid in his vault in the Royal Chapel, William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, was laid in the North Transept. Above his grave stands his effigy, "with eagle eye and outstretched arm," its character suggested by the animated figure of "Eloquence" on Roubiliac's monument to Argyll in the South Transept. Near him sleep Pitt and Fox, Mansfield and Follett, Grattan, Castlereagh, Wilberforce, Canning, and Palmerston. "In no other country do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space."

But the association did not end here. On my left, just outside the entrance into the Nave, between two monuments on either side of the door, correspondent in style and magnificence—one the cenotaph of the Earl of Stanhope, the other over the grave of Sir Isaac Newton—I could take, in mental perspective, the distinguished dead in science and philosophy, as I could invention and practical science between the commemorated Watt and the buried Stephenson, architecture between Taylor and Barry, chemistry and medicine between Davy and Hunter, music over the graves of Purcell and Handel, and the heroes of war on land and sea round the tombs of General Monk and Admiral Blake.

Certainly the pennon of Argyll is a brilliant gonfalon to-day, for, between himself with his many-sided culture and his gallant ancestors in the field, whom could I have come upon to signal better the whole crest and blazonry of the Abbey's glory?

But an incident occurred which took my thoughts off in another direction. Something was the matter with the duke. The Abbey air is chill: a man is on the brink of the grave there in more ways than one. The Abbey is a leveler; and it was evidently going to prove the duke human as well as noble, by drawing him into that undignified preliminary pirouette in the dance of death—a sneeze! The unmistakable symptoms succeeded each other in rapid succession, which showed that something had come "betwixt the wind and his nobility." The perfidious Albion air, in making a rush through the nasal passages of this Highland keep, had fallen upon the unguarded pituitary sensibilities within, a quick ingulfment had followed the irritating assault, and now came the question, to be decided without an instant's delay: Should the assailant be thrown violently out with the usual yell, or should it be agonizingly suf-

focated within? The Abbey roof is resonant, the Highland lungs are powerful, and the duke has never hesitated to raise his voice on occasion, but, "Hoo-rash-ho-o-o!" doubly, perhaps trebly repeated, in the temple of silence! in the hush before service, in the face of this multitude—by the Duke of Argyll! Never! The pibroch *now*? here? It must not be! O Scotland! remember past years; take not this invasion in dudgeon!

"I pray you, contain yourself, your grace! Edward, 'the Hammer of the Scots,' is yonder. *Pactum serva*. Hold hard, my noble duke! If once you yield, your gracious jaws will close with a snap, and your loyal head will threaten to fly off. Think of your unlucky ancestors before it is too late. *No-blesse oblige*. The vulgar will laugh, the gentle will stare, and all will be startled. Be more than mortal, and forbear."

A handkerchief, handled with consummate self-command, covered the ducal countenance a moment, as if most innocently and otherwise employed, the mysterious cartilage was pressed, a slight and noiseless convulsion followed, and the agony was over. The "Lord of the Isles" was himself again. A heathery purple, lingering upon the pale brow, was all that remained of the crisis. The public never suspected it. It was lost like a motion. It was squelched like a question from the "opposition." It has been kept, until now, like a secret of state.

I wish that this had happened to some other duke, for any one of the peerage would have done as well—a great deal better—for the suggestive use I made of him. Dismiss from your mind all of the Duke of Argyll but the duke, and then I shall feel less hesitation in recording it.

There was a time—happily, a time gone by—when the Abbey would have "taken snuff" in a different way, if a noble sneezed. Many a carved and gilded snuff-box (yclept a sepulchre) is to be found in its grand corners, which shows its ancient, aromatic taste and habit when the high and mighty of the land had sneezed their last, and made a noise and big funereal sensation in doing it. Then it was that their fragrant dust became the glory and joy of the monks. This fact of history cannot be ignored when the relics of such an occupation of these premises stand so thick. But why should it be ignored when it reveals by contrast the development of the present? There was a day when kings, courtiers, and nobles, who had scoffed at everything divine and holy in their lifetime, who had made these arches ring with the tumult of their pageants, and used this sacred place in a spirit of purest secularity, without a dream of rebuke, who, when the fires of their passions had flickered out at last, claimed its "privilege of sanctuary" for their bodies, and filled it with the rubbish of their bones. On this, its secular side, the Abbey turns out to have been like the world. Its highest honors were for the high-born. The freedom of its soil was open to the giddy, the gay, the vicious, if only the blood was purple and the hand golden. Burial in this consecrated ground was once the birthright of a certain class. The act

of discrimination that would exclude did not begin among them, but was exercised only when any below that class sought sepulture here.

That epoch has long passed; another has come, and another still is yet to come. Even now, so strong is the association of personal merit with "burial in Westminster Abbey," that when the gilded coffin of a noble is lowered into his ancestral vault, the questions are felt, if not asked, "Who is this? What has he done? What precious remains are these that they are to melt into this rich loam of honor and fame?" Genius now prevails where rank once prevailed. Such an advance as this is a bright prediction of a period when a higher standard still will erect itself in the popular heart—a standard not only of character, for that has in a measure come; not only of religion in its usual sense, for that already exists; but of that which is allied to the Abbey in a far profounder way, as she is essentially and prophetically allied to an order of Christianity hardly yet discerned or dreamed. The day is to dawn when the secular will give way entirely to the religious, in this grander

conception of religion; when the experience of the Abbey will be that the world has at last discovered the principle on which she was founded and for which she was reared; and when she will have discovered it more thoroughly and largely herself. The day will dawn when, behind statesmanship, as behind literature, a deeper humanity will be required; when behind science and philosophy a diviner motive will be looked for; when behind every practical agent of civilization a beneficent purpose will gather. As Chaucer rang in the poets, as Chatham rang in the statesmen, so Newton will have successors to come as yet only known to the stars, and Wilberforce a generation of philanthropists in the state and among the people only foreseen by the Founder of Christianity. To give *them* a place and to do them honor, will be the office and future of Westminster Abbey; still to be, as she has always been, the reflection of the time in which she lives, the gauge of the age which is rolling by her.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES.

MUST an actress be beautiful? Should she be beautiful?

Well, all other things being equal, perhaps she should be.

That rainbow-tinted thing which we call the drama includes beauty. No man in his senses would paint Rosalind or Viola otherwise than as beautiful.

And yet many a great actress has succeeded without the fatal gift. Charlotte Cushman was eminently plain. She referred to it in touching terms in her honorable old age as having been her shield, her armor, her castle of defense, from the temptations, the flatteries, the ruin, which so often beset and follow the beautiful. She needed no such armor: hers was a great soul, born to work, to climb, to resist. No primrose path would have satisfied her; but she was glad, when she was old, that she had not been beautiful.

Was she glad of it *when she was young*? Would not every woman be Helen of Troy if she could? Is any woman satisfied with plainness? And yet it is the plain women who have the fortunate lives, who are loved on to the end, who sit at the head of the board! It is, alas! too often the beautiful who are unfortunate. But if we have begun with a hint at one successful actress who was plain—and we might swell the list indefinitely—how many have left the record of their loveliness on the pages of histrionic history! There was Mrs. Betterton, the first regular actress of the English stage, a pretty, gentle, light-haired creature, the reminiscences of whose acting Lady Macbeth perhaps inspired Mrs. Siddons's famous critique of that heroine, that she should be small, gentle, fair—a contrast in person to her mon-

strous crime, a great, wicked soul in a delicate body.

It is a strange circumstance that Shakespeare, who drew Perdita and Rosalind, never saw a woman on the stage. Even after the Restoration, boys played women's parts; and Kynaston, a famous, beautiful youth, was carried around by the gay ladies of Charles's court in his female dress in their carriages—a precious fact for the Puritans, of which they made much. They spoke with scorn of "those actresses who had to be shaved before they acted."

Mrs. Betterton played five-and-forty years—not beautiful all the time, one must imagine. Cibber speaks of her with great respect and praise. She had the honor to teach Queen Anne the part of Lemandra, in "Mithridates," which she acted in King Charles's time. One is glad to hear that the queen gave her a pension in her old age.

"The sweet-featured Mrs. Boutelle" was a popular actress from 1663 to 1696. She was particularly admired in *Aspasia*, in "The Maid's Tragedy." She was the original *Statica* in "The Rival Queens, or *Alexandra*." Her beauty made her so unpopular in the greenroom that her rival actress, Mrs. Barry, far more clever, but not so beautiful, tried to stab her; but the dagger was fortunately a blunt one, and Mrs. Boutelle's corset was a corselet.

Mrs. Barry was not deficient in attractions. She had the good (or evil) fortune to win the favor of the infamous Lord Rochester when her professional fame was at its height. Dryden praises her nobly, and Colley Cibber supplements his good opinion.

But a contemporary says of her: "With all her enchantment, this fine creature was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side, which she

strove to draw the other way, and at times composing her face as if to have her picture drawn. She was middle-sized, had darkish hair, light eyes, and was indifferent plump. She filled the stage with a variety of action, yet she could not sing nor dance—no, not even in a country-dance."

What a capital pen-and-ink picture that is! We see Mrs. Barry as she lived, even to her being "*indifferent plump*."

Poor woman! she had a death more tragic than any she had portrayed. She died of hydrophobia, from the bite of a favorite lapdog.

Then came Anne Bracegirdle, whose very name is a suggestion of beauty and grace. She was the London toast for twenty years. It was the fashion to have a *tendre* for Mrs. Bracegirdle, and she, too, was the heroine of a real tragedy. The infamous Lord Mohun tried to carry her off at night, and in so doing killed her friend and fellow-actor Mountford, a quiet man, who was going home to his own wife and children after his work—one of the many miserable anecdotes which bring before us the violence and brutality of that period of English history, the middle of the last century, of which Thackeray has left so strong a picture.

But now we come to one of the most beautiful women who ever trod the English stage—Anne Oldfield. She was "tallish in stature, beautiful in action and aspect, and she always looked like one of those principal figures in the finest paintings that first seize and longest delight the eye of the spectator. Even indifferent prints of her give us a conception of those large, speaking eyes, which she half shut with so much archness in comedy, and of the graceful features and spirited mien that could put life in tragedy, even into Thomson's 'Sophonisba.'"

Thanks, Colley Cibber, for that picture! Anne Oldfield stands before us in all her comic grace, her remarkable beauty, her spring-tide loveliness.

Pope admired her dead and alive—he hated her because she was the friend of Colley Cibber, who had ridiculed him. Pope was a poor creature, always fighting with women; yet he could write "The Rape of the Lock." There is a print of Mrs. Oldfield (probably by Bartolozzi) in red sepia, which is exquisite. It represents her as a nymph carrying an antique vase. She has vine-leaves in her sweet, curling, luxuriant hair. It is the very apotheosis of Anglo-Saxon loveliness; it is so pretty one would fain catch that flying scarf, and kiss the very hem of her garments—yes, it is even romantically beautiful!

She had feeling and intellect, too. She played until she died, tortured by a cruel disease. Poor thing! The tears of suffering washed the rouge from her cheek often and often. She had that virtue so common to her profession, a heart open as day to melting charity. To the poet Savage, the most unfortunate creature who ever lived, she gave an annuity of fifty pounds a year, that he might pursue his studies and his poetry undisturbed. After her death, the whole British public was convulsed for a like sum, but in vain.

Anna Maria Graham, afterward Mrs. Yates, was famous for statuesque and dignified beauty, somewhat monotonous, but very Greek. She was, of course, a superb Medea, and William Godwin remembered, after sixty years, seeing her play with Garrick as Violante in the "Wonder." He describes her gradual condescension, her tardy but brilliant smile, as she finally yields to her lover's attempts to soothe her, as "something lovely and irresistible."

Peg Woffington's beauty has seized so forcibly a belated admirer, Charles Reade, that we can add little to his vigorous description. Like the hero of Théophile Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy," who went back ten centuries to love a poor Egyptian girl, whose coffee-colored cerements he kept in a sarcophagus, Reade seems to be in love with poor Peg, who passed away long before he was born.

But after these beautiful women there came upon the stage a beauty greater than any of them. Sarah Siddons was incomparable. Her first painter told her that she was like an antique sculpture of Ariadne. She was taken by surprise, and began to say: "Yes! it is very like—" but stopped herself and said, "It is very beautiful." They spoke of her "gorgeous affliction." Even weeping did not touch that perfect nose with its unbecoming rouge. She could writhen, frown, fume, weep, die, and still be beautiful. She could command her eye to take on the sad, vacant oblivion which has carried consternation to our hearts. She could send them into the next world with all their terrible introspection painted on the iris. And then in Desdemona her "beauty sweetened tragedy." But she was handsome every day. In the National Academy she is charmingly beautiful in a modern way—in a Gainsborough bust—dressed in striped silk, with a little muff in her hand. Lady Dudley had the dress copied by Worth—it is almost exactly the gown of to-day.

It would be pleasant, were it not so old a story, to tell again that record of blameless life, abounding genius, common-sense, piety, simplicity, and prudence, which accompanied this beautiful actress, but it is too well known to us all.

She was not arch; she could not play Rosalind. Humor was left out. Those delicious women—I use the word advisedly—those delicious women around whose loveliness plays the sheet-lightning of wit, playfulness, archness, mischief, or, to use the prettier French word, *espiglerie*—these were left out of her *répertoire*.

But if she could not play Rosalind, Mrs. Jordan could! Yes! so that Rosalind herself would have approved; so that Shakespeare himself would have gone behind the scenes to kiss her! So said her admirers.

Mrs. Jordan was a famous, laughing beauty; her laugh, indeed, rings in the corridors still—it is embalmed in a thousand memoirs. She had the misfortune to become the unacknowledged wife of a royal duke; and, in a union of twenty years, to show all the royal virtues, while her titled spouse showed all the plebeian meannesses, allowing her to pay his

debts—a pitiable story. This lovely and romping Mrs. Jordan, who could laugh so well, had much occasion to weep, poor thing; the grandeur of her *liaison* brought her little happiness, dignity, or honor.

When the light of a great genius shines through a beautiful woman, it is like that which falls through a richly-stained window; it glows with a thousand bright tints which even the author did not foresee. To have witnessed Mrs. Siddons's Portia might again have called back William Shakespeare to the theatre! Godwin praises in it "her demure and queen-like smile!" A charming expression.

By-the-way, what a precious word "demure" is! It is one of the few words which are pictures. Washington Irving is very fond of it. In his "Tales of the Alhambra," every one will remember his account of the "demure" damsel who fed the doves.

By the use of it, Godwin puts before us that delightful woman, Portia, keeping her wit for her own delectation. When her smile *did* come, it was an individual and a flattering compliment.

Now to cross the Channel—now to see that "reign of women and courtiers!"

While Louis XV. was enacting the farce of royalty, who played for him the real business of the piece; who was that theatrical queen, who had all the courtiers, all the diamonds, all the fame, "all of the court, except a tedious king?"

Whom do we find, almost the contemporary of Bracegirdle, but Mademoiselle *Clairon*—Claire Hippolyte Leyris de la Tude, born at Condé, in Hainault, and making her *début* at the Comédie Française, or, as she called it, "her entrance into the universe?"

She played first in "Les Folies Amoureuses," a significant title. She played *that* all her life. She was a beautiful, majestic, haughty, grand creature on the stage. Some one called her "Melpomene carved by Phidias." Off the stage, she was Venus Anadyomene—both beautiful and pretty. Garrick came to Paris on purpose to see her play in "Cinna." Once, at Lille, she "played for the good pleasure of the King of England," established at Ghent during the war in Flanders. She conquered her dear friends, the enemy. A noble commander of the British army, having ten thousand men under his command, offered her marriage. She should become one of the most splendid ladies of the county of Gloucester. She refused him with scorn. "I am not my own mistress," said the stage beauty. "I belong to my profession, my country! I am quite willing to be loved in a palace, but I *must* be loved on the stage!"

Poor grasshopper! did she remember this when she was darning her gowns in her old age, forgotten, poor, and miserable?

It was she who repeated the fable—

"La cigale ayant chanté
Tout l'été"—

and declared that the grasshopper was right. It would have killed her to have given up the triumphs of the theatre—a pleasure, a conquest, and a *fiat*, every

evening—for the gloomy respectability, the formal grandeur of that castle in Gloucestershire! And no wonder! She appeared once as Venus in the opera of "Hesione." Although a poor musician, her beauty carried her triumphantly through. People had the sense to applaud beauty. "After," as she says, "paying a visit to the Opéra," she was engaged at the Comédie Française to play the highest tragic parts, on condition that she would play and sing in the after-pieces! The public went prepared to hiss her tragedy—they remained to weep over the greatest of Phædras. "How grand she is! how beautiful she is!" resounded all through the house. Clairon was a true artist; she adored genius, and understood it. She hired Racine's house, that the walls might shed down their inspiration upon her, and there she lived many years. Among her admirers she numbered Marmontel, Voltaire, Diderot, and every great name in France. She was insolent, as became her rank. "Who is Madame de Pompadour?" said she. "She owes her royalty to chance! I owe mine to my genius!" A proud, peremptory, imperial speech. She was perfectly at her ease in the best society, to which she was freely admitted.

A Russian princess asked her what she most wished.

"My portrait, painted by Vanloo," said she. The genius, the beauty, and the artist, spoke then.

Louis XV. came to see this portrait.

"You are happy," said he, to the artist, "in having such a face to paint; let me order the frame. Moreover, I wish the portrait engraved."

The frame cost five thousand livres, the engraving ten thousand. This was fame.

But this blazing comet was about to descend. She quarreled with a journalist named Fréron. She refused to play at the order of that king—*King Pit*, the many-headed king, whom no actor is great enough to offend. They cried out, as she remained obdurate, and they grew exasperated, "Clairon to the Hospital!"

She converted, temporarily, her disgrace into a triumph. The king, and the gentlemen of the chamber, entreated her to return. A splendid array of carriages blocked the way to her door. But the true daughter of her art said:

"It is not the king who can call me back to a theatre where he does not himself go. It is the public. I await the order of the public."

She was right. Her sovereign was the Pit. She delayed, and delays are dangerous. Two other queens arose who gained the favor of this capricious monarch. They were Dubois and Rancourt. Mademoiselle Clairon declared that she was ill. She must go and see her physician. She needed medical treatment. She suffered.

"Yes," said a discarded lover, "she is going to see Voltaire, the physician of diseased reputations."

She died hard, the poor, deluded grasshopper! After leaving the stage she studied natural history with Buffon. She gathered herbs, she supped in good company, she lived in splendor, she was still a beauty. She sold her pictures, her diamonds, her

herbarium, and thought of retiring to a convent, that last infirmity of discontent. She was going to sell her portrait by Vanloo; she was offered a thousand louis for it; but, with a touch of the old magnificence, she did not sell it, she gave it away, and to a man who never looked at it.

Then followed a strange episode. She took up, at the court of the Margrave of Anspach-Baireuth, the rôle of Pompadour in that of Louis XV. She was actually minister to this small sovereign. For seventeen years she ruled this miniature kingdom, but what were her amusements? To look at the journals of Paris, poor thing! and to see if Mademoiselle Clairon were remembered, and to find, alas! that she was never mentioned.

She gave up the margrave, or he gave up her, after seventeen years, and she returned to Paris, as she says in her memoirs, to seek a king. "It was 1793—there was no longer any king. Crushed and dying, I sought a convent—there was no longer any God! I had left money securely invested in Paris in good mortgages—there was no longer money or mortgages."

She fell into profound and desolate misery, but was spirited in adversity. One friend, an old lover, came to see her. She would not see him. "The memory of me is better than myself," said the clever woman.

"Actresses who die pious approach the shore with their backs toward it," said a wicked French wit. Mademoiselle Clairon preferred to die a philosopher, saying that she dared not offer to God a heart which had been profaned by every human and wicked passion. It was a pagan reason; she did not know that God would forgive everything to the penitent and humbled heart. But there was a sort of wild honor in the thought of disdaining to offer to the Deity anything but the best, which has its meritorious side; we cannot but admire scruples.

Mademoiselle de Camargo was another of these brilliant beauties. She appeared at the Opéra in Paris on the 5th of May, 1726, as a dancer. She was so much the rage that all the fashions took their name from her—"hair à la Camargo," "dresses à la Camargo," "sleeves à la Camargo." Her face was transcendently beautiful. One may see it to-day in the Louvre, painted by Lancret, a dark, brilliant Spanish complexion, and eyes of superb size and lustre. She retired at forty; and, forgetting all her thousand loves, cherished the memory of one man—that of Monsieur de Martelle, who had eloped with her when she was seventeen. He left her to go to the wars, and never returned.

Had he returned, would she have loved him so long? Probably not.

It was at length announced that Mademoiselle de Camargo was dead, and that she died a good Catholic.

"Is it possible?" said a daily paper; "we supposed that she had been dead twenty years." When she retired, and ceased to amuse the public, for them she died. Mademoiselle Guimard was another superb beauty, who danced at the Opéra in those days.

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She was a prodigal, but in the cause of charity. During the winter of 1768, a very cold winter, she took a large sum of money in her pocket, and, without counting it, she set out alone for the garrets. In all that she visited she left bread and the means of keeping warm. She built a palace and a church. She is said to have ruined a hundred marquises and one farmer of the revenue; but, like Robin Hood, she took from the rich to give to the poor.

Let us hope that charity in her case covered a multitude of sins.

For her suppers, the most wonderful in Paris, she was destined to be immortalized in all the memoirs. She gave three a week—one to the great lords of the court, another to poets, artists, and *savants*, the third to her fellow actors and actresses. Philosophers, wits, people of talent, and great noble names of France, all crowded around her. The elegance of her taste, her unparalleled luxury, have passed into a proverb.

Then came the crash.

"I only want four hundred thousand livres to appease a few of my creditors," said she.

It came and went. Again she only wanted one hundred thousand livres. They drove up in a carriage. The Prince de Soubise was her very humble slave. He gave her the right of chase for herself and her friends in the king's hunting-grounds. She had herself painted as "Diana the Huntress," and nobody smiled. Truly an instance of French politeness. In the midst of this dissolute career this extraordinary queen, whose retinue was the laughing troupe of human follies, found time for one sincere passion. She fell in love with a poor officer of fortune, who played comic parts at her theatre. He was a handsome and romantic-looking person, with a noble and spirited head. Poor fellow! her love was his ruin; for one of her noble adorers, finding that she loved him, killed the comic actor. She wept for him passionately, and rewarded the noble murderer with her frowns and displeasure. "It was not *you* that I loved," said she, "it was *he*; you had neither his voice, his eyes, nor his smile." And all this to a prince!

The year 1780 found Mademoiselle Guimard forgotten by the public who had worshiped her—she who had once so ruled the hour; she who had presided at the toilet of a queen—for Marie Antoinette had just then raised the intoxicating cup to her lip, in whose dregs lay a scaffold. Guimard's beauty, Guimard's dresses, Guimard's smile, won the queen. When she came to the palace she became president of the toilet councils. The Princess de Chimay, the Countess de Ossun, and the Marchioness de la Roche-Aymon, held the pin-cushion, while the dancer dressed the queen. It was she who placed those roses on her bodice, which became her youthful bloom more than the court diamonds. She forgotten! That Guimard who had had Fragonard for her painter in ordinary! We can see now, in an old palace, those doors which he covered with his freshest colors, his most graceful designs. Everywhere Terpsichore dances to fascinating music over flowers. The birds carol for her;

they make her orchestra; and the stars and sunbeams quarrel as to which shall be foot-lights: and Terpsichore was Guimard!

Fragonard had the folly to fall in love with her, and to attempt to paint her smile—he, the moth, fluttered too near the candle. He was dismissed before the smile was finished. She looked about for some delicate and coquettish pencil, and summoned Greuze; but Greuze was in love with somebody else, and would not come. She chose a pupil of Boucher, who finished the smile.

Fragonard wandered into the garden when the house was empty, and thence into the painting-room. There was the beloved portrait, the painter's palette and brushes near it. The dancer and her artist had gone out driving. Fragonard took the brushes, effaced the smile, and painted the wrath of Medusa over that beaming face.

He had scarcely time to make his escape before he heard the sound of carriages. Guimard had returned with the Marquis de Bièvres, Sophie Arnould, and a troop of friends.

"What is this?" said she, in dismay. "I left it smiling—it was like Terpsichore, it was like a goddess; and now—"

"It is like the original!" said Sophie Arnould.

Yes, she lived to be forgotten, and married in her old age a humble professor of dancing. Let us hope that Heaven, remembering her many charities to the poor (for a kind heart beat in that faulty bosom), gave her some hours of sincere happiness on earth, and forgave her her sins when she died.

It is impossible to turn over the old memoirs, from which I have stolen these stray fragments, without meeting often the name of Sophie Arnould, the famous wit, beauty, and great singer. She had a unique reputation, a unique fortune. Madame de Pompadour brought her out. She was fortunate in her teachers, for the great Mademoiselle Fel taught her singing, and Mademoiselle Clairon gave her lessons in acting.

One of her biographers says of her: "Never did a nightingale shake out of her throat so many pearls, never did its song of spring-tide penetrate the grove with more freshness—it was the dew of the morning which glistens in the sun's rays!"

She had a religious mother, who tried to make her sing requiems. The Princess of Modena heard her at this stage of her development, and said to her, "My beauty, you sing like an angel, but you have more genius than an angel!"

It was an unfortunate remark, and opened for Sophie the doors of the opera-house. The mother made a feeble resistance; but the king told her she owed that voice to France.

"I was bound to go to his Satanic majesty," she said, later—"he never foregoes his rights.

The king commanded that she be conducted to the Opéra. So many tried to gain admittance that Fréron said, "I wonder whether people will give themselves so much trouble to enter paradise?"

She was a great wit, this Sophie Arnould. She made the best epigrams of the Revolution; yet, in

the midst of her most brilliant conquests, she was seized with an *ennui*. She went to the country; she kept cows and sheep; she made butter and cheese; she tried, as every uneasy heart has done before and since, to see if Nature has hidden contentment amid her herbs, under her green peas, amid her red clover.

She became a penitent, and joined the order of the Franciscans. She was mobbed by the *sans-culottes* of Luzarches, who supposed her to be a nun, and only saved herself by showing them a bust of herself as Iphigenia draped with a scarf, which they took for a bust of Marat. "She is a good citizen-woman!" said these critics, as they retired. She lost everything—grew hungry, cold, penniless. At length she became so wretched that her hair-dresser lodged her in his garret, and shared his crust with her.

But to her afterward came a piece of good fortune. Fouché had been one of her admirers. To him she went in disguise, with pretended secrets of state to reveal. He recognized her, sympathized with her, and gave her a pension of twenty-four hundred livres. On this she lived and said clever things. Beaumarchais was one of her adorers.

It would be impossible to translate her wit. Who can translate French wit? It was quick, gay, free, original, sharp—what they call the "wit after the wine."

Mademoiselle Guimard wrote her a letter full of feminine malice.

"You have committed the seven capital sins seven times a day," said Guimard.

"Indeed!" said Sophie. "Then I double you."

It was she who said:

"When women meddle with genius the kingdom is in danger."

An old man, who had lost his memory somewhat, said to her:

"The saddest of all things is to forget."

"I don't know that," said Sophie. "I think I am most grieved when I remember."

Something in her wit touches the heart: it makes one wish that she had been a better woman, instead of a queen of pandemonium. But in her unholy court she shone with a splendid brilliancy. She was compared to Sappho. The poets of those days praised her fluency, her grace of style. The philosophers and Academicians met at her suppers. She was accused of stealing her wit from them, but they were proud to acknowledge that their wit came from her.

She was true to her art, and sang at the Opéra, always well. Garrick says of her that she was the only opera-singer who pleased his eyes and moved his heart.

After all her changes from grave to gay, from lively to severe, she had still an income of thirty thousand francs a year, and might have lived on without having to appeal to her hair-dresser; but a most respectable lawyer cheated her out of this, and she became terribly poor. She was witty still.

"My only connection with respectability has been unfortunate," said she. "I will go to my hair-dresser

in the Rue de Petit-Lion—with him I can talk of better times."

We have seen that Fouché came to her rescue, and made her later years comfortable. But one grim sentinel waited for her, who would hear of no reprieve.

When Death approached, and she confessed to the *curé* of St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois, as she was about to die, she uttered her last *mot*.

"My poor woman," said he, "how unhappy you have been! what misery you have passed through!"

"Ah," said she, shedding a few natural tears, "those were good times, those times when I was so miserable!"

It is pleasant, after these rather blurred pictures, to recross the Channel, and to catch a glimpse of the familiar and lovely picture of Miss O'Neill.

It was my good fortune when in England to hear some anecdotes of this well-known woman from an old Irish nobleman who admired her all her life—some, perhaps, which may not be known to everybody. He spoke of her beauty, and said that her great black eyes were tender and melting; her complexion, bearing the bloom of her native land, preserved its freshness to a late day; her beautiful, plaintive mouth expressed sadness, which all men desired to chase away. Her figure was so graceful and elegant that it became any costume, and her hand (not infrequently an Irish beauty) was slender, long, delicate, and perfectly shaped, as white as a lily without and as red as a rose within.

After a brief and unexampled career of dramatic popularity, this beautiful creature married Mr. Becher (afterward Sir Thomas Becher), and took her place in the British aristocracy, where she was always admired and respected.

She had earned twelve thousand pounds by her industry: she gave it all to her needy relatives. The breath of slander never visited her fair cheek; she

escaped the contamination which almost unavoidably accompanies the publicity of the life of a beautiful actress. She showed, as many another woman has done, that goodness, purity, and virtue, can stand the glare of the foot-lights, and that the well-known virtues of most beautiful actresses which are so often bright, nay, splendid—instances of noble self-devotion, undaunted perseverance, a high sense of duty to their relatives, a charity which shames that of the prosperous daughters of guarded homes—may be supplemented by that last and crowning virtue: an indifference to admiration, and a strength to resist the voice of flattery.

One of Lady Becher's repartees was much admired by her particular friend, the witty Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. She very much praised an impromptu of his, which he wrote at the request of a certain nobleman, who had incorporated into a chimney-piece two marble pheasants from the hand of Chantrey. The sculptor shot them first and carved them afterward. On being asked for an appropriate legend for these birds, the clever bishop gave this impromptu:

"Life and Death in mystic lot
Gave you to the feathered band;
Death, from thine unerring shot;
Life, from thine immortal hand!"

While praising these lines to him, he turned to her and said:

"Why, dear Lady Becher, does your late profession succeed better than mine? You could always draw a crowd; we often drive them away. We both try to move men and women: and you succeed!"

"Ah! my dear lord bishop," said she, "we appeal to the feelings first and then to the morals. We take our birds alive; do not you accept the marble birds first, and then strive to reanimate them—to give them back 'the wild freshness of morning?' We appeal to the feelings, and the moral follows!"

A YEAR AGO.

WE trod the clover-blossoms under foot
Beneath the hawthorn's scented summer snow,
We breathed the spicy air of balmy June
A year ago.

We stood, hand-clasped, beneath the orchid-boughs,
While twilight silvered the soft, whispering wave;
We watched the falling stars of summer nights
A year ago.

We saw the winter sunrise flush the skies
And brighten all the crystal fairy-land;
We saw the crimson sunset stain the snow
A year ago.

We saw the stars in winter splendor burn,
While a pale crescent trembled in the west;
And all the northern heavens were shot with fire
A year ago.

I walk the sodden autumn ways alone,
While yellowing leaves fall sadly. Are they those
Which robed with rose and gold the waving woods
A year ago?

I stand alone beneath the leaden skies,
Beside the sullen waves. Did their blue depths
And shining ripples give back mirth for mirth
A year ago?

Is Nature changed? or is the change in me?
Or is all change summed in that word "alone?"
Or that dead past whose requiem is the moan,
A year ago?

A year ago we faced the coming years
Together—hoping—loving. I remain,
Remembering love that ended, hope that died,
A year ago!

OTSEGO LEAVES.

II.

THE BIRD MEDIÆVAL.

HERE and there, in looking over old records or family legends of colonial years, the mediæval period of American story, we gather glimpses of bird-life, somewhat dim and indistinct, perhaps, yet sufficiently clear to have a degree of interest. We seem to hear the far-away flapping of wings, the echo of song; we have a vision, as it were, of the winged creatures flitting to and fro about the homes of the early colonists.

The Dutch were a race not unkindly in household life. Most of the country-homes of the Dutch colonists, whether your manor-house of some importance or the rude farmhouse of the yeoman, were peopled with merry black faces in-doors, while without, porch, garden, and yard, were favorite gathering-places for birds of many feathers. The negroes were great allies of the birds. Many were the ingenious devices of their own contrivance for enticing the little creatures to build about the dwelling which was their own home as well as that of their masters.

One pleasant afternoon in the later days of April, of a year far away, the huge doors of a large barn, not far from the bank of the Upper Hudson, stood open to their greatest width. It was a barn of which we have the actual measurement, more than a hundred feet long and sixty feet in breadth, the great doors being in the gable-end toward the river. An odd medley of sounds came through those great doors: voices old and young were chattering in broad negro Dutch—a gibberish somewhat harsh in itself, and yet softened by an unctuous slipping over of consonants, and spoken by voices untrained, but naturally musical. This was a holiday evening. It was Paas-week—Easter-tide. Paas was a grand holiday with the Dutch negroes. There had been a feast in the great barn at the Flats earlier in the day, and now the last of the rustic wreaths and rude benches were being carried away, and things set to rights again. Two negro matrons, of ample size, somewhat past middle age, were there directing matters, their heads covered with the bright kerchiefs in which the race delight, their broad figures and round faces now wearing an aspect of no little authority. Dianamat and Mariamat were, indeed, the queens of the kitchen, and that in good, patriarchal right, for, with one exception, they were mothers and grandmothers of the negro flock which made up the household, the solitary exception being an old, white-headed negro, "Uncle Cobus," formerly the factotum, now an abdicated dignitary. The sable dames were dowagers of no little importance. They knew the world. Had they not seen savage life in Africa in their early girlhood? And who, pray, should know so well the fashions of high burgher life in the great city of "All-bonny?"—a city, mind you, boasting two streets of some length, a fort, a Dutch and an English church,

a wharf, and a fleet of a dozen sloops making weekly voyages to New York. Had they not cooked grand wedding-feasts and caudle-feasts, and, though last not least, funeral-feasts, in one of the stateliest homes in that renowned city for nearly half a century? These two great personages were allies, and yet rivals—a state of things by no means peculiar to a Dutch kitchen. They were close allies, with what they considered a Holy Alliance, where the interest or dignity of master or mistress was concerned. They were scolding rivals where the individual interest or dignity of child, grandchild, great-grand-baby, or favorite cow, or pet pig, was even remotely aimed at. On this particular afternoon, however, there was holiday harmony, *entente cordiale*, between these dusky dignitaries. The clearing of the barn, the picking up of any stray wooden platter, or horn spoon, or gourd dipper, this was the common aim of both; their stalwart sons, meanwhile, were carrying away rude benches and tables on their backs, and a troop of rollicking children were at wild and noisy gambols among the faded wreaths and blossoms. The vast, shadowy hay-loft above was nearly empty at that season, and the wealth of grain—wheat, rye, oats—which had filled the enormous chests below, had dwindled away under the demand for winter food and fodder. Now and then a hen would come out of the hay above and cackle over a newly-laid egg, or a cock perched on a bare pole gave a ringing brow of defiance to the fowls below, turkeys, ducks, and other poultry, who were picking up stray grains of oat, and wheat, and maize, or crumbs from the feast. There was a long row of stalls on each side of the broad barn-floor, telling of rich herds; in winter those stalls were filled with cows, oxen, and horses, their heads all turned toward the great thrashing-floor, but they were now mostly empty. Several cows, with young calves, were standing, or lying, in the stalls on either side; a couple of oxen were lazily chewing the cud of holiday idleness; and a lame horse was soberly taking his supper, apparently indifferent to the negro urchin perched on his back.

Wolf, when a half-grown colt, had once been attacked in a forest-pasture by a couple of wolves: one he kicked in the head and stunned; the other pursued him in hot chase through several fields into the very barn-yard, where the creature was killed with pitchforks. From that day the colt, a fine animal, bore the name of his enemy, and became, a year or two later, a favorite saddle-horse of the colonel. He was also often used for the carriage of madam. Now, Wolf was a very proud creature. He scorned the plough and the cart. Though docile as a saddle-horse, and taking pleasure apparently in being driven in his mistress's service, he became very unmanageable if he was brought out for work on the farm. He was

very observant, and he was cunning, too. Whenever he saw Wout, or Tyte, or Brom, drawing the cart or plough into the foreground, and discovered that he was expected to do his share of work, he forthwith took to his heels, and generally succeeded in making his escape for the day. There was a large, half wild island in the river, directly opposite the mansion-house, and this became a favorite refuge of Wolf in summer-time; whenever he shrewdly suspected that he would be needed in ploughing or harvesting, he would leap over the gates, rush into the river, and swim across to the island. There he had everything his own way—literally in clover the live-long day. If he saw a boat coming after him, he would wait saucily until it neared the shore, and then, kicking up his heels in defiance, he would dash into the thicket, and lead his followers such a chase that they were glad to give up the pursuit and return defeated to the barn-yard. Toward sunset cunning Wolf would take a reconnaissance of the state of things on the opposite bank: when he saw that the field-work, and horses of more humble spirit, with the carts he hated, were moving homeward, he would very coolly swim across the river again and walk into the barn-yard, with a very hypocritical air, asking mutely for his share of oats. He had recently been slightly lamed, and remained in the stall this pleasant spring evening, receiving no little attention meanwhile from old and young. He was a sort of hero with the negroes, but, then, every four-footed animal on the farm was the pet of some one of the black people. Every creature had his especial friend and champion, and wonderful were the stories they told of their favorites.

Now, with the animals, and the rollicking children, and the bustling women, and the cackling poultry, the great barn was full of rustic life and stir. And, good reader, amid all this movement, above all, mingling with all, were the birds. Swallows were there by the half-hundred, whirling, rising, falling, with the wonderful flight natural to them, free and full of power, easy, graceful, noiseless. While seemingly at idle play, weaving airy dances, the pretty creatures were, in fact, busily at work building their odd, uncouth nests of mud, so rude in aspect, so cunningly fashioned. To look at one of those mud-nests, who could believe that it was to become the cradle of a creature so purely aerial as the swallow? Seventy of those brown nests, many old, others new, and still unfinished, might have been counted clinging to the vast, sloping roof, or clustering on the beams. In and out through the great doors, in and out through smaller openings, high over the roof without, low over the broad river beyond, in shadow and sunshine, now grazing the heads of the noisy negroes, now gliding over the quiet cattle in the stalls, now whirling among the doves and martins, which also haunted that vast, hospitable barn-roof, were the sprite-like swallow-people. Yes, the great barn was full of merry, cheery life, in which the negroes, old and young, filled the largest space, no doubt, but in which the birds far outnumbered them.

There was one quiet corner, however. Yonder on the floor sat a white-headed old negro, intent, apparently, on some small task of his own. What this quiet task was we shall see presently: it concerned the birds. Uncle Cobus, now an old man, was one of the dignitaries of the Flats. In his youth he had been a sort of genius, a clever Jack-of-all-trades, making canoes and paddles and nets; mending wheels and yokes; managing the fishing; working the cider-mill; breaking wild horses, and shoeing the tame ones; raising tobacco; raising flax and hemp, and moreover spinning both. But now Uncle Cobus was old; he potted about the garden and poultry-yard in summer-time, and in winter sat in the warm kitchen, spinning, or cobbling old shoes for the household.

Presently, while Cobus was still at his task, those dignified personages, the heads of the family, colonel and madam, appeared at the barn-door—a tall and very stately couple they were, the gentleman elderly, erect, and slender, the lady middle-aged, tall, and stout. The colonel wore a sort of imitation of the costume in favor ten years earlier among men of his class in England—an imitation marked in many of its details by touches not only provincial but somewhat rustic. Madam was clad in garments chiefly of the finest homespun material, though the mantua of black silk had come from beyond the sea a dozen years earlier. On her head was a green-silk calash. There was little, indeed, of fashion about the cutting and trimming, but the dress was worn with a simple, womanly ease and dignity, which many a bedizened, overloaded fine lady of the present day might have envied. Two pretty little girls, near relatives and adopted children, accompanied the lady and gentleman, prattling together in Dutch. Their clothing was precisely like that of the negro children in the barn—homespun in fabric, but finer in quality and neater in condition. To modern eyes they would have looked like two little old women, full of fun and play. Each wore, with an air of mischief, a large, battered man's hat.

The colonel and madam had come to see Wolf, and they had also come to see a hawk of unusual size killed a day or two earlier. Wolf was visited, caressed, and fed with maple-sugar, by the little girls. The cows, calves, and oxen, all received their share of kindly attention. And then came the turn of the hawk.

"What have you done with your hawk, Wout?" asked the colonel—in Dutch, of course—speaking to the stout negro in Wolf's stall.

"Nailed him up on the door of the poultry-house," was Wout's reply. Would master like to see him?—the biggest hawk that had been killed on the farm for ten years; the same old rascal who had carried off so many chickens and ducklings and turkey-poults—they knew him by his bigness. He was so cunning and so swift of wing that, until now, he had escaped unhurt, though shot at twenty times.

Wout, you see, was not a little proud of his feat as a marksman.

Yes, the colonel and madam wished to see this

famous hawk; and they moved toward the poultry-yard at their usual leisurely, dignified pace—a large following of chattering negroes of all sizes at their heels. That yard, in the rear of the kitchen, was oddly peopled. The various pets of the negroes were living there in rude cages—two or three squirrels, a musk-rat, a tame beaver, and, what was considered its chief ornament, a young bear's cub, daintily fed on honey and fruits whenever those could be obtained. These pets from the wilderness were all very important members of the household, a great delight to their different owners. There were a number of birds, in cages also, housed in winter, but now hanging out in the spring sunshine; all were native birds—crow, robin, a couple of yellow-birds, bluebird, and red-winged blackbird. And yonder, on the farther side of the yard, nailed to the door of the poultry-yard, with outstretched wings, was the hawk. It was, indeed, a large bird, about four feet in breadth from one wing-tip to the other, and some twenty-two inches in length. This same white-breasted hawk had carried off a hen from the poultry-yard a month earlier—a hen whose young chicks had to be brought up under the wing of Dianamat instead of the maternal feathers.

It was still what might be called early spring in that region in the first days of April. The return of the birds of passage was always closely watched by the negroes, after the long, silent winter, and that interest was still at its height. Many black hands had been busy of late preparing accommodations for the winged people. The sheds and the rear of the kitchen were well garnished with a quaint array of old hats, these being considered as especially tempting lodgings for the birds. In a trice, madam's little *protégées* were bareheaded, and the two old battered, mouse-nibbled, moth-eaten hats they had discovered in the garret were nailed up by Wout for the service of some wren or bluebird. Besides a dozen of these old hats, there were one or two cracked gourds, or squash-shells, and several rudely-built bird-houses doing duty in the same way. And in the centre of the yard was a large pollard-tree, whose limbs had been cut off at midsummer years before when full of sap, every decayed branch leaving in time a hole in the trunk, of which the birds soon took possession. The little creatures, indeed, might have considered themselves as lords of the manor—they built their nests wherever they fancied, on bush or shrub, low in the grass, high in the tallest tree, under the eaves, on the window-sills, in the garret, in the chimneys, in the barns and sheds, in the old hats, in the pollard-tree. They seemed to know that they were at home at the Flats, where every one made them welcome.

The chattering negroes had much to say about the little bird-families already in possession of tree or hat, while many more were expected. The previous summer the garden had been honored by the presence of a mocking-bird and his mate, who built in a pear-tree. This was a rare event. Seldom had those noble songsters been heard at the Flats, though not uncommon at that date near New York. And

one of the stories old Cobus was fond of telling at the chimney-corner related to the visit of a flock of lovely green paroquets, which had amazed the Dutch farmers and their negroes, some years earlier, by visiting the banks of the Mohawk. They were beautiful green birds, smaller but handsomer, according to Uncle Cobus, than the solitary parrot in "All-bonny," which was a sort of family connection, belonging to a niece of madam.

But where was old Cobus all this time, and what was he about? We shall see if we follow the troop of holiday people as they return again to the great barn, headed by the colonel and madam. There, on the floor, sat the old man. Do not think harshly of him, I beg, when I tell you that Uncle Cobus sat in the midst of a row of—skulls! Let us hasten to observe that they were not human skulls; they were the skeleton heads of horses, cows, and oxen, once inhabitants of the Great Barn. The old negro had been busy putting what he considered finishing touches to these skulls, cleansing them within, scraping them without, until each had assumed an appropriate aspect of ghastly whiteness. The colonel and madam looked down upon these strange objects complacent and indulgent. They were evidently well accustomed to similar sights. Pointing with his cane to one of the skulls, the colonel asked if that was not the head of Blackbird, a famous ox. Yes; he had guessed aright—so said Uncle Cobus. Dianamat and Mariamat then came forward, and, each holding up the skull of a favorite cow, began fondling them tenderly with those fat, black hands of theirs, singing the praises of Bonnyclabber and White Clover—where should they see the like of those cows?—so many quarts at a milking, such cream, such butter, such cheese! This horse's head had belonged to the mate of Wolf, killed the previous year by an accident; that was a colt from which much had been expected. Not a skull on the floor but the negroes knew to which of their fellow-workers on the farm it had belonged. The old man had now finished his task. Rising to his feet, he took up the head of the famous ox, while the women and children, Wout and Tyte, seized upon others, and each, as it were, hugging a skull in his arms, all moved toward the barn-door in a sort of informal procession, the colonel and madam bringing up the rear. This somewhat striking, not to say imposing, procession took up its march through the barn-yard, then through orchard, garden, and meadow, until it reached the boundary of the grounds in that direction. Beyond, on the bank of the river, ran the highway, the great northern route from Albany, aiming, somewhat blindly, at Canada, but, in fact, going little beyond a very rude settlement, some twenty miles distant, called Saratoga. The highway and river-bank were shaded in summer by elms and sycamores, magnificent in growth, luxuriant in foliage, and festooned with grape-vines and creepers; below ran the great river, full to the brim with half the melted snows of the Adirondack valleys. The whitewashed fence, bounding the farm toward the highway, was the goal of the sable procession. This

fence from its public position was supposed to need especial attention ; every spring it was carefully whitewashed by Uncle Cobus, and, this annual whitewashing being now over, it was about to receive other improvements. The nature of the proposed ornamentation might be gathered from that already bestowed upon it. Every post supporting this fence was crowned with a skull ! Every dead animal belonging to the farm whose skull was sufficiently large for the purpose was honored with a post. And they were many. The herds were large, and the fence of some length : if the number of skeleton heads was not sufficiently great at any time, others were begged or borrowed from the adjoining farms of the colonel's brothers, Pedrom and Jeremias. Very proud were Uncle Cobus, and Tye, and Wout, and Dianamat, and Mariamat, of this savage array. Did it not show how many cows had grazed in their meadows ; how many stately horses master had owned ? All skulls which had been in any way injured during the past winter, by accident or by the wear and tear of storm and time, were now removed, and others put in their places. Many were the tender associations connected with these remains of the four-footed friends and comrades of the negroes. Even the children knew the names of many of these skeletons by heart ; as for Mariamat and Dianamat,

they occasionally visited this fence solely for the purpose of reviving mournful recollections of deceased queens of the herd. One skull was especially honored ; it was that of Annetje, named after Queen Anne of blessed memory, having been imported from England in her reign.

Each skull was carefully and firmly placed on the post, with the jaws downward. There was a purpose in this. It was for the benefit of the birds that this was done. There was, indeed, a double motive in this array of white skeleton heads ; they were intended quite as much for bird-homes as for the adornment of the fence. In most of the skulls already in position there were nests of the previous year's building. And in those Uncle Cobus and Wout were now placing on the posts there would ere long be merry wrens or shy bluebirds flitting in and out through the sockets of the skeleton eyes. They had a fancy for building in the crania of these skulls, a fancy the negroes had observed and encouraged. The little creatures seemed to feel themselves very much at home in those grim dwellings. They would fly in and out, utterly careless of observation. From prowling cat or curious child they were, indeed, perfectly safe. And woe betide the negro urchin who should try bird-nesting among that ghastly row of skeleton heads, the pride of the Flats !

MY MISS LAURA.

"YOU are not in my world, Renie ; you can't understand these things at all, dear."

Though these words were proud, and the lips that uttered them held haughty curves, yet the voice was very tender, for I think Miss De Neale was rather fond of the little girl who hemmed her handkerchiefs, mended her laces, dressed her hair, and read to her every night in a voice that she was kind enough to say was low and musical.

I had been an inmate of Miss Laura De Neale's home now nearly five years. Words cannot tell how I loved her, how I worshiped her beauty, what delight it was to obey her slightest wish. I could never forget the one great service she had rendered me.

Over four years previous to the time of which I am writing I had been one of the miserable, half-starved *attachés* of a small circus-troupe, then performing in a country-town where Miss De Neale was visiting with some friends, who were, in their way, the grandees of the social world.

I was then twelve years old. My mother, a celebrated rope-dancer of that day, had been dead only a week, and I had stolen to an out-of-the-way place to grieve for her.

The proprietor of the circus, a harsh man, was unkind to my mother during her last sickness, and I hated him for it. Once when he found her prostrate and shivering with an ague-fit, he spoke such words that, if my strength had been equal to my rage, I am sure I should have strangled him.

"You are down on the bills : the people expect

you ; I have made excuses enough for you already." Adding, with a brutal oath, "Why don't you die, and be done with it ?"

Poor, poor mamma ! the red flew to her white cheeks. She was very pretty, even without the rouge and the powder. I never saw such eyes as hers—there was a charm in them independent of their color and depth. Although our way of living was so rude and wild, her manner and conversation were very different from those of the people by whom we were surrounded. Sometimes she would talk bitterly of her lot, of the pleasant home she had left ; and I gathered from a few phrases she dropped now and then that she had made a clandestine alliance in her early youth, and that my father had broken her heart.

So, when the manager said to her, with that cold gleam in his stony eyes, "Why don't you die, and be done with it ?" she gave him a look that will haunt me to my dying day. He may have forgotten it, but I think some time God will make him remember it.

That night mamma got up just before the time for going on, dressed herself in her playing-clothes of gauze, thickly spangled, and rouged her cheeks, breathing all the time so heavily, moving with such an air of desperate determination in everything she did, that it was like suffering terrible pain to witness it. I begged and prayed, crying like a baby, that she would not go on, for I had a strange impression at my heart that she was killing herself.

But she did go. Never had she looked so beautiful. Her eyes, bright and unnaturally large, and a singularly triumphant smile, made her face one blaze.

I watched her at the entrance. Sometimes it made my pulses beat with a sort of rapture to see how the people applauded, even while I hated them for it: for how could they help knowing how dangerous it was? Sometimes I felt a miserable tightening at the throat when I recalled all she had gone through in this company. Should I ever be able to carry her away to some lonely, often-imagined retreat, where I might live and work for her, and she should never do such toilsome work for herself or for me?

"O mother, come down! come down!" I kept praying in my heart.

And she did come down.

I alone saw the sudden change—the tottering gait. I alone of all that great crowd knew that the wonderful balance failed her at last, that the steady brain had gone wrong—I had watched her so often!

My breath left me. I gave one shriek as I saw her fall—coming from that dizzy height like some fair, broken flower, all in a whirl of light.

I heard the cries; saw men, women, and children spring to their feet with faces of horror; and then I lost all power to feel.

"Why don't you die, and be done with it?" sounded in my ears as I recovered my senses. They had carried me into one of the smaller tents. Several of the performers in their glittering dresses stood round me; one, the clown, in his harlequin robes of red and white, bent over her. They had laid her down upon some carriage-mats. I threw myself upon her dead bosom, and the stoutest there shed tears at my passionate outcries.

The days passed on. It was while lying in the dark shadow of a grove which formed the background for our tents, that Miss De Neale found me sobbing my very life out.

"Poor little one!" she said, and her soft voice stole into my tortured heart like music.

When I told her who I was, a shudder seized her frame.

"And still you must play before the people who witnessed that terrible scene?" she said, pityingly.

"I should have to play if I were dying," was my answer, "as my poor mother did."

Miss De Neale's sympathies were roused. Learning that I hated the business in which I had seen so much suffering, she used her influence, and finally procured my release, offering me a home with her, which I gladly accepted, for it was a pleasure to look forward to serving her.

I had been there a year when the Rev. Mr. Walderon, the rector of St. Paul's, became a frequent visitor, and at last Miss Laura's accepted lover. He was not handsome, but yet a man of splendid presence; and, because of his love for my mistress, and of his commanding figure and noble bearing, I came to look up to him with reverence, almost with worship. In the grand chancel of St. Paul's, radiant with its ceiling of blue and gold, its magnificently

painted window, its soft, dreamy light, he stood in his white robes transfigured, in my partial sight, to the likeness of a shining angel.

Perhaps Miss Laura felt as I did. She was naturally pale; but on Sundays, and at sight of him, I have seen a faint, bright color flit over cheek and brow that made her seem almost ethereally lovely.

I had been there nearly four years, and knew all Miss De Neale's ways, her little fancies and foibles, her tastes and inclinations, and during this time my education had not been neglected. I could make myself useful to her in many ways.

The rector came to the house three or four times a week, sometimes to dinner. When this happened I had my leisure, which I employed in knitting tidies of some fanciful pattern, keeping the work a secret, for I was ambitious to add my mite to the wedding-gifts.

One evening I was sitting in her room, a lovely, pink-tinted, fire-lighted boudoir, idly thinking, for I had put my work away, expecting her presence soon. I had never been happier or more comfortable. The soft lights, the luxurious arm-chair, the conviction that my services were not to be dispensed with, when Miss De Neale should leave this for a home of her own, made me thoroughly and selfishly at ease.

A knock at the door startled me, and in walked Miss Knox, her grim face and scarlet ribbons giving me, as they always did, a vague feeling of disquiet.

Miss Knox was the housekeeper, for Mrs. De Neale had for years been an invalid. Strong-minded, capable, and seldom erring in judgment, it was she who really ran the establishment. I had always been a little afraid of her, though she professed to like me; and to-night the small, bright eyes, thin, hooked nose, and lips scarcely discernible, impressed me more unpleasantly than usual.

"Mrs. De Neale sent me for 'Keats's Life';" Miss Laura said; it was on her shelf," she said, standing, as was her wont, leaning a little to one side, and looking from object to object with a swift, keen observation.

I found the volume.

"Mr. Philip Lansing has come home," she said, as she filled the leaves of the book between thumb and finger.

"Do you mean Miss Laura's cousin? Yes—she told me," I made reply.

"Did you happen to know that he was an old lover?"

"I only knew that he had been traveling abroad several years—that is all," I made reply.

"Oh, yes; there was a great time about it; she was only sixteen. He wanted her to run off, but she wouldn't. I reckon the most of the love was on his side. He is heir, you know, to millions, and bound body and soul to his uncle. That was the trouble; Miss Laura was not rich enough to please the old man, and, having a spirit of her own, she wouldn't marry him. I believe they parted with a mutual agreement of some kind. I wonder if the love has held out on his part?"

"I hope not," I said, thinking of Mr. Walderon.

"So do I. I don't want him to be coming between them two. But very handsome men are so vain and selfish! I like Mr. Walderon. His folks was French Huguenots, so was mine—and perhaps that's the reason."

"He never would be so unprincipled," I said, indignantly.

"One can't tell; he certainly is one out of a thousand for beauty—and that, in my opinion," she added, dryly, "is all the merit he has got."

I felt a sudden antipathy to this beauty-man, and a loyal, loving impulse toward the rector of St. Paul's, albeit he was by no means handsome. I remember forming a picture in my mind, as Miss Knox stood there, of my mistress and that good man seated together in the parlor below, and an evil, beautiful face thrusting itself between them.

Miss Knox left me to brood over this piece of intelligence, and it made me very uneasy. Whenever Miss Knox had favored me before with confidential *l'le-d-lle*, they always had made me uneasy. She was seldom the bearer of pleasant news.

The weeks passed on. I began to notice a change in Miss Laura. She had not been wont to sit brooding over her thoughts, but she did now. I noticed that her cousin often called in the early morning, and that she spent much time with him; that, when he had gone, she was pale, preoccupied—in fact, entirely unlike herself. I also saw that she went oftener to her money-desk, and that something weighed upon her spirits; that now and then she went out in a sort of disguise: but I dared not even conjecture, though my mind was full of terrible misgivings.

One night I sat up waiting for her till the clock struck eleven. I knew the rector had gone some time before, and was wondering what had become of Miss Laura, when the door flew open and she came in.

Her face was startlingly pale, and her eyes, unnaturally large, seemed to scintillate with quick, fiery flashes. For a moment I was frightened, but at sight of me her countenance changed. She nodded and smiled in her own pretty fashion; then, going straight to the mirror, she suddenly gloomed again, and began, in an absorbed way, to pull the pins out of her hair.

I saw that her movements were not natural, that her cheeks burned now, and her fingers trembled.

"Won't you let me do that for you, Miss Laura?" I asked.

"Not now—I'm in a hurry; my hair is so heavy! it hurts me—my head has ached all the evening. You may do it up for the night—there! now, my dressing-gown, child—the easy-chair—that is comfortable. I don't often keep you up so late, Renie. How cold your hands are!"

It was not that my hands were cold—it was that her head was hot, it throbbed heavily at the temples, and it almost seemed as if the thick, warm masses of golden brown palpitated as they fell over my arm in rich, unrestrained luxuriance.

In my own mind, I connected her evident unhappiness with her cousin, Philip Lansing. Had he

been troubling her with new professions of love, or had some promise passed between them on the fulfillment of which he insisted, and by which she felt bound in honor? More dreadful than all, was Mr. Walderon unhappy on his account?

At length the long coil was combed and carefully fastened just above the nape of the shapely neck.

"That will do," she said, almost impatiently, for I lingered. "I can get along by myself now."

As I turned to leave her, I noticed that her handkerchief and *vinaigrette* had fallen at her side. I picked them up, and as I gave them to her I distinctly saw two large tears roll down her pale cheeks; and at that sight, so unusual, I could have cried myself.

"Put them on the table," she said, steadying her voice with difficulty. "I don't want them."

"Maybe you would like me to read you to sleep?" I responded, unwilling to leave her in that mood.

"No, thanks; I've had reading enough for one night. Oh, dear! I wonder if there is in the world a love that will trust—

"Though waves divide us,
And false friends chide us!"

What a silly song that is, by-the-way!" she added, with a weak laugh, sinking back in the great chair.

I heard one quick, passionate sob, but her face was hidden from me, for she had thrown both arms over her head, and the drapery concealed her features.

"I feel so sorry for you!" I said, daring her displeasure; "can't I help you?" Then it was she answered:

"You are not in my world, Renie; you can't understand these things at all, dear."

I left her reluctantly, feeling that trouble had come—trouble between my beautiful mistress and the rector of St. Paul's. Was it on account of her handsome cousin? Vainly I tried to sleep. The ghastly fancy that she was sobbing on the other side of the wall haunted me. What if she still loved Philip Lansing? The grave, proud face of Mr. Walderon seemed to lighten in its disdain as I caught myself acting the part of Miss Laura in an imaginary dramatic episode, he learning the fact that the woman he loved had been wooed, almost won, and thrown aside, and that still her heart throbbed at sight of her old lover.

Then I fancied myself the rector, and took back my troth with lordly mien, and a crushed, all but dying spirit. At last, worn out with the vehemence of my personations, I fell asleep.

On awaking, the following morning, I found the sun shining broadly in my room. Miss Laura was an early riser, and must have rung for me. Hastily dressing, I hurried to her room. She was up, sitting in the great arm-chair listlessly, like one dreaming with open eyes.

"Did you ring for me?" I asked.

"I? Yes, I believe I did," she replied, with a start. "Dress me as quickly as you can," she added, with forced quiet. "I will have my breakfast

brought up-stairs. You can make some excuse to Miss Knox—say I am not well, and I really am not. I don't care at all about breakfast, but, as I am going out, I suppose I had better eat something."

I dressed her, and had a tray with coffee and toast sent up. When she had finished, she summoned me again.

"Renie, go put on your plainest wraps," she said, "and a thick veil, and wait for me in the library. I want you to go out with me this morning."

Wondering at her manner, so quiet and self-contained, so almost humble, more than at the message, I arrayed myself in a water-proof cloak, and drew a thick veil closely over my hat, and waited for her as she had directed. She came in presently, habited almost like a nun. I could see how white her face was under the muffler she had drawn across it.

Placing in my care a parcel and a small basket, she led the way, leaving word with a servant that she might not be back to luncheon.

That her errand, whatever it was, was a secret one, I knew by her manner, for she was nervous, and evidently suffering from some inward agitation. For several squares we walked along silently, and, on turning the corner of an obscure street, she was joined by a gentleman whose face I did not see at first, but whose firm, elegant figure was unfamiliar to me.

I heard Miss Laura say, in answer to some low-voiced remark:

"I can trust her—there's no risk, Philip."

So this was the handsome cousin! Oppressed with almost overpowering anxiety, I fell back a step or two, and followed slowly and unwillingly. Why had she met this man in so secret a manner? Where was she going, and on what errand? Something was wrong, else why did he pull his hat so low over his brows, and glance about now and then so suspiciously?

On and on they went together, talking but little, and in low tones, till they had reached the lower plane, locally and morally, of the city.

The house before which we stopped at last was somewhat different from its surroundings. It was flanked on one side by a grim, deserted-looking warehouse; on the other by an old Dutch church, whose few leaning, moss-covered headstones, in the small graveyard in front, seemed sinking with age into the yielding turf. The house was grim and faded, the paint dingy, and the front-door full of seams and cracks; but it had the redeeming quality of seclusion, for it sat far back from the street, overlooking a narrow garden-plot. One window over the hall-door was draped with a scant lace curtain, and a pot of geraniums bloomed underneath on the sill.

The young man, with a few eager, whispered words to Miss Laura, unlocked the door with a key which he took from his pocket, and we entered a long, cheerless hall, and from there the dreary parlor, in which there was no vestige of furniture save two wooden chairs.

"Sit down, Renie," said Miss Laura, face and

manner preoccupied; "I will take the things, and you will wait for me here; I sha'n't be gone long."

My heart sank as she disappeared, leaving me alone with my thoughts. Already I had heard the tread of a man's foot up-stairs, and soon, in addition, the closing of the door above, and a lighter footstep. Never had I so keenly experienced the dread of utter desolation as now while I sat in that deserted room. Doubtless children had played in it, and light hearts sung, for it had evidently been a cheerful home once, as the defaced ornamentation and faded frescoing gave evidence of former beauty. But now the plastering was broken, the walls were black with cobwebs, and the windows quite crusted with dirt. It was evident that the place had been long unoccupied.

From the dim panes I could catch a glimpse of the crumbling tombstones at my left, and now and then a passer-by enlivened the solitude. I was thankful when a tawny cat, with red, blinking eyes, took her station on the withered mound in the centre of the little yard.

Back and forth I moved in my restlessness, still hearing the tread of steps overhead, and now and then the moving of a chair. All this time, while conjecture ran wild in my teeming brain, I seemed to see the face of the rector of St. Paul's. Very grave, very sorrowful it was, and I felt conscious of a keen pain in the contemplation of his grief.

I had seated myself, when a step on the stairs and the opening of the door caused me to spring up in terror. Philip Lansing stood on the threshold, hat in hand, and his face absolutely lighted up the room. It was, as I had heard, radiantly beautiful, with haunting dark eyes, all the more fascinating that their expression at that moment was intensely sad.

"Come, Renie," said a voice outside.

I met Miss Laura in the hall. I thought she had been crying. She handed me a basket, that seemed heavier than the one I had brought.

"Renie, this is my cousin, Mr. Philip Lansing," she said. "He has lately returned from abroad—and this, Philip, is the little *protégée* I told you about."

Mr. Philip condescended to touch his hat, and we went outside into the little yard. The tawny cat blinked at us, rose slowly, and walked away at her leisure.

Mr. Philip accompanied us to the corner, and there stopped.

"Had I not better get you a carriage?" he asked.

"No, indeed, Philip. I had much rather walk," she answered. "Come up soon—mamma likes to see you," she added, with, I thought, only an assumption of ease.

"Yes," and he stepped closer to her, "I'll be there in a day or two; but be sure that Miss Knox"—and here his voice fell, until, at the last, I heard the words, "I know *you* will not fail me," eagerly spoken.

"No, indeed, I will not, Philip; everything I can do shall be done," was the reply.

We walked home rapidly, and in silence. Miss Laura seemed plunged in deep and painful thought. It was past lunch-time when we arrived, but a plate of cake, and a goblet of milk, stood ready for Miss Laura on the table in her room. She noticed it when she took off her veil; her cheeks reddened, and a little frown made itself apparent between her brows.

"How very thoughtful of Miss Knox!" she said, in a suppressed tone; "it isn't often she thinks of my comfort in that way. When I want luncheon I will send for it. I wish she were less officious. Rennie, you will oblige me if you will eat my luncheon for me. My head aches, and I'm going to lie down."

I drank the milk, but was not hungry, and took the tray back to the kitchen. I fancied that even the under-servants looked at me suspiciously, and hurried back to my room.

It was quite late when Miss Laura rose—almost dinner-time, in fact. I dressed her hair, and was just putting on the finishing touches when she spoke abruptly:

"Don't you think my cousin fine-looking?"

"He is handsome, Miss Laura," I said. "The handsomest man I ever saw."

"That's the general verdict," she replied.

"But," I added, eagerly, "I don't like his face; there are beautiful faces, I suppose, one can't like. Now, Mr. Walderon—"

"You surely don't call him handsome?" she said, with a soft laugh, that I did not quite like; then, in an undertone: "Handsome is that handsome does. Well, poor fellow! poor Philip!" she added, with a sigh that I could not help resenting, and fell into a fit of musing. Just before the bell rang for dinner, a servant came in with a note and a great armful of water-lilies. How lovely they were! Their fragrance filled the room.

In an instant Miss Laura's eyes were sparkling. She tore open the note with eager fingers, read it once, twice—smiled, then came a burst like sunshine over her face.

"Oh, the sweet, sweet things!" she cried, in an ecstasy. "I am so fond of them! Poor Philip! poor—" Her voice sank to a murmur. How could I think otherwise than that note and flowers came from her handsome cousin, as she placed the lilies in a basin of water, where, with their lustrous leaves, and long, coiling stems, they formed a beautiful picture?

Philip came after dinner on the following day. A bright, well-dressed, elegant, and jubilant young gentleman—the change was great from Philip in a slouched hat to Philip in all the glory of a fashionable suit. His ease of manner, grace, beauty of form, and merry laugh, made him almost irresistible. I sat in the little alcove leading from the general sitting-room, busy with some old lace I had been mending for Miss Laura, and I could see them both by inclining my head a little. They were a glorious pair, but it seemed to me that Philip had no right there—he was taking Mr. Walderon's place, and a sudden jealousy sprang up in my heart, which changed

almost to terror, when the door opened, and the rector of St. Paul's stood on the threshold.

That same light that had come into her face when she received the lilies, flashed over it again, for in the interim I caught one glance of her as she rose to meet Mr. Walderon. I fancied there was, also, a timid, beseeching look in her soft eyes as she came forward, with outstretched hand, to meet him, but the rector advanced slowly, and greeted Philip, to whom he was presented, courteously but coldly, while Miss Laura divided her attentions between the two, and Philip addressed her with more than cousinly freedom.

As for myself, I tried to think of manifold excuses for my mistress. I would not allow that the sweet girl at whose shrine I worshiped was a coquette; and still—at least so it seemed to me, who sat there under protest—her manner grew colder and yet more distant toward the rector. He seemed to notice the gradual alteration, for an hour had scarcely elapsed before he took his leave.

"So that is Mr. Walderon, the famous rector of old St. Paul's?" I heard Philip say, when he had gone.

"Yes; how do you like him?" Miss Laura asked, with something like eagerness.

"He looks like a Puritan of the Puritans," was the laughing reply. "Is he always so statuesque?"

"By no means," she said.

"He must at least look imposing in his draperies," Philip resumed, after a brief silence. "Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

The speech seemed to sting her, for she replied, in an altered voice:

"That's what I thought yesterday."

"Oh, come now, Laura," he said, "don't be hard on me. If you could have seen Celeste in her tropical home, in her fleecy white muslins, her cheeks tinted with the rich glow of health, you'd alter your opinion. She is not looking at all like herself; in fact, this base climate is killing her. Besides, her face depends upon expression for its beauty. Such horrible chills would make the best complexion sal-low."

I was all ears. Celeste? who was Celeste? Should I listen unwittingly to some secret? Was I forgotten in my corner? Had I better go? I felt reluctant to face them, having heard so much.

"Oh, I didn't mean to depreciate her, Philip—"

"Only to punish me for *not* appreciating your rector—was that it?" interrupted Philip, with a laugh. "But what does a man want of beauty?" and I could see his conscious face, and read the vanity even in his voice.

"Surely—but Celeste is pretty, of course, and I hope she will be well soon, poor little homesick stranger! I'm going to send her some lilies that somebody sent me yesterday—part of them, I mean—she came from a land of lilies. Just where did you find her, Philip?"

"On the island of Barbadoes, in one of the coziest nests you can imagine. Poor child! I don't doubt she longs for her native wilds—the orange-

trees, the shadeless bamboos, and her hammock. I was a barbarian to covet her."

"I must see her often," said Laura. "I will go as often as I can."

"Thank you; you are so kind and thoughtful. I knew you would like the poor little wife. Sometimes I reproach myself sadly for bringing her here, but what could I do—starve? And we came pretty near it."

"O Philip!" said Miss Laura, with a shuddering voice, "so poor as that?"

I held my breath. Philip was married, then. It was *his wife* Miss Laura had been to see that morning. No need to fear for the rector's happiness now—my suspense and suspicion had been both foolish and groundless.

"Poor, indeed!" he repeated, almost savagely. "Do you know if it had not been for that fifty dollars you sent me, she would have suffered for the necessities of life? And when I went to my uncle, and told him I had lost my money coming over, and almost my life, he made me an allowance of ten dollars a week. What would he say if he knew I had married a woman not worth one penny?"

"Hush!" said Miss Laura, abruptly, "walls have ears;" and then I knew that she had totally forgotten my presence, and I could have sunk into the floor. I gathered myself closer to the wall, and sat there, sick and trembling.

"It would be total ruin to me if he knew of it," he said, lowering his voice a little, "but I am sure, dear cousin, that you will never, by look or word, to your dearest friend whisper the intelligence. I would have kept it a secret, even from you—indeed, I would, but that I feared the poor little creature would die if she did not see some friend. But to live in this way, with a sword hanging over one's neck, is very terrible. Above all, don't whisper it to the priest," he whispered; "I'm afraid of him," and I fancied he drew nearer her.

"You need not be; he is the soul of honor," and there was a slight shade of contempt in her voice.

"But you have promised," he said, eagerly.

"And I know how to keep my word," she answered, proudly.

After that he was very gay, but I think his manner jarred upon her mood. She proposed that he should go up-stairs and see her mother, who had asked for him, and together they left the room. It did not take long for me to gain my own room, where I sat down to revolve things in my mind, coolly and dispassionately.

Mr. Walderon had sent her the lilies, and the accompanying note—of that I did not doubt. There had probably been some misunderstanding the evening before, and the gift was a peace-offering. The lovers' quarrel, if it had taken so serious a complexion, had been caused in some way by this handsome cousin, who had burdened Miss Laura with his secret. The rector had evidently learned of her former attachment to Philip, and perhaps, being but mortal, was jealous. His brief visit in the afternoon had

confirmed me in the opinion, as he generally staid to tea.

"Now, Philip should certainly keep away," said Reason and Common-sense. "His place is beside his poor young wife, especially if she is sick; and Miss Laura ought to tell him so."

But Philip chose to come, often—at all hours. Philip chose to attend St. Paul's, and show his beautiful Greek profile in Miss Laura's own pew, and I fancied that Mr. Walderon grew uneasy, for certainly Laura's cousin did not act like a Benedict. I am sorry that he gave me occasion to suspect, sometimes, that he was quite mean enough to pique the rector by his lover-like ways toward his cousin.

One evening I came down the wide staircase on an errand for Miss Knox. Only the moonlight shone in the hall. Miss Laura stood by the door of entrance, her back toward me, and the words she said came distinctly to my ear.

"If you cannot trust me, if you cannot take my simple word, Mr. Walderon, there can be no more between us. If you cannot trust me wholly—" and there her voice broke. A low murmur came in response, and he was gone.

I was back in Miss Laura's room some time before she came up. Oh, how pale she was, and her eyes wore such a strained, hard look!

"Renie," she said, "are you here?"

"Why, Miss Laura, don't you see me?" I asked, frightened at her pallor, and the way she moved her hands.

"No; my head is giddy; it is all dark; it is—all over. Where are you?"

I caught and led her to the chair, but, as I put her down, she fainted quite away. That was the commencement of a serious illness. For nearly five weeks I sat beside her, listening to her wild, delirious talk, and there I learned how devotedly she had loved the rector of St. Paul's, and that some of the meddling people of his congregation had told him of her clandestine meetings with her cousin. This, with other information of a like nature, and the foolish freedom of her cousin himself, had led to a total disruption. In her grief and anger at his want of confidence in her, she had forbidden him the house.

Night and day I did not leave her bedside, till, quite through accident, I learned that Mr. Walderon had been sick also, and was on the eve of a journey to England.

"He looks dreadfully; you'd hardly know him for the same man," said my informant; and I knew by her manner that the blame was all laid at Miss Laura's door. I inquired the particulars. If my informant was right, he was to start that very afternoon.

My resolution was taken on the instant. Whether my mistress lived or died, whether I was violating a promise or not, I was determined to see the rector of St. Paul's, and tell him all. It took me but a short time to find the rectory—would he be at home? Yes; I was shown into the library. There were trunks and packages in the hall, and a general con-

fusion pervaded the house. Presently Mr. Walderon came in. I was startled, indeed, by the change in his looks.

"I have just come from the sick-bed of Miss Laura De Neale," I said.

He started, made a gesture with his hand across his brow, as if to shade his eyes, and his lips worked.

"I heard—that she was ill," he said, slowly; "I am just recovering from sickness myself."

"I think, sir, from what I have heard, you are laboring under a mistaken idea," I began, rapidly, for fear of my resolution giving way. "You have been wrongly informed with regard to Miss Laura, and in her delirium she revealed her secret. Her cousin Philip Lansing married a poor West Indian girl in Barbadoes. He is his uncle's heir, but, if the latter hears of this union, he will disinherit Mr. Philip, who is entirely dependent. So her cousin made Miss Laura promise to keep it a secret, and it was her, the poor homesick stranger, Miss Laura has visited by stealth—it was her she sent your lilies to. O sir! you are a minister, and I am a poor girl, but you never should have doubted my Miss Laura, I do dare say that."

He stopped me with a quick uplifting of the hand. He did not say one word, but I never shall forget the face he turned toward me. I never saw a countenance change so often in a few seconds as his did.

"My good girl, my good friend!" he said, at last, seizing my hand, and his voice was music itself. I knew then that all was right. Joy had restored him to his old self; there was no need of that voyage to Europe.

After a full minute of silence he asked:

"How is she now? how did you leave her?"

"They thought she was better."

"Thank God for that! When may I see her?"

He was very humble now.

"I will let you know," I said, and hurried home to her with a heart as light as a feather.

And so it came to pass that one day, as she sat supported by pillows, white and shadowy, and more beautiful than she had ever been before in her brightest bloom, I told her that the rector of St. Paul's was below-stairs, waiting to see her.

A faint flush tinged her cheeks—a tender smile curved her lips.

I left the room by one door as he entered by the other. I could not keep from crying, and yet I was very happy.

When Miss Laura rang for me two angels could not have looked more blissfully content. And I knew what the pressure of his hand meant as he bade me good-by. He will go abroad, after all, but not without my Miss Laura.

As for her cousin Philip, I trust years may make him wiser, but I pity the poor little stranger who married him for his handsome face.

GENIUS AND LABOR.

THE popular apprehension of genius is a gift that permits neglect of labor. It is believed to be a full inspiration which achieves results spontaneously and rapidly. Genius and labor are so commonly dissociated that the notion that genius in general, even the highest, is largely dependent on labor is seldom held. Genius is judged by what it produces; its processes and preparations are obscure and unknown. The very mystery of genius renders it interesting; but, despite the interest it has excited, and the attention that has been drawn to it, the general fact of its barrenness without work has not been sufficiently disclosed. The intellectual world has never been able to agree upon a definition of genius; but that which has named it untiring capacity to labor, inexhaustible patience to perform, and the like, would seem to be not far from the truth. It is hard to tell which of the two is more dependent on the other: and yet labor has assuredly accomplished more without genius than genius has accomplished without labor. Indeed, just what genius unaided can do, we seldom or never know, since work is its accepted form of manifestation. It is like abstract thought: we can feel genius, we can comprehend its force, but until it is, so to speak, clothed in labor, we are not likely to estimate its quality or judge it fairly.

In every great or famous production genius and labor are apt to be so closely and inseparably united that it is impossible to assign to each or either its proper proportion. But it is usual to assign the larger amount of credit to genius, and very little credit to labor. Genius, as has been said, is gauged by results. If any work be very good, it is attributed mainly to genius; if it be ordinary, it is attributed to labor, though its ordinariness may be owing more to inadequate labor than to inadequate genius. Hardly anybody seems to understand what marvels labor can produce, or how unfruitful genius misdirected or unsustained may prove. To the general view, genius is the gem, labor merely the setting; the gem must be radiant and attractive from its nature; the setting simply makes it conspicuous. Nevertheless, labor may have, probably has, discovered the gem, polished it, determined its quality, put it in its place. Genius is likely to be indebted to labor for its unearthing and recognition—a fact that is prone to escape attention. Genius, in the popular apprehension, must owe almost everything to itself, and can afford to despise labor—only an accident at best.

How common misjudgments are! Take two men, one of genius and no industry, the other of no genius and prodigious industry. In the beginning, the genius is accepted; is pronounced bright;

evokes admiration. The worker is regarded as commonplace and dull. But, after a number of years, opinion is reversed. The genius is wholly underrated. He is showy, though shallow, it is said. He never amounted to much. He gave promise that was not redeemed. He may have had some talent, but talent of a mediocre kind. The worker, it is asserted, has genius, and with it the sensitiveness which at first prevented its detection. As he gained confidence, grew acquainted with himself, he lost his diffidence, and appeared in his true light—a man of great natural ability. The immense amount of work which he has done is not taken into account. The unexpected result of it is explained by the possession of genius. In this way genius so constantly gets credit for what is due to labor that labor is naturally underrated. Men generally aid, and with deliberation, in strengthening and diffusing this error. They are flattered to be considered geniuses; they do not care for the reputation of workers. Anybody can work, they think; only a few can lay claim to genius. Consequently, they are inclined to hide their diligence, their painstaking, all the processes connected with labor. They have a dread of being regarded as drudges, plodders, because these terms presuppose absence of natural capacity, and most of us value what we inherit above what we acquire.

There are two distinctive kinds of genius, although there is but one kind of labor. There is the genius which is patient, toilsome, persevering, which accomplishes something, which becomes known. There is also the genius which is careless, indolent, occupied with the present, indifferent to results. This is usually brilliant, often more brilliant than the other; but its recognition is apt to be limited and its influence fleeting. It is likely to be mistaken for talent; for the general opinion of genius is so high as to hold that it must make itself widely felt, and assume some form of permanence. The former kind may be called productive—it is of the more fortunate sort; the latter, convulsive, and, being convulsive, is unrecorded. This is like to be purely personal, to depend upon time and occasion, to be prodigal, to waste itself in a hundred unworthy ways. Any account of it is preserved mainly as tradition, for its character is such that it cannot be accurately understood out of its own atmosphere.

Convulsive genius is unquestionably the more natural of the two. All genius has an instinctive dislike to labor; is impatient of mental processes; dashes at conclusions. But the productive sort tempers reason with instinct; is stimulated by ambition; gains self-discipline; grows accustomed to work as means to an end. The convulsive lacks such disposition; has not the same latent power, and therefore contents itself with spontaneous expression or mere tentative effort. It often expires with its immediate activity, and, beyond its own circle or its direct contemporaries, is not ranked as genius at all. Hence the definition of genius as untiring capacity to labor, inexhaustible patience to perform. Convulsive genius is prone to be more ideal than the productive; it has frequent glimpses of

possibility which it feels that it cannot command the industry to reach, and which, to its broad sweep, may not seem worth reaching. Its exalted ideal renders all performance, especially its own, unsatisfactory, and puts aspiration at a discount. It is generally weary; it is easily tired; it abhors drudgery; it discovers no adequate reward for exertion; it despises, from its higher view, what narrower natures long to attain and are eager to toil for night and day.

Convulsive genius is illustrated through all history. Much of it has come down to us, and is still famous, though more from innate force and irrepressible brilliancy than from individual effort or deliberate design. The genius which has been named convulsive, for want of better title, has frequently produced; and yet it is very different from the genius allied to unremitting diligence and steady aim, inspired by reflection on itself with perpetual fanaticism for work.

Among the early Greeks Cleon was a genius of the convulsive order, for nearly all that he did was due to his natural parts. He has been as much misrepresented as any character of his time or country, having been portrayed as extremely selfish and corrupt, and of very ordinary ability. He stands for a type of the demagogue in the modern sense, though he was a demagogue in the Greek significance—a leader of the people. Had he not possessed exalted genius he could not have been what he was. A tanner by trade, he became a rival of Pericles, and after his death the most influential man in Athens. He had not the tact, the cunning, the social arts of Pericles (he did not, like him, withhold himself from the public, save on great occasions, lest he should be cheapened), and he suffered in reputation on account of their absence. His opposition to the Spartan peace in the face of public clamor and the intrigues of distinguished men was entirely successful, and his boast to slay or capture the enemy within twenty days he made good when his failure and ruin were universally predicted. Cleon is a good example of a gifted character written down by eminent authors. Having brought suit against Aristophanes, the great dramatic defamer of his era, the comedian bitterly assailed him in "The Knights" and "The Wasps," painting him in the blackest colors. Thucydides, believing that Cleon had been instrumental in causing his banishment, attacked him violently in his "History of the Peloponnesian War." If the demagogue had been more circumspect, had labored for fame, as so many productive geniuses do, he would not have needed, at this late day, to have the general judgment of him reversed by conscientious scholars.

Æschines was fully equal to Demosthenes in native capacity, though he is chiefly remembered as his competitor. He was unlucky in more ways than one. He embraced an unpopular cause; only three of his speeches are extant; he was forced into retirement while his rival triumphed, though only to die at last by his own hand, after despairing of the liberties of his country. Æschines was more philosophic, if less patriotic, than Demosthenes, for he

quietly taught rhetoric and oratory on the island of Rhodes for a livelihood after his downfall, and never regretted the power and place he had been obliged to relinquish. He probably understood his countrymen better than his rival did, and saw from the start that the stream of corruption could not be stemmed. He lived long enough to see his ancient enemy tried and condemned for bribery; but his genius was not productive. His ease and love of contentment were superior to his ambition.

Aristippus was perhaps as great a philosopher as Plato, though he had a different theory of life. Indeed, he was so thoroughly a philosopher that he has been decried as sensual and avaricious, and denied the virtues which were indubitably his. Instead of being a slave to his passions, as has been charged, he prided himself on extracting pleasure from prosperity and adversity alike, which is the province of all true philosophy. Horace says of him that all form of fortune fitted Aristippus well—Aristippus who observed moderation in everything. He was too wise to write, eminently qualified though he was for composition, as Diogenes Laertius, who has preserved many of his sayings, clearly shows. When Dionysius asked him how it happened that the philosophers sought the great, while the great never sought the philosophers, he replied, "Physicians usually go to the sick, not the sick to the physicians." Rallied upon his fondness for Lais, he said: "I possess her; but she possesses not me." To a pedant boasting of his great reading, he remarked, "It is no sign of health to eat more than one can digest." He held that actions were to be judged good or bad by their results, and that law and custom are the sole authorities in forming a judgment. He seems really to have been an early idealist, despite his arraignment as a sensualist. He was not understood—Plato and Xenophon, whose ill-will he had incurred, speak of him disparagingly—and he was discreet enough not to care for misunderstanding. He left doing to others; he was satisfied to be, and this is the sum of philosophy. A philosopher like him—an unproductive genius—could not hope to be appreciated even by philosophers, above most of whom he stands conspicuous.

Lucullus, one of the most celebrated of the Roman commanders, is thought of only as a sybarite. He did not waste his years in struggling for reputation. He had signal genius, and, knowing the fact, he was not forever uneasy to prove it to the world at large. He began well and ended well, entering upon public life as accuser of the augur Servilius, who had procured the banishment of his father, and closing his days in literary and luxurious retirement—a calm, disinterested spectator of the momentous scenes enacting about him. Though a soldier, he was humane in an age when humanity was hardly known; he was in this respect a striking contrast to his contemporaries, Marius and Sylla. In collecting from the cities of Asia the tribute which Sylla had imposed upon them, he was generous and forbearing, and he did not hesitate to make enemies of his own countrymen, the revenue-officers, by relieving the

provinces as far as possible from their oppression. When he had conducted for eight years, with invincible success, the war against Mithridates, and was prevented, by insubordination of his troops, from completing the overthrow of the King of Pontus, he did not repine, nor did he seek to stir up civil strife because his command had been transferred to his rival Pompey. He quietly returned to Rome, and spent most of the remainder of his life at his rural villas in rational enjoyment of a magnificent fortune, intellectual intercourse with his friends, and in composing a history of the social war in which he had been so prominent a figure. Great as Lucullus's genius undeniably was, it was convulsive in the sense here employed, for it was capable of surrendering ambition and power, and of counting these as underserving in comparison with peace of mind and elegant hospitality.

Lucretius is probably the first of Latin poets, and yet he was scarcely appreciated by any of his contemporaries except Ovid, and is, indeed, not appreciated to this day. His one work, "*De Rerum Natura*," designed to illustrate the atomic theory of the universe, although didactic and apparently barren as a theme, contains beauty and sublimity which Virgil has not equaled. He denies the agency of a supreme power; he believes that all existence ends with the body; he undermines the lofty, variegated tower of self-love; but he makes annihilation charming; he dispels with magic numbers the cherished dream of immortality. Untenable and absurd as are many of his theories (based on the philosophy of Epicurus) in the light of modern discoveries, he has, nevertheless, much in common with nineteenth-century science, and was one of the earliest to deal a blow at rampant superstition. He was philosopher not less than poet. The fifth book of "*De Rerum*" is a marvel of speculation and synthetic reasoning, and his apostrophe to Venus in the first book is not exceeded by anything in Homer. But Lucretius dwelt so much within himself, was so indifferent to applause, that very little is known of the man or his life. He said what he had to say from the need of expression, and, having said it, he is believed to have died by his own hand, as was consistent with his principles. If productive, he was productive by accident alone.

In this particular he resembled Montaigne, who was one of the humanest of men; who was vain, careless, egotistic, indolent, insensible to duty, as we should put it in these days, but still extremely wise. He prided himself on his lineage, and on petty honors which he had acquired, though he never thought of the "*Essays*" that have made him immortal. Son of a military feudal baron, he hated war; dying according to the forms of the Roman Church, he had little faith in theology or in aught else; delighted to think of ancestral distinctions, he discarded social forms, and was at heart a democrat. He was two centuries in advance of his time; his dearest friend was Etienne de la Boétie, who wrote, in his eighteenth year, a fiery invective against royalty, and whose liberal doctrines anticipated those of Jean Jacques; he

was tolerant, charitable, an advocate of freedom in an epoch of bigotry, selfishness, and despotism. Tried by a practical standard, he was trifling and worthless. He detested every kind of deliberation; he knew nothing of his affairs; never looked at his accounts; could not read his own writing; could not remember the names of his servants nor of the current coins; never read a book save in self-defense; was supremely ignorant of all ordinary things; was the embodiment of laziness and indifference. Yet the world will not be likely to neglect his "Essays," a volume of which, wondrous praise! is the sole book Shakespeare is known to have had in his collection. They owe their unflinching fame to their perfect naturalness, their absolute humanity: they are like confessions of ourselves which, as we never make, we love to have others make for us. Through their unvarying humanity they have stood, and will continue to stand, the test of time. Montaigne was productive while, so far as his carelessness would permit, he intended to be unproductive.

Mirabeau, with all his prodigious force as an orator, was driven by his constitution and circumstances to do whatever he did. Strong, passionate, impetuous, self-willed, it was his fortune in youth to be balked in everything he undertook, to be goaded into need of freedom by wrong and oppression from his very childhood. No wonder his tyrannical father, who proclaimed himself the friend of man, regarded him as a monster physically and intellectually; no wonder he struck at the authority of priests and princes; no wonder he grew to be a torrent of irresistible eloquence. He worshiped Nature; he loved his kind; he had great faults and great virtues; he was the personification of energy, resolution, and work. Born under different conditions, in another era, he might have been wholly another man. But he was fitted to revolutions; he was himself a revolution; he found his labor and his requirement in France and the eighteenth century, and no man has more fully illustrated and influenced his epoch. All his sufferings, mental and corporeal, produced fruit, and wholesome and abundant fruit, while, united with his fiery temperament, they made him what he was, and wore him out at forty-two. His genius was brilliant, blazing, though in a certain sense it was convulsive or unproductive, since his endeavors to effect reforms through law, to reconcile political freedom and constitutional monarchy, were frustrated; passion overriding reason and introducing the Reign of Terror.

These examples of convulsive genius do not represent genius as commonly understood or commonly found, and cannot be quoted, therefore, against the theory and fact that, as a rule, genius and labor go hand-in-hand. Whatever is known of men great in performance of any kind, who have been consistent, who have affected their age, who have achieved positive results, assists to illustrate this truth.

Aristotle, the most eminent, perhaps, of ancient philosophers, and by many regarded as the most remarkable man, intellectually, of all time, was untiring in industry, so full of active force that he could

not keep still while instructing his pupils. His labors were fully equal to his genius. He studied Nature and her phenomena with unflagging patience; he allowed himself no rest in search of truth. For two thousand years he ruled the world of thought, and, toward the close of the last century, Lessing, Schneider, Wolf, and subsequently Hegel, relieved him of the neglect into which he had fallen. Notwithstanding his identification for ages, especially by the Roman Church, with scholastic forms, he was really the father of induction, and he has announced its principles as completely and clearly as Bacon himself. He was the creator of natural science; he was the first careful observer, the first dissector of animals, the first systematizer of facts. He nearly discovered the circulation of the blood; he declared that our ideas must be conformed to what has been established by observation and experience; that the mental or moral and material worlds must correspond. He anticipated centuries, which he could not have done save by perpetual diligence, by incessant work, to which he owed his wisdom and influence quite as much as to any native gifts.

Little as is known of Archimedes, the most renowned mathematician and mechanic of antiquity, the familiar story—doubtless authentic—of his slaying by a Roman soldier while absorbed in his problems, shows his extraordinary devotion to labor. His enthusiasm and capacity for work obviously had no bounds, and the remarkable accounts of his defense of Syracuse, apocryphal as they are considered, may be true. If not, they prove at least his reputation for toiling. Fully one-half of what he accomplished must have come from his wonderful labor.

Demosthenes was more indebted to his resolution and exertion than to Nature for his matchless eloquence. His obstinate efforts to become an orator in the face of many physical disadvantages are familiar enough. He was delicate in health; he was short of breath; his voice was feeble and stammering; his manners were awkward. But he remedied these shortcomings by running up-hill, by speaking with pebbles in his mouth, by declaiming on the sea-shore, by practising before a mirror. His first effort before a popular assembly, according to Plutarch, met with laughter and derision; whereupon he shut himself up, shaved one side of his head to hinder any temptation to go out, and transcribed the history of Thucydides eight times to benefit his style. His immense power before the people is easily understood with such inflexible determination and perseverance. Such a man, as Fénelon says, must have lightened and humpered, must have carried everything before him like a torrent. He knew how to work—he was prodigal of labor—and his unremitting work seemed like pure inspiration.

Julius Cæsar, foremost man of all the world, as Shakespeare calls him, as true a genius as has ever existed, had inherited drawbacks to make good, and he made them good by indomitable energy and will. Of delicate constitution, subject to attacks of epilepsy, he grew so hardy by constant exercise and

exposure that none of his soldiers could exceed him in enduring the fatigues and privations of military campaigns. Although his ceaseless exertions, anxieties, and responsibilities wore upon him toward the close of life, he never remitted his studies or his vigilance; he was to the last the supreme hero, a natural king of men. In the splendor of his almost universal achievements we are apt to forget that even Cæsar depended largely upon labor.

Columbus, who had arrived by reasoning at the conviction that by sailing westward he could reach Japan (Cipango) or the eastern part of Asia, spent years in seeking for assistance to carry out his idea. Eighteen years before he had sailed upon his first successful voyage, he had meditated the discovery of a western route to India; but his sagacity and prescience would have been fruitless except for his dogged perseverance and tireless diligence. Amid grinding poverty and every phase of discouragement he nourished his grand enterprise, begging bread at the convent of Palos while on his way for assistance to the Spanish court after the King of Portugal had tried to rob him of the meed of his project. It has often happened to genius, as in the case of Columbus, that, while failing in its direct purpose, it should accomplish another and greater purpose, of which it had never dreamed. After four prosperous voyages, after suffering everything, after having been treated with the blackest ingratitude, Columbus died in penury and neglect, unconscious that he had discovered a new world. He imagined to the end that Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, and the other islands which he had reached, were only remote parts of Asia.

Descartes, the pride of France and wonder of his contemporaries, was a gigantic worker. Leaving college at nineteen, he renounced his books, the received methods of education, the intellectual prejudices of his time, and resolved to admit nothing that would not bear the test of reason and experiment. It is hard to realize now the audacity of such an attempt, the immensity of such a task; it shows how he was inflamed with the passion of work. He traveled, he reflected, he examined, he studied for years before he published anything; he was over forty when he gave to the public his "Discourse on Method;" and yet he was precocious and spontaneous. No thinker or scholar of his day was so thoroughly versed in metaphysics, mathematics, chemistry, and astronomy, and he wrought a greater change in speculative philosophy than any preceding author since the revival of learning, and mainly through his vast capacity to labor.

Newton revolutionized science; he stands at the head, and alone, of all the discoverers of Nature's laws. But his commanding genius needed to be supplemented by an intellectual patience and activity that have never been surpassed. By his life-long engrossment in study he not only controlled, he actually extinguished, some of the strongest passions of humanity. Only a man of such immeasurable mind and acquirements could have honestly said near the end of his life: "I seem to have been like a child playing on the sea-shore; diverting myself

now and then by picking up a smoother pebble or prettier shell than common, while the mighty ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." A man must be a transcendent genius and a preternatural worker to have such an illimitable vision of knowledge.

Spinoza, who has exercised such an immense influence on modern thought, whom all broad, independent minds of this century have learned to admire and appreciate, surrendered every comfort, recreation, and pleasure, for study and investigation of truth. He was a veritable recluse; he fed his genius by daily and nightly toil, as oil feeds the flame of a lamp. His extraordinary work on "Ethics," demonstrated by a geometrical method, was the product of incessant labor and of a great mind, wholly divested of prejudice, and unhumanly disinterested.

Montesquieu, one of the most original and brilliant writers of France, formed studious habits very early, and was an insatiable reader. He was wont to say (happy man) that he had never had a sorrow which a book would not speedily relieve. The "Spirit of Laws," by no means voluminous, he spent fourteen years in preparing. He was a sparkling talker; he appeared to do everything without effort; but whatever facility he had acquired was the consequence of labor some time performed.

Alfieri redeemed and metamorphosed the poetry of his era and country. His tragedies are simple, strong, passionate, often sublime, models of their kind, the very reverse of the artificial, spiritless, imitative literature which had preceded them. He was as poorly educated as he well could be; he was melancholy, morose, restless, licentious, and at twenty-five he was deplorably ignorant. Travel, love-makings, quarrels, indolence, having partially spent themselves, he conceived a fancy for the drama, and between spasms of gallantry and self-disgust he began a play which he called "Cleopatra." He could not get on with it; his restlessness and hatred of exertion returned; he compelled his valet to tie him into a chair, and leave him to composition. So the play was finished, and its finishing kindled his ambition. He had no artistic culture, no command of expression in any tongue, but he had a detestation of tyranny and an unconquerable will, and to these he trusted for success. He laboriously undertook to retrieve his education, to un-Frenchify and then Italianize his mind, translating French plays into his native tongue, and studying Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, to that end. He had really to learn his own language, which, from his uniform habit of speaking and reading French, had become foreign to him. He grew to be an enthusiast in literature; he traveled with a definite aim; he sought companionship with scholars; he worked vehemently and continually to mature his art and form his style. He quitted Piedmont, his native principality, and for a while made Florence his abode, where, cheered by the society and encouraged by the sympathy of the Countess of Albany, he trained himself to composition, and produced the only genuine tragedies of which the Italians can

boast. No man of genius has ever developed his genius with more energy or toil than Alfieri.

The "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is a monument of learning and research, and is generally ranked as one of the ablest and most accurate of histories. It is the product of high genius, and still Gibbon did not fairly discover his own genius until he had completed his first volume. The entire work was finished in manuscript with hardly any erasures or interlineations, which would indicate that he wrote without effort. He did so write mechanically; but he had gathered and digested all his materials, and acquired his style with unwearied pains and by years of labor, before he had commenced his first chapter. He confided chiefly in work which lies unrevealed behind his most brilliant and seemingly spontaneous periods.

Genius for anything, whether literature, exploration, discovery, science, art, or war, not only wants, it requires effort and experience for its unfolding. Frederick the Great was incontestably a born captain; he had extraordinary courage, fortitude, fertility of resource, invincible will; yet at his first battle, Mollwitz, he fled from the field. His army had been victorious; but the sight of real war so affected his nerves that he put spurs to his horse, and galloped miles from the scene of action. How wholly contradictory this of the prince who, by individual force and exertion, lifted his petty kingdom into a great military and political state; who increased his territory twenty-nine thousand square miles and his subjects nearly four millions! He had appeared before his accession a sensualist, an aimless voluptuary, an empty theorist, a speculative scribbler, for he lacked opportunity, scope, freedom—the things which effort usually supplies to investigating or creative genius. Having got what he had lacked, he proved himself an eminent commander, a sagacious statesman, a profound political economist, an architect of government.

Men of the most spontaneous intellect are rarely spontaneous in their distinguishing achievements. Hard, absorbing work must generally be done some time, either in preparation or execution. Sheridan had the name of a radiant and ever-ready wit; he had but to open his mouth, it was thought, and epigrams flowed thence in a sparkling stream. He was very vain of, and carefully cultivated, such reputation. But he did not deserve it. His astonishing readiness was a sham; he used to lock himself in his chamber, and, under pretense of recovering from a debauch, slowly and deliberately devise the fine speeches which he assumed to throw off by sudden impulse. Some of his vaunted impromptus cost him hours of reflection. The present text of "The School for Scandal" is totally different from the first copy; not lines merely, but passages, scenes, and entire acts were recast and rewritten again and again. Almost everything that emanated from him was the result of much deliberation. He was a rare genius; but before he was so ranked, as well as after, he was a hard worker.

Tennyson's best poems seem as if they had run

in all their sympathy and sweetness from his overflowing brain. But no poet has ever toiled more over his verses: he forms and reforms them; changes, erases, reproduces, files, and polishes them, until those that stand would never suspect their relation to their early and remote progenitors.

Very few poems or writings of any kind that are reread or remembered but have been wrought with copious brain-sweat. As a rule, the offspring of genius, whatever its nature, is born with exceeding travail, although it is common to believe it generated after the manner of Pallas.

Emerson, the most original, if not the most profound, thinker in the republic, and one of the quaintest poets, is the slowest of composers. He considers twenty lines, which he is willing to keep, a good day's work—and they are, remembering their kind. He has been a professional author for more than forty years; he has labored steadily, and the entire contents of his wise little books could easily be put into a single octavo. His fame is world-wide; his genius is universally conceded; but he has always toiled terribly; his whole life has been devoted to observation, meditation, comparison, analysis, speculation. Albeit not a bit of a book-maker, he has been in one sense supremely professional.

Hawthorne's works are patterns of excellence in design, detail, and finish. In literary Europe he is known where scarcely any other American is; his rich genius has long been recognized on both sides of the sea. But was a single chapter of his dashed off as most of us are inclined to believe the writing of genius ordinarily is? Hawthorne has made no literary confessions; he shrank from the thought of exposing his intellectual laboratory. But it is altogether probable that his productions grew—grew with him, out of him, and into him again; that they were woven fibre by fibre; that they were the indelible photographs upon his mind of severe studies of Nature and humanity. His matchless, flawless sentences show the most solicitous attrition, the ceaseless exercise of enthusiasm for perfection. They appear so natural that they must be begotten of the deepest art. They are the mingled product of great genius and great work, one always coming to the aid of the other, and preserving a just and beautiful proportion.

Poe is originality itself. Some of his poems and most of his tales have no parallels in any literature. To resemble them is to imitate them; they are strictly unique. They are unhealthy, narrow, limited; but wonderful nevertheless. Everybody speaks of Poe as a pure genius, as an exceptional intellect, as a thoroughly peculiar organization. And he was indubitably; but no author has labored harder, more calmly, more rigorously, at his self-appointed tasks. His philosophy of composition is no doubt true, an accurate reflex of his method. His creative processes were like the processes of mathematics. Despite his fickleness, his love of contrast, his infirmity of purpose, he was a marvel of work while he did work, having spasms of diligence that were well-nigh superhuman.

Wendell Phillips's speeches are peerless in their way. Where are we to look for their counterparts? The Southerner who, before the war, called him, on account of his antislavery efforts, an infernal machine set to music, made at once a clever epigram and, from his standpoint, a happy characterization. All of Phillips's lectures and orations seem extemporaneous, and it is said that they are never written out beforehand. But they cannot be extemporaneous. One would almost as soon suppose "Hamlet" or "Othello" to have been spontaneous. They may not have been written on paper, though they must have been written in the mind previous to delivery. Ready as Phillips is, varied and affluent as his vocabulary may be, it is necessary to believe that he mentally arranges with elaboration and exactness the glowing tributes and the polished invectives which fall so gracefully and with such seeming unpremeditation from his lips. His apparent spontaneity cannot fail to be the fruit of labor remotely or nearly performed.

The published production of genius is like the personation of an actor on the stage. We see it, and judge of it as it is presented, without thinking or caring by what means he has arrived at his superiority. Research, reflection, study, are not taken into account: it is the effect of his work, not the work, that we consider. Quite likely we explain his impressiveness, his influence upon us, his naturalness, as we choose to style it, by pronouncing him a

genius, just as we explain discoveries in science, accomplishments in art, triumphs in literature. They are what they are because they have sprung from genius—the measureless work which has aided, shaped, ripened, expressed, the genius, is not remembered, nor is it generally suspected.

Productive genius has almost invariably its attendant agony of effort, and the willingness, often the gladness, to undergo such agony is a concomitant and inseparable part of productive genius. Nevertheless, it is maintained that labor is primarily unwelcome, even hateful, to real genius, and is undertaken for the most part from egotism, curiosity, ambition, or some other form of self-love. Convulsive genius, frequently of the purest, sometimes of the highest, obeys its instinct and refuses to work with any such earnestness or persistency as will publicly make manifest its affluent possession. But, as has been said, the convulsive is not recognized nor regarded as true genius, since it is averse to harmonizing with what seems to be its destiny. Strictly speaking, it is unnatural for genius to sustain continued and severe effort, notwithstanding it generally does sustain it. Convulsive genius alone acts out its inward promptings; productive genius, by resisting and overcoming strong temptation to ease, or at most to mere occasional endeavor, earns appreciation, and wears the laurel above the crown of labor, which in itself is a crown of thorns.

COLLECTANEA.

A POETIC COOK-BOOK.

"The undevout gastronomer is mad."

I WONDER how many of those who enjoy Charles Lamb's essay on roast-pig and Thackeray's Horatian lyric—

"Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,
I hate all Frenchified fuss;
Your silly *entrées* and made dishes
Were never intended for us!"—

have ever taken thought of how much eating and drinking goes on in our prose and verse until at times all English literature seems one vast Rabelaisian revel? Sam Weller goes, for instance, to a "swarry," and Pendennis nearly fights a duel with a French cook, M. Alcide de Mirololant—wondrous name, and characteristic as was the wont of its creator! And a wonderful creation is M. Alcide de Mirololant, who makes love by the *menu*, and attacks the heart of his mistress *à la carte*, and is altogether a worthy descendant of the coachman-cook of Molière, and a worthy mate of the culinary artist of another and later French play, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," written by the one French dramatist of our day who has the most of Molière's wit and insight, M. Emile Augier. And not in prose alone does Thackeray celebrate the cook and his works,

but in verse also—in that touchingly beautiful "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," which begins by tickling our palates, and ends by pulling our heart-strings. And Lamb abounds in references to eating and the good things of the table. One of the absurd images to him irresistible was a mermaid over a fish-kettle cooking her own tail! Another Englishman, a contemporary of the poor clerk of the India Office, coming late and making it up by going away early—a contemporary who probably did not even know of Lamb's existence during his life, although Lamb's later fame now wholly overshadows his own, Sydney Smith, to wit—is always talking and writing of dinners and dining: "Luttrell came over for a day, from where I know not, but I thought *not* from good pastures; at least, he had not his usual soup-and-pattie look. There was a forced smile on his countenance, which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled, and a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman. He was very agreeable, but spoke too lightly, I thought, of veal-soup." Luttrell, it is to be feared, was a man who would speak disrespectfully of the equator.

To Sydney Smith, however, a great debt of gastronomic gratitude is due. It is he who brought poetry to the aid of the palate, and set forth the making of a salad in rhyming longs and shorts. Now, although purists in salads repudiate utterly

the heresies they discover in Sydney Smith's receipt, yet it is fitting that a poetical cook-book should begin by again quoting it. It occasionally goes the rounds of the papers, but few people know exactly where to put their hand on it when needed :

RECEIPT FOR A WINTER SALAD.

Two large potatoes passed through kitchen-sieve
Unwonted softness to the salad give.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon—
Distrust the condiment which bites too soon.
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town.
True flavor needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion-atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
And, lastly, on the flavored compound toss
A magic teaspoon of anchovy-sauce.
Then though green-turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full the epicure may say,
"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day!"

Now, the American who has known a delicate and refined salad of celery or lettuce, with a *mayonnaise* dressing, will fail to find anything but fault with the heterodox principles of the English poet. But, consider his case—consider how barbarous the Briton is in the making of salads, heretically heaping together half a hundred incongruous and conflicting vegetables, to the total destruction of the subtle harmony which should rule a salad as much as a symphony—consider this, and the poet-preacher is pardonable. It is an anonymous disciple who has rhymed for us a receipt for the making of the national dish of England, the especial delectation of the sweet-tooth of the British lion, the plum-pudding—an English monopoly once, but now freely compounded by the ingenious Yankee, and packed in cans and vended here and there over the surface of the globe, spreading everywhere a knowledge of the British bill-of-fare, and sowing everywhere the seeds of indigestion :

A POETICAL RECIPE FOR ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.

To make a plum-pudding to Englishmen's taste,
So all may be eaten and nothing be waste,
Take of raisins, and currants, and bread-crumb all round ;
Also suet from oxen, and of flour a pound.
Of citron well candied, or lemon as good,
With molasses and sugar, eight ounces, I would.
Into this first compound next must be hasted
A nutmeg well grated, ground ginger well tasted,
With salt to preserve it, of such a teaspoon full ;
Then of milk half a pint, and of fresh eggs take six ;
Be sure after this that you properly mix.
Next tie up in a bag, just as round as you can,
Put it into a capacious and suitable pan,
Then boil for eight hours just as hard as you can.

This fellow is but a rhymster ; he brings to the task neither the metrical skill nor the poetic fervor of his predecessor, and he is as readily surpassed in the making of culinary couplets as his countrymen are in the concocting of the pudding itself. An

American poet, Mr. W. A. Croffut, catching his inspiration from the salt savor of the silent marshes, sings thus of

CLAM-SOUP.

First catch your clams—along the ebbing edges
Of saline coves you'll find the precious wedges,
With backs up, lurking in the sandy bottom ;
Pull in your iron rake, and lo ! you've got 'em.
Take thirty large ones, put a basin under,
And cleave with knife the stony jaws asunder ;
Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor,
Bring to a boil (and, by-the-way, the quicker
It boils the better, if you'd do it cutely).
Now add the clams, chopped up and minced minutely.
Allow a longer boil of just three minutes,
And while it bubbles quickly stir within its
Tumultuous depths, where still the mollusks mutter,
Four tablespoons of flour and four of butter,
A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion,
And clams need salting, although born of ocean.
Remove from fire (if much boiled they will suffer,
You'll find that India-rubber isn't tougher) ;
After 'tis off, add three fresh eggs well beaten,
Stir once more, and it's ready to be eaten.
Fruit of the wave ! oh, dainty and delicious !
Food for the gods ! ambrosia for Apicius !
Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus,
Or titillate the palate of Silenus.

Are not these the very dithyrambic rhapsodies of gastronomic rhyming ? In rhyme it is the equal of the Reverend Sydney's, and in reason far superior. But the best of all gastronomic poetry is certain maxims condensed into couplets by Mr. Sam Ward, "Vestibuli Rex," and king of culinary connoisseurs. They are somewhat in the style of the whist maxims to which all players seek to be true as the needle to the pole. Mr. Ward has not confined himself to the concocting of but one dish ; he is an appreciative epicure, and delights in all, celebrating the good points of each, and seeking, it may be, to conceal the defects of each :

Always have lobster-sauce with salmon,
And put mint-sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal-cutlet dip in egg and bread-crumb,
Fry till you see a browlish red come.

Grate Gruyère cheese on macaroni ;
Make the top crisp, but not too bony.

In dressing salad, mind this law :
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Your mutton-chops with paper cover,
And make them amber-brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteak—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Kidneys a fine flavor gain
By stewing them in good champagne.

Buy stall-fed pigeons ; when you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton minus capers.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast-fowl with tasteless stuffing.

Egg-sauce—few make it right, alas !—
Is good with bluefish or with bass.

Nice oyster-sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious ;
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton
Might make ascetics play the glutton.

A comparison of this comprehensive statement, or rather of its fourth couplet, with the salad receipt of the Reverend Sydney, will show that the American has more fairly seized the poetry of that dainty, and delicate, and most delicious compound than the Englishman. A comparing of it also with Mr. Croffut's clam-soup stanzas will show that both American authors have happened upon the same rhyme for Apicius.

There is, in an early work of that Lewis Carroll, the delight of all children of a larger growth, for that he wrote "Alice in Wonderland," a poem which describes the interview of an incipient rhymster with an older adviser, who descants upon modern poetry, its rough incoherence, its incomprehensibility, and its sometime success. And, finally, the versifying neophyte ventured on a few lines in accordance with these theories, in the which lines he alluded to mutton-pies as "dreams of fleecy flocks pent in a wheaten cell." Now, this phrase seems to hold within itself the promise and potency of poetic possibilities as practically applied to epicurean and culinary art too vast to pass over without pause. What a subtle idealization of creature comforts is suggested by these two lines ! Consider how prosaic the common term seems ! Mutton-pies, indeed ! we'll have none of them. But dreams of fleecy flocks *pent*—how apt the word !—pent in a wheaten cell ! Why, the very sound falls smoothly and soothingly upon the ear, and titillates the palate with temptation. It opens vistas of vast reach in the poetic art ; for, if Poetry be once made the handmaiden of Cookery, the scope is boundless, and it no longer need fear lack of popular appreciation. What man gifted with organs of digestion could refuse attention to a poem in praise of parsley, to stanzas on celery-salad, or to an ode to an oyster—not on its being crossed in love, but on the occasion of its getting into a broil ? Nor need these new-found theories confine themselves to poetry alone. Already has another art apprehended and assimilated this suggestion. Mr. John Phoenix, in his famous criticism of the great American symphony, "Crossing the Plains," dwells lovingly on the skill with which the musician depicted the travelers seated around the camp-fire of an evening while the bacon sizzled gently in the frying-pan. And thus in the fullness of time, as the new theory of art makes its way more and more into the feelings and fancies of musicians, we shall have a trio to terrapin, a *gavotte* on gumbo, and a *concerto* celebrating the canvas-back. Then, indeed, may it be said that the art-

work of the future, despite the opposition of Herr Richard Wagner, is a properly-scored, poetical cook-book !

A POEM BY LORD JEFFREY.

THE following literary curiosity—an unpublished poem by Francis Jeffrey—was addressed to a daughter of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in the year 1794, when the writer was in his twenty-second year. It is taken from the original, somewhat illegible manuscript. Lord Jeffrey's productions were always a trial to printers as well as to his friends. Sydney Smith says, "How happy I should be if you would but dictate your letters, and not write them yourself !"

TO MISS MARY GRANT.

Not for the charm, sweet maid, that melody
Has richly breathed amid thy simple lays,
Has my sad Muse resumed her energy
In long-disused strains to speak their praise :

Nor for the fairy light by genius shed
In magic gleams in melting tones among,
Nor for the flowers by sportive fancy sped,
Do I applaud thy sweet, engaging song.

The idle tinklings of harmonious sound
Oft from the touch of ignorance have flared ;
And oft have fancy's barren flow'rets crowned
The strains where genius ne'er effulgent glared.

By hands impure the Muse's holy lyre
With matchless skill has oft been badly strung,
And genius thundered with reluctant fire
In the vile accents of a venal tongue.

Thy simple lays thy spotless breast display
Give back the image of a soul sincere,
And win all hearts with sympathetic sway
Who love the virtues that are copied there.

More sweet to me thy native wood-notes wild,
Warbled unstudied to thy simple lyre,
Than all the strains that learning ever toiled
With lifeless beauties vainly to inspire.

O child inspired ! might this enchanted strain
But be prolonged through many a future day,
And might this artless soul forever reign
Which pours so sweet the rude, romantic lay !

But ah ! that artless soul that now so warm
Breathes out its sweet simplicity, will lose—
At last will lose—the perishable charm,
And scorn perhaps its simple, childish Muse.

'Twere vain to hope it lasting—will the rose
That opens on thy blooming cheek relay
Its broader tints successive to disclose—
To spread, to blaze, to languish, and decay ?

Nor with less fatal certainty expire
The air-drawn forms that please our early days,
While earth-born cares depress that heavenly fire
That in the world's contagious gleam decays.

I love the fount whose crystal waters creep
In clear, low murmurs, down the pastoral vale
From the wild rock amid their windings leap,
And catch their echoed ravings in the gale.

Yet as it rolls, this fair, sequestered stream,
That, trembling, stole along its lonely bed,
Wide o'er the peopled land at last will gleam,
And its bold waves to guilty cities lead.

The naiads haunt its echoing banks no more,
Nor dance at eve upon its lapsing tide;
The frightened fairies fly the crowded shore,
And all the magic of their revels hide.

My wakened spirit, with poetic love,
Hails the slow-kindling morn, when her red ray
Gleams through the fragrant dews, and o'er the grove
On the far hills with partial glory play.

The long, long vales are dark in ling'ring shade,
Faint on the cold sea floats the trembling ray;
Yet, while I gaze, the magic scenes are fled,
And all the fairy shadows float away.

The fiery sun, broad o'er the flaming skies,
Streams the full radiance of the garish day;
The purple dews are quenched, and vulgar eyes
With sullen scorn the opening scene survey.

Yes, and the blossom, whose unfading hues
So often won my young, enamored eyes,
That, glittering, swelled beneath the vernal dews,
And waved and frolicked in the summer skies—

It, too, must fade; the dark, descending year
With chilling touch will blast its lovely form,
Its breathing tresses will relentless tear,
And all its painted, flutt'ring sweets transform.

What though the full fruit from its ruins rise,
And rich amid the sober foliage glow,
Yet still lament the fond, regretful eyes—
The little flower that used to crest the bough?

O secret stream! O dewy morn! O flowers!
Whose tender bloom my youthful fancy won,
Why should your doom so well depicture ours,
'T' bloom so lovely, but to change so soon?

Blest child, adieu! while yet the charm will stay,
Thy tuneful task with fairy hand pursue;
And, when it melts in life's advancing day,
May ripened virtues lead to pleasures new!

Again farewell, sweet maid! a stranger's tongue,
When flattery ne'er inspired the voice of praise,
Charmed by the sweetness of thy simple song,
This lovely offering to thy genius pays.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

WHEN Mr. George Warrington got to work again on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Captain Shandon discovered it at once: "I know the crack of his whip in a hundred, and the cut which the fellow's thong leaves. There's Jack Bludyer goes to work like a butcher, and mangles a subject. Mr. Warrington finishes a man, and lays his cuts neat and regular straight down the back, and drawing blood every time." The simile is hardly pleasant; but is it not just? Has not the crack of the critic's whip been heard through the land more than once? Fifteen years ago, *Vanity Fair*—our own American *Vanity Fair*—had a clever little cut representing the weary editor calling for coffee, as he was "going to see another American comedy, and must keep awake

somehow." American comedies are more frequent now, and less soporific, it may be—no critic now needs aid in avoiding sleep; he is only too wide-awake and sharp-set, as the poor playwright shall find to his sorrow. Repenting of his early "geniality," the critic finds an American play fair game, into which whoso will shall shoot as many arrows as he may. Now, this acid reaction is almost as far from the golden mean as the earlier sweetness; and the author, at bay, at times turned savagely on his assailants to rend them—not always with success. Mr. Bret Harte's "Two Men of Sandy Bar," when brought out here, suffered sorely between the critic who came like a surgeon with a scalpel to lance and let out all impurities, and the critic who came with a dagger to stab in the back like an assassin. Beneath this contumely the author writhed, and was rash enough to print, with his approval, a letter, one paragraph of which declared that "the day when the dignified critical expression of the press could influence the multitude regarding the merits of a play or artist has passed. It has become merely a vehicle of advertisement, the largest purse commanding the longest and strongest editorials." Mr. Harte's irritation was, to a certain point, excusable. It must, for instance, have been torture to see his work mangled by one who only knew him as the author of a comic song; but a charge as vague and as general as this met with the contempt it deserved, and is only now revived because it has of late been in some sort repeated by Mr. Dion Boucicault, and because it affords occasion to ask this question: What are the qualifications of the average dramatic critic for his position? A cursory examination of the current reviews of the stage shows that they fall into two classes: dramatic criticism and theatrical reporting. Some of them are evidently the work of men who know what good criticism is, and who aim at its execution. But much of it—if not, indeed, most of it—is not criticism at all, but reporting—the work of an ordinary reporter detailed for the night, who writes in reporter's English as good a descriptive report as he can, recording the dresses and decorations, the acting, it may be, perhaps even the play, at which he may poke fun, if haply he think his account needs enlivening. Criticise the reporter obviously cannot, and seemingly it is not expected of him. Yet the theatrical reporter as such has his uses; the misfortune is, that he is often set to do the work of a critic, or that the two incompatible functions are regularly discharged by one and the same man. Mrs. Kemble has said that we are a theatrical people like the French; and we certainly have a greater liking than the English for the stage and for its gossip. Now, the feeding of this liking by the collection of the news and the chronicling of the small talk of the stage is within the legitimate sphere of the theatrical reporter, and to set a dramatic critic to hunt up these items of gossip is like using a rifle to catch a butterfly. Besides, if a critic may have to haunt the manager's office to hunt up news, he will find it hard to hold himself aloof from the subjects of his criticism; it would be impossible for him—like Gustave

Planche—to refuse to make the acquaintance of an actor. The French have seen this clearly enough, and, in papers which pay particular attention to the stage, the department of news and the department of criticism are kept distinct. For instance, there are attached to the *Figaro*—a sheet useful more often for warning than example—two reporters who frequent the theatres, mixing with authors and actors and gathering gossip all the day. Then there is the amusing Monsieur de l'Orchestre, who attends those solemn celebrations of which even M. Dumas writes with awe, the first performances of new plays, to note for publication the next day the names of all notabilities present, with such scraps of dialogue, pertinent or impertinent, as his open ear may catch or his fertile fancy furnish. There are, finally, a critic of music and a critic of the drama, whose judgments, written leisurely and with dignity, appear in the fullness of time forty-eight hours or more later. Although, of course, this system in its completeness is not needed here, better work is done under it than is to be expected from the gentleman on whose card we once read, “Mr. —, musical, dramatic, literary, and art critic of the New York —.”

So leisurely, indeed, do the critics of Paris prepare their articles, that it has more than once happened of late, since certain of the London papers have special telegraph-wires from Paris, that the full criticism of a new French play is to be found in the *Times* or the *Telegraph* before it could be had in any of the newspapers of Paris. The necessity of haste under which the American critic labors, helps to hinder the production of good work. Judgment on a work of complex character has to be rendered in hot haste in the midst of the crowd, the bustle, and the excitement, of a first performance. The critic of a book may write at his ease in the calm quiet of his study, with time to consult authorities and to polish his style. Not so the critic of the acted drama; the conditions under which he works are harder and the work itself from its complex character is more difficult. He has a double duty: he must judge both play and players, and he must judge the play in spite of the players, and the players in spite of the play. He must judge the actor as such, spying out his strength in an ungrateful part, or his weakness in a seemingly strong part, such a one as in the idiom of the stage “plays itself.” He must strive to see the real value of the drama—coarsest prose or finest poetry, as it may chance—notwithstanding any imperfection of the medium through which it is presented, in spite, that is, of the undue excellence or undue villainy of the acting. The dramatic, like any other critic, requires—besides the critical faculty, which is far rarer than is supposed—a sufficient style, a sympathy with his subject and a knowledge of it—in this case a knowledge of two different things—the drama and the theatre, writing and acting. First, he must know the history of the drama, past and present, in the great literatures of the world; and, second, he must have followed and have at his fingers’ ends the history of the stage, especially theatrical biography

and the dramatic criticism of the past. Otherwise he will have no standard by which an actor can be judged. The actor cannot leave his works behind him, he must make his mark on the minds of others, that he may be recorded in their works; and it is from these marks that we can reconstruct him and use him as a gauge for his successors.

These requisites, the possession of style, of a sympathy with the stage, of a knowledge of its history and literature, and of the critical faculty, form the ideal by which the worth of a dramatic critic can be judged. His work will be good or bad in proportion as he has these qualifications. No one critic has them all—indeed, if he had, it is obvious that he would hardly hide his light in the columns of a daily newspaper.

INCONSOLABLE.

A DOLEFUL DITTY.

I.

’Tis sad to mark affliction’s storm
Burst o’er the shieldless head;
’Tis sad to see the once-loved form
Lie cold, and pale, and dead;
’Tis sad to hear, from lips thrice dear,
The moan of careless pain;
But saddest of all to pay a call
In a rascally shower of rain!

II.

We mourn the brave whom battle smote,
Yet soon our grief is o’er;
But who shall wail the shrunken coat,
The crinkled vest deplore?
And the faultless tie, which low and high
To rival toil in vain—
Their course is run—all, all undone,
By a villainous shower of rain!

III.

The vanished hope, the blasted name,
May yet return to men;
The dead in deathless scrolls of fame
Arise and live again;
The leech’s art may ease the heart
And cool the fevered brain;
But who shall repair the garments fair
Defiled by a shower of rain?

IV.

Ha! while I speak, upon my chest
The deadly cold doth lie;
The fierce sore-throat, in vapors dressed,
Swoops from the lowering sky;
Rheumatics stand, a grisly band,
And howl this dire refrain:
“The best thing alive to make us thrive
Is a jolly good shower of rain!”

V.

Ugh! ugh! my throat! that cough’s harsh note
Dooms me to draught and pill,
And flannelled skin, and gruel thin,
And a swingeing doctor’s bill.
Ugh! ugh! a-tchew! attend me, you
Who would your health retain—
With strictest care henceforth beware
Of a treacherous shower of rain!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AT first thought it seems as if a man who has lived more than fourscore years has so nobly rounded his lease of life that his death need cause us no pain or sorrow, as, indeed, it does cause us no surprise. But a little reflection will show that the very fullness of years which a man attains multiplies his hold upon the interests of the world and the affections of mankind, makes his guidance in intricate affairs more valuable, and so familiarizes us by long habit with his presence and his words of wisdom that his loss is much more felt than that of those who are cut off in the midst of their strength, with the world still before them. We mourn the loss of the patriarch of the forest or the fields far more keenly than the downfall of the young tree with all its promise of years and of fruit. Especially is this true when the man of ripe years and mature powers falls prematurely, as it were, by some mishap, or in consequence of events that a slight change of circumstances would have prevented. The world was watching, for instance, the ripening of the years on Bryant's brow with keen sympathy and interest, when suddenly he was struck down by an accident; it was looking to see what length of years Nature in its ordinary course would have vouchsafed this sturdy patriarch; how long intellectual vigor and physical strength could be maintained by one whose pure life and simple habits had already carried him to four-and-eighty years. Would he not have lived to fourscore and ten? Might not the perfect balance of brain and *physique* observable in him—the labor that permitted no rust, the systematic exercise that kept the muscles hard and the lungs filled with fresh air, the wise moderation of living—might not such a man, in the happy ease of his painless and well-fortified age, have glided on until a century of years had crowned him? Of course, it is useless to discuss the "might have been." Men die around us in such numbers that we rarely stop to do so. It is only when a man seems to have in himself a fountain of health and strength that other men do not possess, that we stop to speculate upon results that would have ensued had the fountain flowed on until its springs were exhausted, and not been checked by violent means.

But our poet adds one more to the long list of intellectual toilers whose attainment of great age has refuted the idea that brain-work preys upon and greatly exhausts the physical powers. Here was Bryant, at the age of eighty-four, still an almost daily visitor to his business-office, still preparing orations and addresses for public occasions, still exhibiting an interest in all the affairs of the time, and in some of them actively participating. There was none of the palsy of age upon him, none of the sluggish indifference that so often marks men of fourscore, none of the selfish withdrawing into himself and surrender to his own personal comforts that so frequently render extreme old age unattractive. His gray hairs and his wrinkled brow bespoke great ripeness

of years, but his heart was still young, his mind still fresh, his energies still unimpaired. The tree was old, but not decayed; its bole was sound, its boughs and branches hung rich and full with green vigor; it stood a picture of symmetry, grace, and healthful beauty.

The poetry of Bryant is a matter of perplexity to those who imagine that metrical writings in order to be great must be full of turbulent passion, feverish thought, and sounding phrases. The large, broad, sweet simplicity of Bryant's verse seems to such minds inferior to the fiery heat of more impetuous verse-makers. These critics complain of Bryant's limited vocabulary, of his narrow range of topics, and affirm that his poems, for the most part, are simply moral essays set to chaste and stately versification, and which tell us only of the mournfulness of death and the beauty of Nature. But, singularly enough, both the admirers and the critics of Bryant's poetry seem to know nothing of those productions of his which really indicate the breadth of his range, and his power of imagination. People, for the most part, read and comment upon "Thanatopsis," "A Forest Hymn," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Flood of Years," and a few other poems of similar tone. When, some eight years ago, an illustrated edition of "The Song of the Sower" was published, it became by that means for the first time generally known to readers of poetry. This is purely an objective poem; it is full of striking pictures peculiarly well adapted to the artistic pencil; and, while it draws the full moral which Bryant's poems always illustrate, it is free from those meditations upon mortality which render his better-known poems so dear to the moral sense of the community. Another of his poems, "The Children of the Snow," has also found a special public by the aid of illustration. This production is marked by an ideal fancy not commonly found in Bryant's verse. But the poem which exhibits this faculty to a higher degree, the one that conspicuously illustrates the possession of inventive and imaginative power, is one to which reference is very rarely made, and one which remains unknown to thousands of those who have "Thanatopsis" and "A Forest Hymn" at their fingertips, and who freely discuss the characteristics and lament the limitations of Bryant's genius. This poem bears the title of "Sella." It is the longest of his productions, not excepting even "The Ages," which is commonly supposed to be entitled to that honor. It is an antique legend, the story of one who was as truly a child of the water as Undine, who by mystic aid is carried by the water-sprites to the under-world, to the sources of the springs and the water-courses, and who afterward turned the knowledge thus obtained to good account by teaching men to dig wells, to bring rivers into cities, to construct viaducts and fountains. This is but a meagre hint of a story that is full of imaginative charm and poetic beauty; and how little it is known! The story is as beautiful in its way as that of Undine; but, while

all the world has heard of the German water-nymph, who is familiar with Bryant's exquisite poem? This is the more singular, as we have already said, because those who love our poet of the woods should also delight in this idyl of the waters; and those who deplore the fancied limitation of his powers should assuredly study a creation that is abundant in fresh fancies and in descriptive lines of marked beauty.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

AT first thought it seems as if a man who has lived more than fourscore years has so nobly rounded his lease of life that his death need cause us no pain or sorrow, as, indeed, it does cause us no surprise. But a little reflection will show that the very fullness of years which a man attains multiplies his hold upon the interests of the world and the affections of mankind, makes his guidance in intricate affairs more valuable, and so familiarizes us by long habit with his presence and his words of wisdom that his loss is much more felt than that of those who are cut off in the midst of their strength, with the world still before them. We mourn the loss of the patriarch of the forest or the fields far more keenly than the downfall of the young tree with all its promise of years and of fruit. Especially is this true when the man of ripe years and mature powers falls prematurely, as it were, by some mishap, or in consequence of events that a slight change of circumstances would have prevented. The world was watching, for instance, the ripening of the years on Bryant's brow with keen sympathy and interest, when suddenly he was struck down by an accident; it was looking to see what length of years Nature in its ordinary course would have vouchsafed this sturdy patriarch; how long intellectual vigor and physical strength could be maintained by one whose pure life and simple habits had already carried him to four-and-eighty years. Would he not have lived to fourscore and ten? Might not the perfect balance of brain and *physique* observable in him—the labor that permitted no rust, the systematic exercise that kept the muscles hard and the lungs filled with fresh air, the wise moderation of living—might not such a man, in the happy ease of his painless and well-fortified age, have glided on until a century of years had crowned him? Of course, it is useless to discuss the "might have been." Men die around us in such numbers that we rarely stop to do so. It is only when a man seems to have in himself a fountain of health and strength that other men do not possess, that we stop to speculate upon results that would have ensued had the fountain flowed on until its springs were exhausted, and not been checked by violent means.

But our poet adds one more to the long list of intellectual toilers whose attainment of great age has refuted the idea that brain-work preys upon and greatly exhausts the physical powers. Here was Bryant, at the age of eighty-four, still an almost daily visitor to his business-office, still preparing orations and addresses for public occasions, still exhibiting an interest in all the affairs of the time, and in some of them actively participating. There was none of the palsy of age upon him, none of the sluggish indifference that so often marks men of fourscore, none of the selfish withdrawing into himself and surrender to his own personal comforts that so frequently render extreme old age unattractive. His gray hairs and his wrinkled brow bespoke great ripeness

of years, but his heart was still young, his mind still fresh, his energies still unimpaired. The tree was old, but not decayed; its bole was sound, its boughs and branches hung rich and full with green vigor; it stood a picture of symmetry, grace, and healthful beauty.

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every painting in order to be great or worthy *must* be finished—not made smooth or polished, of course, but brought to that state of completeness that the methods and processes of the work are hidden, so that one who looks at it sees textures, not paint, force by virtue of completeness and not by ruggedness, things and not guesses at things.

SIGNIFICANT epithets often best serve to mark and impress historic events and notable bodies of men; an apt *sobriquet* often serves to shed more light upon a character than a page of minute description. The French are masters of this art of conferring epithets. "The Man of December," the "Citizen King," the "Little Corporal," the "Revolution of February," the "Exile of Guernsey," bring the men and occurrences referred to by them before us with a vividness we can scarcely explain. So, too, we are much more struck by "the cabinet of all the talents," applied to Fox's ministry, than by its formal designation. The Congress at Berlin will doubtless be known in history as "the Congress of Premiers," and this already gives a significance to its personal composition which distinguishes it from any similar body that has ever assembled. Under the lofty roof of the Radziwil Palace, in the spacious banquetting-hall where many a time has echoed the bluff and hearty reveling of German junkerdom, no less than four prime-ministers, controlling the destinies of the four greatest military powers of the earth, met each other on the 13th of June face to face to settle, if possible, the destinies of European races, to remap the continent, and to adjust the most delicate and entangled of possible complications.

We leave aside the political aspects presented in the meeting of this illustrious body, and confine our view to its purely personal characteristics. Here were four men, each and all holding the very highest rank, not only in political authority, but in amply-tested abilities, used for years to frequent communication with each other on the weightiest subjects, but some of whom had never before met the others, no one of whom has failed to make a deep impression upon the times, varying each from the others in race and religion, in custom, mode of thought, and methods of dealing with the work before them. Strange and romantic fortunes, too, had served to bring two of these prime-ministers to the height of that august council-board. The Earl of Beaconsfield, the most conspicuous figure among them, the observed of all observers, must have smiled inwardly in contrasting his present lofty position with the modest and difficult beginnings of his public life, and reverted, with a more than pardonable complacency, to his gallant struggle upward, from the middle class, the taint of Jewish descent, the suspicion of despised Jewish characteristics, and the evanescent reputation of a fashionable novelist, to the position of controller of the destinies of the British Empire, and the arbiter of war or peace in Europe. Take it for all in all, the political career of Benjamin Disraeli is the most singularly romantic in the history of statesmanship; were he to choose, with his still glowing

fancy and skill of pen, to veil, in his favorite guise of fiction his own autobiography, he might produce a novel more intensely interesting than "Vivian Grey" or "Lothair."

Another prime-minister seated in the banquetting-hall of the Radziwil had scarcely less reason to compare his present with his past, and to feel a shock of astonishment to find himself seated among the supreme councilors of Christendom. Count Andrassy could scarcely have forgotten that, thirty years ago, he was a rebel and an outcast, a fugitive and condemned traitor, and that the whole police of Austro-Hungary were seeking him in every corner and crevice, eager to obtain the blood-price set upon his head. Now he is the foremost man in the realm which he tried to destroy, and which once vowed such dire vengeance on him; the trusted friend of the emperor whom he sought to dethrone; and only second in Europe to the great, grim Chancellor of Germany, and the sardonic and sphinx-like virtual ruler of the British Empire. It is worth remarking that, at such a gathering, alien-hating England should be represented by a Jew, and Austria, dominated by a Teutonic dynasty and Teutonic influence, by a once rebellious and hunted Magyar. Beaconsfield and Andrassy typified the vicissitudes of political fortune, and the possibilities in store, even in royal and aristocratic Europe, for brilliant talent allied with patient perseverance. Gortchakoff and Bismarck, on the other hand, represented the influence of birth and routine, and the steady advancement of the able man who, backed by family and wealth, makes politics a profession, and proves more than capable in every post as he presses upward to the summits of political power. There were other notable figures at the Congress; but history will portray these four in the foreground, towering far above the rest, and will declare that never was there a more illustrious group of intellects gathered in one place. Aside from the proceedings of the Congress, the men who composed it will have made it memorable through all time.

INVENTION has its beneficent epidemics, as well as disease and crime their malignant ones; but it is certainly unusual that three inventions should have been made in rapid succession, all within the domain of the science of sound, related to, and to some degree, at least, dependent upon, each other. The world awaits anxiously to see to what extent will be developed, and to what uses will be put, these three marvels of human ingenuity, the telephone, the phonograph, and the microphone. The inventors themselves would be the first to declare that their machines are but the rough beginnings, though each containing a vital principle, of what they are destined to become. The secrets are discovered; it only remains for the discoverers, or somebody else, to modify and perfect them, and thus put them to their utmost practical use. That they are supplemental, the one to the other, a mere glance suffices to reveal. The telephone transmits sound; the phonograph records and reproduces it; the microphone magnifies it. There is a certain Arabian fairy-tale wherein three princes sought the hand of the same

beautiful princess. Each was favored with a magic talisman, and the father of the princess sent them away, telling them that to him who brought back the most precious gift her person should be awarded. Meeting at a distance from her home, the princes show their talismans to each other. One had a pomegranate, which was an effectual antidote to all bodily ills; another, a small telescope, which enabled him to see the most remote objects; the third, a carpet, which would transport those who sat upon it whithersoever they willed. The princes, resolved to try these valuable possessions, first looked through the telescope, to where their beloved object was: to their dismay, they found her lying dangerously ill. Quick as thought, they made use of the carpet, and were transported to her bedside; and, when there, the all-curing pomegranate proved its virtue in at once restoring her to health. Which was the most precious it was hard to tell; for neither would have been effectual, had it not been for the aid of the other two. So, it may be taken as certain that the telephone, the phonograph, and the microphone, will very greatly enhance the value of each other. The telephone will carry to long distances the sound that the phonograph will permanently fix, and that the microphone will render loud enough to be intelligible.

The imagination wanders excitably through a vast field of conjecture as to what uses these latest marvels of our time are destined to serve. Not only in mere convenient communication, in the pleasure of listening to familiar voices which are far away, in preserving as in a book the tones of men and women, their jests and songs, their questionings and uttered emotions, after they are dead, are these machines to be of high value; they are already seen to serve the behests of the physician, in seeking for the locality and the extent of internal disease; they lend ears to the deaf; they must be of important aid to the man of science, searching amid the still unsolved mysteries of Nature; and the microphone, at least, is perhaps about to introduce us to a new world of sounds, never before heard by human ear. It is strange, indeed, that both the phonograph and the microphone were discovered by what we are wont to call, in worldly fashion, "accident." Edison, experimenting on the telephone, pricked his finger; Hughes, engaged in the same occupation, broke a wire; and their sharpened wits made quick and true deductions from the observed effects of the one mishap and the other. So quick succeeding are wonderful inventions in these days, that we scarcely recover from the breathless astonishment with which we observe the latest, than a still later takes away our breath again. We must soon expect greatly improved telephones, phonographs, and microphones, and it is only after they have approached perfection that we can even approximately measure their full value.

OUR "esteemed contemporary"—it is just as proper, we are informed by the accomplished editor of the *World*, for editors to address each other by this term of courtesy,

as it is for Congressmen to speak of "the distinguished member," clergymen to refer to "our reverend brother," and lawyers to speak of "the eloquent counsel for the defense"—and with this sanction we beg to assure our "esteemed contemporary," *The Graphic*, that we were not aware we had been anticipated in proposing New York as the place for the next World's Fair. We are very glad, indeed, that *The Graphic* is of the same mind that we are in this matter, and compliment it upon the glory that will gather to it as the first to put so fine and worthy an idea in motion. Our "esteemed contemporary," however, does not approve of the year 1881, which we modestly suggested as a suitable time for the event, and thinks the fair should be held in 1883, because 1881 has no significance, while the latter year is "our real national centenary," it being "in 1783 that the Treaty of Paris was signed, and we took our place among the nations of the earth." It was also in 1783 that "the last British soldiers took their departure from our soil, embarking at the Battery." It is clear that 1883 has a national significance which 1881 has not, and hence would be an appropriate occasion for a great commemorative celebration. But does not our contemporary recollect that the centennial glorification involved in the Philadelphia Exhibition was at first a stumbling-block in its dealings with foreign visitors? It was specially awkward, for instance, to invite England to participate in a celebration that commemorated one of its greatest misfortunes; and when England consented to the participation, she quietly ignored even the name of centennial. The English recognized it as simply an International Exhibition; it was by this phrase that they characterized it, putting aside from their minds the very root, cause, and motive, of the event. It would be peculiarly inappropriate to ask the English to join with us in celebrating the centennial anniversary of the departure of their troops from our shores—of the absolute completion of the dissolution of the empire. Let us here, in New York, get up on the 25th of November, 1883, a grand local celebration of the Evacuation; and let the nation in some suitable fashion do honor to the centenary of our Federal organization; but let our World's Fair, in whatever year it may be held, be simply an international congress, in no way whatsoever associated with aught that may be painful to our guests—a gathering exclusively in behalf and under the inspiration of industry, science, and the arts. We trust that *The Graphic* will, after "mature deliberation," see the justice of this view of the case, and will then unite with us in strenuous efforts to bring the exhibition about, leaving the exact year to be determined hereafter. As to the suggestion that Governor's Island should be the place for the Fair, we are glad to see that *The Graphic* recognizes its admirable fitness; it declares the situation to be both superb and unique. It would be an "Island Fair," "a Sea-Girt Fair;" but some of our poets would be inspired to invent a phrase that would exactly and fitly describe so unique an exhibition as this would be.

Books of the Day.

THE criticism most commonly passed upon American novels is that they are crude, inartistic, and for the most part totally lacking in that deftness of workmanship which is generally noticeable in even the ordinary productions of French and English writers in this field. For this reason, if for no other, there was a certain appropriateness in making "Esther Pennefather,"¹ the initial number of Harper's new "Library of American Fiction." A story more crude in conception, more false and flimsy in sentiment, and more sophomoric in execution, could hardly have been found; and, in spite of the fact that the scene is laid for the most part in cities, there is a flavor of provincialism about it which, if not distinctively American, will be apt to be characterized as such by foreign critics of the *Saturday Review* type. It would be waste of space to analyze the plot, and thus attempt to exhibit in detail its manifold absurdities of construction; but it may be said briefly that the events and personages of the story centre upon the love of one woman for another—not the loyal fervor of friendship which sometimes binds together girls of a similar age, nor yet the slightly *exalté* but rather pleasing sentiment of adoration with which an older woman sometimes inspires a younger, but a feeling which, if it eludes precise definition, is described and expressed by Miss Perry in exactly the same terms that are commonly used in portraying the love which obtains between men and women. Without being confronted with this unnatural sentiment through page after page and chapter after chapter, and seeing it used as the motive-element of two or three tragedies and an innumerable sum of human misery, one can scarcely realize how unutterably repugnant it is. It makes the reader feel as if he were a participant in a deliberate travesty or desecration of the most sacred and significant of human feelings; and it implants in the mind what is probably an entirely unjustifiable distrust of certain girlish enthusiasms, which are usually regarded with a tolerance not unmingled with amusement. Nor can the story be excused on the ground that it has a basis of actual fact. Every one has heard of those passionate personal attachments which are among the most curious phenomena of female academies and colleges; but these are not only ephemeral and harmless, but differ *in toto* from the sentiment which Miss Perry undertakes to portray, and which, even if it reflected an actual case, would be no fit subject for a novel. Because a thing is true, it is not therefore an appropriate subject for artistic treatment; and if Miss Perry's story corresponds to anything she has observed in real life, what she has accomplished is not a delineation of character under normal and therefore typical conditions, but a peculiarly repulsive study in mental pathology.

While the very theme of the story is thus objectionable, however, it is by no means its only fault. The characters are mere abstractions, with nothing personal or individual about them except their names; and the descriptive portions are amusingly faithful reproductions of Dickens's manner when using Nature as part of his "accessories." It is observable, too, that the author herself does not exhibit any consistent faith in the objective existence of her personages. The elder Mr. Doepfner is introduced to us as a "very small man," and when he

next appears upon the scene a week or two afterward, he fills an entire doorway with his "portly form;" but Miss Perry doubtless considers it beneath the dignity of a person writing about "society" to remember from chapter to chapter the personal characteristics of a man belonging so unmistakably to "the ranks." Accepting "Esther Pennefather" as competent evidence, it would be a perfectly legitimate inference that America is the most aristocracy-ridden country in the world. There is more talk in it about "rank" and "orders" and "classes" and "family precedence," than in any English novel of the period; and yet, such is the inevitable fatality of this sort of affectation, the only people in the book not irredeemably vulgar are the very ones whose "vulgarity" is intended to serve as a foil to the supposed gentility of the other characters.

After so much fault-finding, we are all the more willing to concede that the story exhibits a certain power, perverted and undeveloped though it be; and if Miss Perry should pay us the compliment of asking our professional advice, we would prescribe a course of Thackeray as a mental regimen preparatory to another effort. Thackeray is unlike Dickens in this, as in many other respects, that he seldom invites imitation; but his works are incomparably useful in clearing cobwebs from the vision and sentimentalisms from the mind.

THE second number of the series is a complete contrast to "Esther Pennefather," being quite noteworthy for its natural and realistic air. If "Justine's Lovers,"¹ indeed, is not a transcript of actual experience, it is a really remarkable achievement of imaginative *vraisemblance*; and the reader's estimate of the merit of the story will be apt to depend upon whether or not he conceives it to be substantially true. If it be a record of actual experience, it is almost too bare and realistic—too lacking in art and idealization; and if, on the other hand, its characters and situations and events have no more than the customary basis of fact, the story shows that the author possesses a really wonderful power of giving objective reality to those "creatures of the mind" with which novelists are supposed to deal. On the whole, we incline to the opinion that the author has reproduced actual observations and experiences, though the latter may be sufficiently "conditioned" (as the metaphysicians say) by fictitious circumstances to baffle the curiosity of whoever does not happen to possess the clew. That at least a considerable portion of it is true is evident—for in the Washington episode several very prominent personages barely escape being named, and personal feeling unmistakably enters into the clever portrayal of that "insolence of office" with which office-seekers at Washington are apt to become bitterly familiar. From any point of view, "Justine's Lovers" is piquant, and we would add *pleasing*, if we knew how its feminine readers will regard its naively frank revelations of the motives and reasons that determine the average woman's attitude toward marriage. Never, we think, have these determining reasons been exhibited quite so bare of the customary vestures of sentiment. We are disposed to accept the report of the interviews between mother and daughter as genuine "confessions," for no woman could be cynical enough to evolve them from the consciousness,

¹ Library of American Fiction, No. 1. Esther Pennefather. By Alice Perry. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 375.

¹ Library of American Fiction, No. 2. "Justine's Lovers." New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 135.

and no man could possess the necessary basis of fact for imagination to work upon. Yet the tone of the book is not at all cynical, nor does it awaken a feeling of cynicism in the reader. On the contrary, it has the effect, which Burke said his experience of life had had upon him, of making us think better of mankind; and it is a conclusive tribute either to the author's skill or to the essential rightness and verity of her heroine's character, that, in spite of Justine's pliancy toward lovers—and she seemed willing to accept any man who happened to be brought in contact with her, whether he offered himself or not—she retains not only our sympathy but our respect to the last. One thing concerning the story may be affirmed with confidence, and that is that it is thoroughly readable; and this, with a novel, is the supreme test.

JUDGED by this test, Mr. James's "Watch and Ward"¹ should attract and please a very wide circle; but to the critic perhaps its chief interest lies in the fact that it is a specimen of the early work of the author of "Roderick Hudson" and "The American." It was published originally in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the year 1871, and, as it has now been "minutely revised" by Mr. James, and appears under his sanction, we may assume that he is willing to have it accepted as a permanent part of his literary record. As a general thing, it is highly dangerous thus to bring tentative and experimental work under the white light of an established reputation—people are apt to base their judgment of an author's works upon the order in which they are called to their attention, and not upon that in which they were written; but in the present case the author has been right in feeling no distrust or misgiving. "Watch and Ward" is much less ambitious in scope than Mr. James's later and more famous novels; but it exhibits the same insight into character, the same firmness of delineation, the same skill in projecting his figures against a picturesque and appropriate background, the same sense of artistic proportion, and an almost equal vigor and grace of style. The "happy-ever-after" close, brought about by rather violent dealings with nearly half the *dramatis personæ*, shows that the author had not yet emancipated himself from the conventional methods of the fiction-writers; and we miss that opulence of intellectual resource which is perhaps the distinguishing feature of the later works; but whether for its interest as a story or its merit as a work of art, "Watch and Ward" was well worthy of preservation in permanent form, and the appreciative reader will give it a place upon the shelf beside those other volumes which may some time be cited as evidence that that long-prophesied American novelist has at length actually appeared.

EVEN when dealing with exclusively American subjects, Mr. James is always cosmopolitan in taste and manner—the scene of "Watch and Ward," for example, might, with very slight changes, have been laid in London quite as well as in Boston; but "Gemini,"² the latest of the "No-Name" volumes, is so extremely local in flavor that one is convinced that the town of Beebury could be inserted in the maps with very slender chances of doing violence to geographical accuracy. It is a singularly touching and realistic picture of New England village life; as admirably executed and probably as faithful to Nature as Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" and "Oldtown Stories." Along with the bare, barren, nar-

row, and forbidding side of New England life and character, it depicts the homely domestic virtues, the high sense of duty, the loyalty to conviction, the quiet persistence, the tireless struggle against opposing circumstance, which have given New England its moral grandeur and intellectual preëminence; and the book furnishes a wholesome and needed antidote to the hysterical sentimentalisms which have been offered as indigenous products of New England soil by certain other volumes of the "No-Name Series." The story of the *twins* (for such, of course, is the significance of *gemini*) is almost idyllic in its quaint, pastoral simplicity, and truly idyllic in its quiet charm of manner and delicacy of finish; yet it is no pallid reflection of human life, but deals with "large issues." For one thing, it is almost the first novel in which our civil war has been used with a genuine artistic effect—neither overshadowing the narrower personal interests with which novelists must necessarily deal, nor being degraded into a mere spectacular method of solving difficult "situations." It brings to a premature close the one little episode in which love of the usual kind plays a leading part; yet there is no lack in the story of elements to touch the feelings and quicken the sympathies, and it is sufficient proof of the author's skill that that atmosphere of passionless affection in which Penny's life culminates, does not impress us as too rarefied for human happiness. The peculiar dialect in which most of the book is written is worthy of notice; it is admirably consistent and sustained, and inspires perfect confidence in its literal accuracy. From this point of view, the story will have a certain value for the curious student of lingual eccentricities, and their relation to predominant types of local character.

FROM American to French rural life is a long leap—a leap not merely across geographical or physical boundaries, but from one set of social conditions and ideals to another completely different. M. Theuriet's delineation of French provincial life, in "The Godson of a Marquis,"¹ is probably as faithful as that of New England village life in "Gemini;" but to concede this is only to emphasize the contrast between the essential characteristics of the two peoples. The atmosphere, so to call it, of "Gemini" is grave, severe, puritanic in morality, illumined now and then by evanescent gleams of humor, and softened by a tender domestic sentiment, but neutral in tone and tint, and saved from dullness only by the proof which it affords that the elemental human feelings are at work even under the homeliest exteriors. "The Godson of a Marquis," on the other hand, is sprightly, arch, vivacious, and witty, neither artificial nor sentimental, as French stories of this kind are too apt to be, but with an indescribable flavor of "society" about it which shows how far removed even rural life in France is from mere rusticity. The story has less of the Arcadian charm than the author's previously-published "Gérard's Marriage," but what it loses in simplicity and dainty elegance it gains in dramatic power, and many readers will find this interesting who would be either insensible or indifferent to the exquisite art of the earlier story. The characters in "The Godson of a Marquis" are varied and drawn with a firm hand, the sentiment is wholesome and natural if touching here and there upon what purists may regard as forbidden ground, the moral is unmistakable, and the style is in a remarkable degree picturesque and graceful.

¹ Watch and Ward. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 219.

² Gemini. No-Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 272.

¹ Collection of Foreign Authors, No. IX. The Godson of a Marquis. From the French of André Theuriet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 268.

STILL another picture of village life, the scene this time being laid in Germany, is Berthold Auerbach's "Landolin."¹ In this story, however, deeper chords are swept than in either of the others; and the author aims rather at achieving that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin, than at delineating merely local or individual characteristics. The inevitable Nemesis by which crime, unatoned for, works out its punishment in the soul of man, even when legal penalties are evaded, is the *motif* and moral of the book; and the tragic theme is wrought out with a dramatic force and effect which contrast impressively with the peaceful rural scenes and the simple peasant-people amid whom the scene of the story is laid. "On the Heights," in spite of a certain morbidity of sentiment, remains Auerbach's masterpiece, and is, perhaps, the high-water mark of modern German fiction; but "Landolin" is a sort of compromise between its high-wrought feeling and action, and those still-life village pictures which the author delights to draw, and, if less stimulating and impressive than the one, is more vital and human in its interest than the other. At any rate, it is a favorable example of Auerbach's work, and will do more than any other of his recent stories to perpetuate the magic of his name.

OF "Maid Ellice,"² it must be said that, in finding a place in the "Leisure-Hour Series," it has gotten into such better company than it deserves. Even Jupiter was said to nod sometimes, and publishers are not exempted from the common experience that the most careful arrangements for excluding inferior work will occasionally miscarry; but it is unfortunate for Miss Gift that her work must be judged not by its relative place in those ephemeral ranks of "current fiction" to which it properly belongs, but by the high standard of the series in which it happens to appear. It is a dull and turgid story, padded to an extent that is scarcely excused even by the exigencies of the English three-volume rule, and written in a style which makes one feel that Lindley Murray and the other grammarians have lived in vain.

THAT the most successful lives are not always the most interesting is a fact well exemplified by Miss Stebbins's "Memoir of Charlotte Cushman."³ Miss Cushman was a great and good woman—one who, whether we regard her achievements as an actress, or her character and conduct as a lady, is entitled to our highest admiration and respect; yet the record of her life has, somehow, a disillusionizing effect, and we rise from its perusal with the feeling that her career and character were, after all, more commonplace than we had thought. Part of this impression is, no doubt, owing to Miss Stebbins's lack of literary skill. She has evidently taken great pains with her narrative, and exhibits the keenest anxiety to render it adequate and convincing; but she does not know how to accomplish the effects at which she aims—and, in particular, has failed to grasp that first principle of biographical writing, that a single illustrative example or concrete fact is more impressive than whole chapters of even the most enthusiastic affirmation. A more serious defect still arises from her mistaken idea that it is the domestic and social side of Miss Cushman's life and character that she is especially called upon to

portray. No doubt it is gratifying to know that one who attained such eminence in a peculiarly difficult and trying profession was also an exceptionally accomplished, generous, and lovable woman; but, after all, it was her quality and position as an actress that gave Miss Cushman a claim upon the attention of her contemporaries and upon the remembrance of posterity—and this Miss Stebbins seems to have almost entirely forgotten. There are considerable portions of her work in which we completely lose sight of the fact that Miss Cushman was a busy and popular actress, or an actress at all; and we get little more in any part than a bare record that she filled certain engagements, at certain times, in certain places. The pages of the biography will be searched in vain for a single detailed picture of Miss Cushman on the stage in one of her "parts"—such pictures, for example, as we find in Fitzgerald's "Life of Garrick," or (more elaborate but less effective) in Alger's "Life of Forrest." The readers of the coming time who, catching the echoes of Miss Cushman's great fame, shall turn to her "Life" to find how it was attained and in what it consisted, will learn that she was a good and amiable woman, but will gather little else than that she was a conscientious and laborious worker in her profession. To a certain extent, doubtless, this inadequacy was unavoidable—nothing being more difficult to embody and preserve than the qualities of a great actor; but we cannot help thinking that, in spite of her reiterated affirmations of the dignity and beneficence of the art of acting, Miss Stebbins is slightly ashamed of it as a pursuit in life, and desired to show that Miss Cushman had other, and perhaps higher, claims upon public attention and esteem. Further than this, Miss Stebbins has but a feeble sense of literary proportion or perspective; does not know what to put in and what to leave out, what to emphasize and what to keep subordinate; but gives the same space and the same labor to trivial and irrelevant matters as to those most important and characteristic.

It should be said, however, in abatement of this criticism, that no amount of literary skill could have made a detailed biography of Charlotte Cushman as interesting as one would naturally expect from her long and brilliant stage-career and her varied experience of the world. A consistently successful and happy life has inevitably a somewhat commonplace aspect, and there was singularly little of the picturesqueness of her profession about Miss Cushman's personality or career. It is infinitely to her credit that she could inspire such warm and disinterested affections as waited upon her life to its serene and worthy close; but her social qualities were peculiarly of the kind to elude analysis and description. She must have been a delightful person to know; but she needed the stimulus of personal presence, and her mind was not of the kind to "wreak itself upon writing." In a biography one naturally turns to the letters for revelation of character, but the specimens we have of Miss Cushman's do not render us inconsolably sorry that they are so few. The materials at Miss Stebbins's command, indeed, do not appear to have been either rich or copious; and in demonstrating that the woman was as good as the actress was great, she has perhaps done all that Miss Cushman herself would have expected of her.

Heliotypes of Miss Cushman's portrait, of Miss Stebbins's bust of her, and of her villa at Newport, embellish the work; and the volume itself, like most of the issues of the Riverside Press, is a beautiful specimen of book-making.

WE have insisted, with what we fear our readers may have found a somewhat monotonous iteration, that the

¹ Landolin. By Berthold Auerbach. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 332.

² Maid Ellice. By Theo. Gift. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 463.

³ Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of her Life. Edited by her friend, Emma Stebbins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 8vo, pp. 303.

common fault of the treatises on household art which have lately appeared in such numbers is that the principles they profess to expound and the advice they undertake to give are too vague to be of any practical use to those who would naturally seek them for guidance. The spectacle of repeated failures, however, has not shaken our faith that a work which shall meet the requirements of that eager appetite for æsthetic instruction which is now everywhere so manifest would ultimately be produced; and we are pleased to find that Mr. Hudson Holly's "*Modern Dwellings*"¹ marks a long stride in advance of most previous works in this field. Within the limits which the author has set himself, it is thoroughly practical and common-sense (if we may coin a descriptive phrase exactly suited to our purpose); and its simplicity and directness of method and manner will attract and gratify the reader who by this time must be heartily sick of the customary generalities about "harmony" and "good taste."

Mr. Holly treats his subject in two general divisions—1. Construction, and 2. Furniture and decoration—but, being by profession an architect, his suggestions regarding the location, designing, building, heating, ventilation, and decoration of the house are more detailed and consequently more satisfactory than his briefer observations on furniture. He preaches sound æsthetic doctrine, however, in maintaining that an architect's function should not be held to terminate with the mere construction of the dwelling, but that he, having created the house itself, and adjusted it to its surroundings, is more capable than a so-called decorator or upholsterer of designing for it an harmonious interior adornment. "A house," he truly says, "is not really completed until it is decorated and furnished, and so essential is the relation between a room and its furniture that an architect should not commit his plans to paper until he has in his mind's eye a graphic conception of the home in its entirety." This, it must be understood, should not, and does not, preclude that individuality of taste which is almost the first principle of sound household art; it means simply that the architect of a house is likely to be the most proper person to suggest to its owner how best to embody his wants and preferences in furnishing and adorning it, and how to avoid those inharmonious contrasts which arise from the extreme difficulty which an unprofessional or inexperienced person has in adjusting to each other a great number of details, of which he can have no actual sight until the work is done, and the mistakes (if there be any) committed. It should be said, however, that Mr. Holly's book will go far to prevent the occurrence of the more obvious of these mistakes. Its statements of principles are lucid and intelligible in an unusual degree; its directions are as specific and precise as could be desired; and its expositions are illustrated by designs and plans which explain every detail, not omitting an estimate of the cost.

The chapters on decoration and furniture are, as we have already remarked, less minute than those on construction; but, brief as they are, they will afford more practical help to one who has no definite ideas of how general principles are to be applied in particular instances than whole treatises of the customary vague sort. For one thing, the theory and laws of color—what is meant, for example, by primary, secondary, and tertiary colors, by "complementary tints," and by "harmony," "con-

trast," and "gradation"—are explained more satisfactorily than we have ever before seen them; and this alone, thoroughly grasped and comprehended, removes half the difficulties of household decoration. In its suggestions about furniture, as about house-building, the chief limitation of the usefulness of the book is that the author is an advocate and expositor of a single style—the so-called Queen Anne—and is rather disposed to ignore or belittle all other styles and fashions. He is no bigot, however, and gives as his principal reason for preferring the Queen Anne that it is based on a recognition of common-sense requirements, is flexible and eclectic, and is consequently easily adapted to almost any exigency of location, size, cost, simplicity, and elaboration—as his designs show. Not its least recommendation in his eyes is that it is thoroughly "vernacular"—the only genuine English style arising spontaneously out of the needs and circumstances of an English people.

The illustrations, it should be added, are not ideal "pictures," but practical designs, most of which have been actually embodied in houses and furniture.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most important of the recent achievements of physical science is the bringing of the vast area of the deep sea—an area including more than two-thirds of the entire surface of the globe—within the domain of scientific investigation. As lately as a dozen years ago the sea, with the exception of a narrow margin of shallow water around the land, was supposed to be a desolate waste, the physical conditions being such as to preclude the possibility of the existence of living beings. The careful soundings necessitated by the laying of the Atlantic telegraph-cable first discredited this theory; and the results then reported caused doubts to be entertained whether the bottom of the deep sea was in truth the desert which it had hitherto been supposed to be, or whether it might not prove a new zoological region open to investigation and discovery, and peopled by fauna suited to its most peculiar conditions. In order to settle this question, the vast importance of which is even now but imperfectly appreciated, several public and private expeditions explored local sea-areas during the next few years; and, finally, in 1873, the Royal Society induced the British Admiralty to dispatch the Challenger, completely equipped and provided with a full naval and scientific staff, on a voyage of research round the world. Much interest was felt in this expedition, and the expectations indulged have been quickened from time to time by fragmentary reports of the new discoveries made, and the significant conclusions which these seemed to suggest; and now, the expedition having returned to England, and its immense collections being arranged, a full and authentic report is being prepared under government auspices by Sir C. Wyville Thomson, director of the scientific staff.

The first installment of this report,¹ just published, deals with the Atlantic Ocean, and contains the general results of the various explorations made during voyages from Portsmouth, England, to Tenerife; thence across the widest part of the ocean to the West Indies and Bermudas; from the Bermudas back to Madeira, and thence again across the ocean to the coast of Brazil; thence to the Cape of Good Hope, where the expedition bade farewell to the Atlantic, to explore the wonders of its sister ocean, and whence it emerged two years later to

¹ *Modern Dwellings in Town and Country*; adapted to American Wants and Climate. With a Treatise on Furniture and Decoration. By H. Hudson Holly. With One Hundred Original Designs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 219.

¹ *The Voyage of the Challenger. The Atlantic: A Preliminary Account of the General Results of the Exploring Voyage of H. M. S. Challenger during the Year 1873 and the Early Part of the Year 1876.* By Sir C. Wyville Thomson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Two Volumes. 8vo, pp. 391.

recross the Atlantic on its homeward voyage. It would be futile to attempt to summarize in brief space the explorations thus outlined, for the account is itself a summary, and Sir Wyville Thomson fills a long chapter with a mere statement of the general conclusions reached. It must suffice to say that the additions made to our knowledge of physical geography surpass in copiousness, in variety, and in importance, the most sanguine anticipations that had been indulged at the outset of the expedition; and that the account of them opens to the student of natural history one of the rarest and keenest of pleasures—a vast fund of information about new forms of life in a new field, and under peculiar conditions. The author, in compiling it from the copious journals of the expedition, has avoided that over-technicality which is the too common fault of such official reports; and there is no portion of his work which cannot be readily understood by any fairly attentive and well-informed reader. Nor is it confined to a mere statement of discoveries and results. The methods and instruments of research are carefully and lucidly explained, notes are inserted of interesting incidents and curious observations, and there are delightful bits of description as pleasing as any that could be found in the ordinary books of travel. Indeed, the work would suffice to prove, if proof were any longer needed, that a scientific treatise can be rendered popular—that is, intelligible and attractive to the general reader—without impairing in any degree its usefulness to the specialist, for whom, after all, such a work must be primarily designed.

The illustrations of the volumes play quite as important a part in the work of exposition, and fill nearly as much space, as the text itself. They include colored maps, colored temperature charts and diagrams of meteorological observations, and upward of two hundred woodcuts, many of them of full-page size. Like the text, too, the illustrations are not confined to the scientific record, but deal also with the picturesque features of the observations, while their exquisite execution renders even the delineations of natural-history specimens attractive to the artistic eye. Designer and engraver have done their work with equal skill, and few more bountifully and admirably illustrated volumes have issued even from the teeming press of our day.

THE mere fact that a book has attained to a second edition is not always to be accepted as evidence of its merit, but such an inference is very apt to be correct where the book is of a scholarly and dignified character, and it would undoubtedly apply to Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne's history of "The Invention of Printing."¹ So supremely important as the art of printing is in comparison with any or all other arts, it is yet true, as Mr. De Vinne says, that no even approximately satisfactory account of its origin and principles has yet been given in English; nor have the best German works on the subject been honored with a translation, chiefly, perhaps, because they are for the most part of a controversial character. Not even in German, however, has there appeared a treatise which would precisely subserve the purposes of Mr. De Vinne's book, which is designed to satisfy the curiosity and meet the practical needs of intelligent printers and general readers, without falling below the requirements of scholars and students. Carefully avoiding or barely

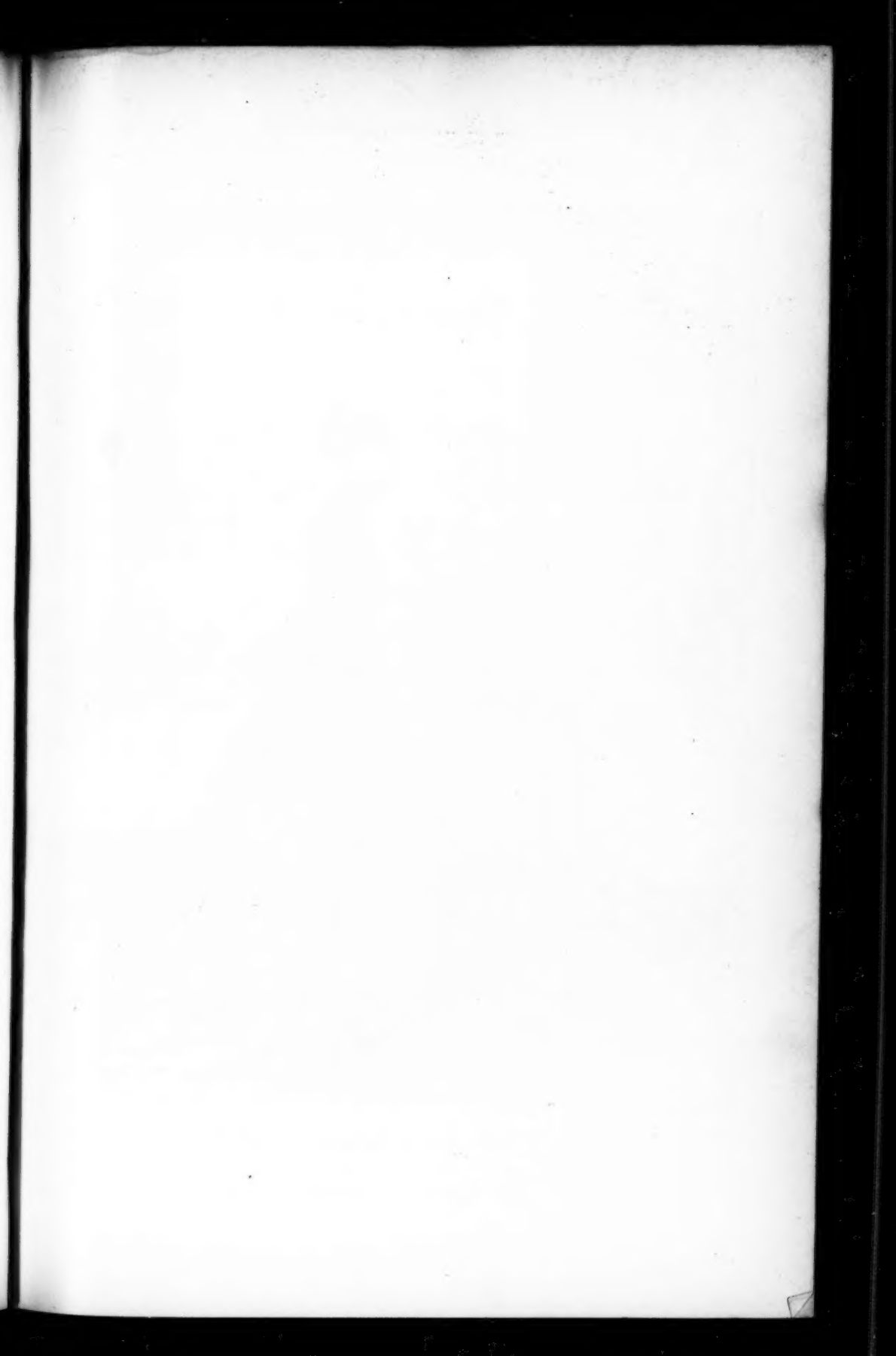
touching upon the bitter personal controversies and intricate discussions to which the invention of the art has given rise, it begins with an explanation of the different methods of printing now practised; traces the development of the art from its earliest forms, as shown in image-prints, playing-cards, and block-books, to the invention of type-moulds and movable types; and ends with the establishment of typography in Germany and other countries of Europe. The social circumstances which favored and paved the way for the invention, and the other discoveries and inventions which rendered its application possible and opportune, are briefly indicated; the conflicting theories about its origin are critically examined; the earliest printed books and the usages of the early printers are described with the lucidity and skill of a practised master of the art; and the results of recent discoveries, some of which have never hitherto been satisfactorily explained in a popular work, are fully stated. As we have already said, the author carefully avoids mere personal controversy and technical discussion; but, of course, no account of the art of printing would be complete which omitted all reference to the numerous claimants of the invention. Most of these alleged inventors are properly dismissed with a mere mention of their names and pretensions; but three chapters are devoted to the "legend" of Laurens Coster, three (perhaps the most interesting in the book) to the real inventor, John Gutenberg, one to Schoeffer and Fust, and one to the miscellaneous pretenders on whose behalf claims have at various times been made. The chapters on Gutenberg are favorable specimens of Mr. De Vinne's style, which is throughout clear, precise, and pleasing by its direct simplicity, but which here attains the charm of vigorous and animated narrative. The tone is dignified and serious, without being in any degree pedantic; and the book has profited greatly by the fact that its author is a practical and experienced printer as well as a scholar of considerable attainments.

AFTER the infinitely varied attempts that have already been made, it would seem impossible to devise any new method of interpreting Homer to English readers, but in his "Stories from Homer" the Rev. Alfred Church has hit upon a plan which is at once novel and most effectively carried out. Selecting the most dramatic incidents, and the most striking narrative passages from both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," he has rendered them into the simple and beautiful English of the Bible, not aiming at a literal translation, but reproducing the spirit and the manner of the Homeric narrative with wonderful force and fidelity. We are not insensible to the charm of Chapman's majestic verse, of Earl Derby's dashing narrative, or of Bryant's simpler and more melodious lines; but no version that we have read seems to us to interpret quite so faithfully as these "Stories" the essential quality of these great prototypes and masterpieces of epic poetry. There is nearly as much rhythm and music in Mr. Church's graceful and elegant prose as in the measured but unrhymed verse of Homer; and the direct simplicity of the latter is far more adequately rendered in the prose than in the comparatively artificial and labored verse of a language so little flexible as English.

At any rate, these "Stories" will delight readers both old and young, and will give them some idea, at least, of what it is that has given the Homeric poems such an undying interest. The attractiveness of the volume, too, is greatly enhanced by the illustrations in color after Flaxman's famous designs.

¹ The Invention of Printing: A Collection of Facts and Opinions descriptive of Early Prints and Playing-Cards, the Block-books of the Fifteenth Century, the Legend of Coster, and the Work of John Gutenberg and his Associates. By Theodore L. De Vinne. Second edition. New York: Francis Hart & Co. 8vo, pp. 356.

² Stories from Homer. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. With Twenty-four Illustrations from Flaxman's Designs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 275.





"'This you have made a room for gluttons and wine-bibbers.'"

"A Leap-Year Romance."—Page 220.

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